

THE  
**ATHENEUM;**  
OR  
**SPIRIT OF THE**  
**ENGLISH MAGAZINES.**

---

THIRD SERIES.

---

VOLUME II.

---

APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1829.

---

PERIODICAL LITERATURE on the one hand affords employment to the public mind, and favors its tendencies to the pursuit of science and intellectual improvement; and, on the other, it gives a more general and freer spirit to literature itself than it would otherwise have, by bringing together the productions of every class of mind, displaying the main points of consideration in almost every question that can be started, opening the door to every inquirer whose talents entitle him to respect, and, in addition to this, offering something, which even in its lightness is elegant, for those who, were it not for the resources it affords, would live in a state of perfect intellectual sloth.—*Rev. Henry Stebbing.*

---

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY JOHN COTTON,

(*Corner of Washington Street and Franklin Street.*)

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED ALSO BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:—CHARLES S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK; WHIPPLE & LAWRENCE, SALEM; WILLIAM HILLIARD, CAMBRIDGE; JOHN W. FOSTER, PORTSMOUTH; SAMUEL COLMAN, PORTLAND; CLARENCE HARRIS, WORCESTER; GEORGE DANA, PROVIDENCE; HEZEKIAH HOWE, NEW-HAVEN; WEARE C. LITTLE, ALBANY; E. LITTELL & BROTHER, PHILADELPHIA; EDW. J. COALE, BALTIMORE; J. THOMAS, GEORGETOWN; JOSEPH TARDIF, QUEBEC; H. S. HULL, BENNINGTON, VT.; W. T. WILLIAMS, SAVANNAH; WILLIAM H. COFFIN, HUDSON, N. Y.; WILLIAM HOWE, NEW-BEDFORD; COLLIER & BARTLETT, PLYMOUTH; FARMER & BROWN, HINGHAM; GEORGE W. ELA, DOVER, N. H.; DENNIS CLAUDE, JR., ANNAPOLIS, MD.; E. S. DURYEA, CHARLES-TON, S. C.; HENRY ROGERS, P. M., SPARTA, GA.; JAMES M. HARALSON, JACKSON, TENNESSEE; AND J. A. HOISINGTON & CO., MONTREAL.

Price \$3 stitched, or \$3.50 bound, including six colored Plates of Female Fashions; without them, \$2.50 and \$3.

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

At  
up  
wh  
it  
wh  
pa  
ha  
ex  
tr  
—  
m  
ri  
fe  
c  
ti  
m  
d  
p

810

## P R E F A C E .

---

At the conclusion of another volume of the ATHENEUM we are again called upon, by inclination as well as custom, to acknowledge the patronage with which we have been favored, and to express our thanks to those from whom it has been received. Our exertions to maintain in this volume the character which the work has long enjoyed, and to render it worthy the support of its patrons, have been strenuous, and, we trust, successful. While no pains have been spared with regard to the accuracy and neatness of its mechanical execution, we have endeavored that its miscellaneous contents should form a treasury to which readers of all tastes may resort with pleasure and advantage;—so to intermix the solid and light—the erudite and plain—the pungent and mild—that they should constitute a sufficiently diversified repast for the various intellectual appetites for which we have undertaken to cater.

We consider ourselves happy in having been enabled to appropriate not a few of the sweetest and most recent poetical compositions from the pens of celebrated poets. Some of the choicest of these will be found the productions of female genius; and while the effusions of such writers as Mrs. Hemans, Miss Bowles, L. E. L. and Miss Browne enrich our pages, we cannot doubt that they will possess strong attractions for the fairer portion of our readers.

Devoted, as the Atheneum is, to no party either in Politics or Religion,—advocating neither the popular cause of Total Abstinence or Anti-masonry,—given in fact neither to the support or opposition of any new doctrine or fashionable folly, we are deprived of one powerful hold on the public mind; but still our Journal may be read with pleasure and satisfaction by those interested and engaged in every good cause. In perusing its pages, the successful politician may forget the many perplexities of his new office, and the unsuccessful one the bitter disappointment of being denied a share of these perplexities;—the religious disputant, if he will lay aside his angry and contentious feelings, may find something which will harmonise with his pious and devout sentiments—which will teach him that it is not *religion*, but *theology*, which has excited the unchristian emotions he has endeavored to suppress;—the advocate of the cold water system may indulge in a stimulus unattended with the hazard of the one he has forbidden himself; and the enemy to masonry, suffering his fearful apprehensions and the shade of Morgan to repose for awhile, may forget that Masonry and Murder, Secresy and Sedition—more intimately connected, he imagines, than the brothers of Siam—are even existing in the land of his affection.

As the materials of our work are mostly the productions of other minds and other pens than our own, however much we may praise them it cannot be as-

other pens than our own, however much we may praise them it cannot be ascribed to personal vanity. But we must be sparing; for we would not disfigure a beautiful and well-finished edifice by endeavoring to add to it an unnecessary or inappropriate ornament.

With regard to the source whence are derived our supplies, it is well known that the ENGLISH MAGAZINES are conducted by men of the highest standing in the republic of literature. Among the names of the writers of articles which are occasionally given in the *Atheneum*, our readers will have noticed those of celebrated authors; but many of the papers which are published anonymously, are from pens no less deservedly celebrated in the world of letters. Waters from the never-failing springs of true genius now flow in the channel of English Periodical Literature. Their effect must necessarily be, when unadulterated, to enrich and enliven. Our Miscellany is intended as a vehicle in which to transmit a portion of these over this country; and its form is so designed that they may be preserved for use in future time, after administering to the wants of the present.

Articles which otherwise possess real merit do not always contain either beauty or vigor in their style; and those which appear to have much labor bestowed on the latter, are sometimes deficient in beauty and vigor of thought. In selecting for the *Atheneum* from sources ample and various, we keep in view the merits of style and sentiment; and while, on the one hand, we overlook pieces which are written in an inflated and pompous style, without sufficient merit in the ideas to atone for this defect—on the other we equally avoid those in which the sentiments, though good, are sunk by the lowest expressions, which seem condemned to the first curse, of “creeping on the ground all the days of their life.” We cannot say that we always have, or always shall, hit the true medium between these distant extremes; but it is our intention to make use of articles of which we can say that the style adds a charm to truth, and gains the heart by captivating the ear as well as the understanding.

The plan which was commenced at the beginning of the Third Series—that of ornamenting the numbers monthly with Plates of the Female Fashions—has been acceptable. These, with the other Plates which have been given, have added a weight to our former expenses, which the increase of subscribers has hardly counterbalanced. They will be continued, however, in the ensuing volume.

Our exertions, strenuous as they have been, will in no respect be relaxed in the volume now to be commenced. In its appearance and contents we trust it will not be inferior to the present, and we respectfully solicit for it a continuance of that patronage which is

“The very air we breathe;  
If we have it not, we die.”

Boston, September 15, 1829.

Rothschild, Mr., the London banker	31	Spell, breaking the	300
Rover	44	St. Albans, the five nights of	481
Russia and Turkey	398	Steamboats, proportion of power to velocity in	406
School, Edinburgh Sessional	32, 71, 110,	Stewart, Dugald, sketch of	27
Scientific miscellany	124, 283, 405	Stiquotechny	48
Scots wha hae, &c.	248	Story, a short	243
Scott, Sir Walter	57	Stubbs, Mr. Henry Augustus Con- stantine	332
Scottish inns	367	Sun's rays, power of the	125
Scottish national feelings	126	Sweden, inebriety in	48
Second best, the	380	Swiss peasantry, superstitions of the	247
Sentiment and appetite	88		
Sheridan, anecdote of	487	Talma	208
Signs, origin of	327	Tanning	264
Silver, fulminating	285	Ten drinking	87
Sketches of contemporary authors, statesmen, &c.		Thermometer, new	125
No. VIII.—Dugald Stewart	27	Toads in gardens, utility of	167
No. IX.—Professor Leslie	272	Toymen, the, abroad	420
No. X.—Sir Humphry Davy	428	Town and country	279
No. XI.—Mr. Robert Montgomery. ( <i>With a Portrait</i> )	449	Turkish mode of dismissal from office	88
Sketches of contemporary foreign au- thors, statesmen, &c.		Varieties	47, 87, 126, 166, 207, 247, 286, 327, 367, 446, 486
No. III.—Canova	178	Vegetables, how to make them tender	285
South America, recent journey in	129	Vision of a Godless world, the	83
South American manners	448	Voltaire	288
" " Indians	473	War	287
Southey's new poems	191, 269	Waverley novels, the	87, 120
" new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress	168	What's to be done?	369
Spain, coal mines in	448	Whirlwig, the	283
Speed the plough	48	Winter, Rev. Cornelius and the pig	488
		Writing, bad	447

## POETRY.

ALBUM, a young lady's, lines for	322	Genius, fate of	454
Aveugle, jeune, le	70	God, the ubiquity of	452
Away, away, and bear thy breast	403	Goethe, poetical epistles from the Ger- man of	329
Beauty	242		
Boy, blind, the	70	Heaven, vision of	454
Browne, Mary Ann. Kindred spirits	401	Heavens, contemplation of the	453
My mother	204	Hemans, Mrs.	
Who loves me best?	186	Lines to an orphan	396
Calabrian shepherds, the, hymn of to the Virgin	424	Sadness and mirth	43
Charades	307	The ancestral song	59
Child, dreaming, the	358	The charmed picture	387
Clouds, the	150	The dreaming child	358
Dead, the image of the	302	The fountain of oblivion	103
Delta. Sunset meditations	229	The image of the dead	302
Vernal invocations	205	The Indian with his dead child	203
Donald Bane	26	The return	277
England's vilest pair, satirical lines on	451	The summons	419
Epistles, poetical	329	The two homes	221
Feelings, poetical	455	Hecuba, the lamentation of	321
Flower girl, the	480	Household, the divided	138
Fountain of oblivion, the	103		
Fountain, the ; a ballad	397	Immortality	444, 453
		Indian with his dead child, the	203
		Invocations, vernal	205
		I stood by the grave	119

Kindred spirits	401	Relics	357
Lamb, Charles. Lines for a young lady's album	322	Return, the	277
L. E. L. Hymn of the Calabrian shepherds to the Virgin	424	Roprech the robber	466
The fountain ; a ballad	397	Sadness and mirth	43
Lines to a young lady on her marriage	401	Snuff-box, musical, lines on a	353
May morning, song for	91	Song	38, 121
Mines of Hayna, discovery of the	281	“ for May morning	91
Montgomery, Robert.		“ the ancestral	59
A vision of heaven	454	Sonnet	485
Contemplation of the starry heavens	453	Southey, Robert. Roprech the robber	466
His personal feelings	455	The Pilgrim to Compostella	269
Lines on contemporary poets	454	The Sinner well saved	192
Satirical lines on C— and T—	450	Stanzas	403
The fate of genius	454	“ addressed to ——	395
Ubiquity of God	452	Stag, the hunted	396
Mother, my	204	Summons, the	419
Music of dreams, the	39	Sunset meditations	229
Nose, on my	256	Two homes, the	221
O come, my love	435	To a friend on his birthday	380
Orphan, lines to an	396	Universe, the	110
Picture, the charmed	387	Violets, complaint of the	396
Poets, contemporary, lines on	454	Wanderer, the	176
Prediction, the	162	West wind, the dream of	411
Recall, the	240	Who loves me best ?	186
		You'll come to our ball	78





as though the young urchin were mocking us ; but, on inquiry, it seemed that he could not comprehend why the top should spin when he whipped it ; and, when he ceased flogging, make its escape, by running off like a live thing, into some corner, as it were, for repose.

Having read Emerson on this thau-matropical proceeding, and, moreover, conned some of the modern juvenile Encyclopædias, which account for many unaccountable things, we did seriously incline to expound the said mystery unto the youth, who listened attentively for at least a minute and a half, and then evinced strong symptoms of a preference in favor of practice versus theory, and flogged away. We had spoken of a centrifugal power or impetus, and our oral lecture being suspended, proceeded mentally to solve unto ourselves, or recall to memory, the arcana of those wondrous laws, by which tops, balls, and the great globe itself, are kept spinning. In five minutes, that globe and the system to which it belongs, were behind us, at an immeasurable distance —beyond—beyond—and far away were other systems—it was too much. "Reason reeled." So, selecting a comet, we began to ponder upon its eccentric course. With some degree of humility be it confessed, that it hath been unto us a delight occasionally to disport ourselves, as a Triton among the minnows, in the shallows of this world ; and we have reaped the usual advantages, a fair proportion of self-confidence, or modest assurance. So we wrestled manfully awhile with the difficulties to which we had presumptuously elevated ourselves, and consequently soon became enveloped in a most especially fuliginous maze of mystery. We began to apprehend that, in a few years, or mayhap centuries, one of the said comets might come down, tail on end, with dire intent, upon this globe, and — just at this moment the parlor door opened gently, and the gentle lady of the house entered. "It's very odd," said she, after the usual "good morning,"

—“It's very odd, my dear Robert. There is the long gravel walk, and the yard, and the barn, and the nursery, which are all much better places for spinning your top than here, upon a carpet ; yet this is the third morning I have found you—There ! it has tumbled down again !”—“It is very odd,” said the boy.—“Not at all, my dear,” replied his mamma ; “it becomes entangled in the carpet—it would spin very well upon the plain boards.”—“Ah ! but, mamma,” quoth young Hopeful, “the centrifugal force operates above the carpet.” At these words, the good lady looked in our corner, with a glance of mild reproach, which seemed to say,—“So, you have been swimming my poor child out of his depth again ? It's very odd !”—“Don't be alarmed, dear madam,” said we, “Robert was too intent upon his play, or the whole should have been explained to him. Now, however, he understands that the top is kept spinning, upon the same principle, as this world revolves upon its axis.”

“Yes !” replied Master Robert, “and I've been thinking about it, while you thought I was only playing, and I've made it all out—there's the pole it spins upon that Captain Parry went to find the end of : but, my stars ! what a big whip it must be !” Our worthy host the Rector entered at this moment ; and young “spægregis” and his top were removed to their proper gymnastic arena.

“I am convirced,” said the good man, when our previous conversation was related to him, “that it is vain to endeavor to teach a child the nature of those mysteries, which the intellects we call mature can scarcely comprehend a tithe of. What we *know* is absolutely nothing ; and we content ourselves, and look big when we have exchanged one word for another. We then fancy that we have discovered a secret. It's very odd—very odd, that we should delight to practise a *double* deceit, upon ourselves and the world.”

What could we say ? We had just

returned from a mental excursion, compared with which a voyage to the moon was as a "hop, step, and jump;" and what had we brought back? "Words, words, words," Confusion worse confounded. But it was evident that something was expected—it was our turn—so we ventured to remark, that when man attempted to dive into the mysteries of creation, and to comprehend the wondrous works of Him who meteth the waters in the hollow of his hand, all he could expect was to catch a glimpse of the leading *principles*.

"Rather say, the leading *effects*," observed the Rector; "truly, we know not the cause of anything: yet we boast of our reason. Nine times out of ten, instinct, brute instinct, is a more unerring guide; for *that* is ever upon the alert, while reason sleeps or dreams. It's very odd!" And, truly, the Rector said right. It is very odd, that those, whose spirits seem compounded of ethereal matter, whose intellects far surpass the excellency of the multitude; that those on whom reason hath shed her brightest beam, should yet, notwithstanding,—if the reader have a spark of genius, let him fill up the blank, and mourn over the frail wanderings of those whose endowments have made them as beacons for good or evil.

The Rector's wife is a good, quiet, amiable woman, kind-hearted withal, and spareth neither her time, her cookery, her advice, nor her medicine chest, when the poor are in need. Her children she loveth; and her husband she almost worshippeth. But "it's very odd," we have, with our own proper optics, seen her dark eyes glisten, with an almost wicked delight, when one of those tales, for which (we feel especially thankful) the tea party is more notorious than the breakfast table, has been poured into her ears. Verily do we believe that she would walk miles, through rain and dirty lanes, at the risk of spoiling her best bonnet, could she, by such an effort, alleviate the distress and anxiety caused by events, of which,

under the name of "news," she delighteth to hear. "It is very odd!" why—why is it, that so many ladies (Heaven bless them! We know their hearts are good and kind) should so greedily devour long and particular accounts of murders, crim cons, and other abominable what nots? And yet more odd is it, considering the mean and despicable nature of the employment, that scarcely a village or hamlet in the United Kingdom is without one of those busy bodies, whose delight is to convey from house to house, the story of guilt or misfortune, and the illiberal or malignant whisper of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

"It is very odd," that these creatures should meet with encouragement in any family that hath not declared war against the human race. There indeed, in such a circle, one might expect that the treason would be sweet, though the traitor could not be respected. But that, to so calm a fireside as the worthy Rector's, and to thine, gentle reader, a warm and friendly welcome should be given to one of these scavengers of society, is, in truth, "very odd indeed." Yet there came such an one in upon us, even at the breakfast hour, the sacred "meal of friendship." Slowly the door opened—there was a rustling of silk and a "hem;" and then a lean unblessed figure advanced, making mouths of apology for such early intrusion, simpering, sideling, and apparently casting her eyes about as if, by possibility, something not correct might be discovered even in our sober party. We wished, for certain reasons as thereunto and then mightily moving, that it had been a man:—but such reptiles are of no sex—the creature had been out the day before, creeping from its hole, "Talpa domi, argus foris," foraging for a supply of slander, or "materiel" for its construction. Scarcely was it seated, ere a furtive glance, and "knowing" smile, announced privily to our good hostess that there was "news." A look of intelligence was exchanged

between the two. "It was very odd"—no two natures could be more dissimilar—but, in making a salad, we incorporate oil and vinegar together, by the addition of mustard, and so—but, after all, "it's very odd!"

"A dog that brings a bone to you will steal one from you," said we, as a young mongrel whelp (for our *reverend* is no sportsman) thrust himself into the hearth rug. "Well, I declare!" ejaculated it in the bonnet and rustling silk, "I thought how it would be. I saw the dear creature watching at Syms the butcher's door, and I met that Sally, Mrs. Jones's maid, whom they call 'pretty,' pshaw! and I looked back, and saw her go into the shop, and it is not the first time, I'll venture to say, that *she's been there*, without any business, for I know Mrs. Jones *always* goes to market *herself*. So—well done, poor Mungo!" Here it stooped to caress the animal, but Mungo showed his teeth, most doggishly; bravo! thought we; now, mongrel as thou art, dear unto us shalt thou henceforth be, if thou wilt but make a snatch at those five lean bones, though they be unworthy of a gripe. But the Rector interfered to save that withered hand, and yet, "it was very odd," not a word was said in defence of poor pretty Sally, who had no teeth wherewith to bite the slanderer, and whose character was, at least, worth a bone. "Bone of his bone shall she be, however," said we, as we stalked away from the Rectory in no placid mood, and, *consequently*, deeming ourselves somewhat better than the generality of our fellow creatures. "If that fellow Syms dare to play the fool with poor Nanny Inglis's daughter!" and we grasped a "grievous crabtree cudgel," which graced our right hand, most crabbedly.

We began then to think the matter over. Why was it, that, holding the slanderer, as we did, and yet do, in *utter* contempt, the slander should have wrought *any* effect upon us? "It is very odd!" but so it is, that a whisper, true or false, aimed at a ven-

ture perchance—a mere surmise—a something that would be nothing in any other case, if it light upon the name of a female—leaveth her not as it found her. The impression is effected upon the tablet of our memory, and however slight and almost imperceptible it may at first seem, it will re-appear unbidden, at some future time. "Shall we admit a doubt?" said we, "upon *such* authority too? No, Sally shall be as immaculate in our eyes, as when we first recommended her to the widow Jones; when she was neither child nor lassie, and her only ambition and hope were, that she might be thought worthy of *some* wages, by which she might obtain a few of the grocer's luxuries for her poor mother."

But it would not do. Poor Sally appeared to us like one of those beautiful peaches, over the bloom of which the reptile snail hath crawled, and left its slime behind. It may not be rivalled by any on the tree, but we pass it by for no other reason, than that the stain is thereon. We care not to examine farther. The disgusting crawling thing hath been there, and defiled it. Alas! even thus is it with the victims of idle gossip, or rather, to speak correctly, of calumny. We look—we hesitate—perchance we pity, and then, like the Levite and the Pharisee, we "pass by on the other side." And not we alone, the coarser and grosser portion of our race, but, "It's very odd!" Ye! ye, the fairest creatures of God's fair creation! Ye withdraw the light of your countenance. Ye are like the bounding graceful herd of deer, that roam the forest in passing beauty, surpassed only by your own. If perchance the hunter's arrow strike in suddenly among them, they startle at the sound, and, as though borne upon the wings of the wind, scour over hill and dale in wild dismay, dreading perchance the hunter's spear, but apparently still more fearful of being again joined by that poor stricken one, that pants afar off after them in vain, and then, in tears and loneliness, lays him down to die unpitied, and, in a

few moments, forgotten by those with whom erewhile he, breast to breast, brushed aside the young underwood, or cropped the mossy turf. The poor dumb animals are right. They have no skill to medicate the wound, no power to extract the winged shaft, and they know that the spoiler cometh to seize his prey. But *ye* have power, and *ye* are well aware that *ye* have ; and, on certain occasions, mayhap use it wisely and well. Exert it then, and chase *not* the innocent or thoughtless victim, but the detracter, from among you. Guide *ye* the steps of the young, friendless, and the orphan. First errors are seldom the consequences of depravity, and she who stands giddy upon the brink of a precipice, may often be recalled by a friendly word : but, another step taken, the poor infatuated being is, perchance while *ye* are deliberating, rushing headlong to destruction.

Ye know how little we may do for the poor persecuted victims. Ye know that even the proffer of our advice and assistance *individually*, rendereth the breath of the slanderer doubly venomous.

Really, ladies, “it is very odd” that *ye* do not combine to send these hybrids to Coventry. Verily, on our knees would we willingly go to crave such a boon.—Away ! away with them from among *ye* ! Then shall the orphan be glad, and the “widow’s heart shall sing for joy.” For the unprotected, the poor, and her “who hath no helper,” are marks for the bolt of the slanderer.

So, pondering on these and similar fantasies, and having narrowly escaped slipping from a narrow wooden bridge into the trout stream, we found our footsteps wending unconsciously towards the widow Jones’s. Nay, madam, why that smile ? “It’s very odd !” The widow Jones can scarcely be less than sixty-five years of age, and we are—no matter what. It is not our wont to visit “lone women,” as they are called ; and that may possibly account for our expecting to find the widow Jones, with spectacles on

nose, reading the Bible, or, at the farthest, nothing less edifying than the Whole Duty of Man. No such thing. There were the spectacles, and there was the widow Jones in her arm-chair, with clean-starched ruff, cuff, and apron, perusing Moore’s *Loves of the Angels !* (*More puellarum matrumque !*) “It was very odd !” If there be any invention by which an old woman may be ground young, it must be poetry. The good soul was quite in the extatics, and seemed essaying to believe herself a sort of Peri !—indeed, she gave us a look, which appeared sufficiently whimsical considering all things.—“It’s very odd,” thought we. We are not *very* vain ; but we began to think of the Dragon of Wantley, and had almost commenced carolling aloud, “Oh, oh, Mr. Moore ! you son, &c.” when we recollect in what presence we were. Now the widow Jones may have been a pretty woman in her day ; but, certes, hath now as fair a title to the Bruce motto *Faimus*, as any of that noble family.

Alas, for human nature !—We had, in a moment of weakness, beguiled, partly by bright eyes, and carried away captive by “the harmony of sweet sounds,” both which have a wondrous influence upon our usual stolid inflexibility, particularly after Burgundy or Champaigne, (and the squire “delighteth to honor us,” during our summer haunt, and brief winter visit, by the trout stream,)—we had written some execrable rhymes in one of those man-traps, called an “Album,” which, gay and gaudy as the snake, reposeth in splendor in the drawing-room, at the manor-house, ever ready to unclasp and unfold itself to the dismay of loitering, lounging swains. Now he who committeth himself in such a book, achieveth unto himself a fame, the average extent of which shall be about five miles in diameter in the country,—about twice the number of family circles in London,—and as many “flats” in Edinburgh.—Alas ! the widow Jones had heard of our “original,” though she

had never seen it. If she had, perhaps we might have escaped ; but, as matters were, nothing would the provoking old body talk about save poetry for the first half hour. Then followed a rhapsody of "Paradise and the Peri," and she subsequently seemed disposed to converse on anything rather than Sally, who had opened the door to us on our arrival, and had "been running in our head" ever since. And is this, thought we, in very deed, the wife of Poor Simon Jones, the village lawyer ! whose Burns was him of the "Justice," and the law ecclesiastical ? Who knew no difference between John o' Groat and Tam o' Shanter ? Who had heard of one Sir Thomas More, but of Anacreon Thomas never ! Who would have been puzzled to discriminate between an epic and an epidemic ? Unto whom a bill of inclosure appeared a finer composition, than aught that Milton or the wondrous Shakspere ever indited ? Poor Simon ! well is it for thee thy bones are in peace, and thy plodding spirit resteth from its labors ! for, of a truth, hadst thou lived to see thy Penelope turn so very blue,—worse than the blue devils with which thou wert occasionally beset, what would it have been to thy bewildered sense ? What couldst thou have done with a cerulean wife ? A sorry Simon wouldest thou have appeared in her eyes ! But this comes of "Reading Societies!"

Now the widow Jones had a back-door, which caused a marvellous turn in our conversation.

"Pray," inquired she, most earnestly, as though the thing was of the utmost importance, "have you seen 'The Lights'?"

"The butcher has brought the liver, ma'am," said pretty Sally, opening the door at the moment ; "but the lights are gone to Miss Simkins's cats."

"Why didn't he come the *front* door?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am," replied Sally ; and there was a light in her eyes, the like of which we re-

member to have seen elsewhere in bygone days.

There were only two faces in the room beside our own, (which we have not been latterly much in the habit of scrutinizing,) so we looked upon Sally's—it was all beauty and innocence. Heavens ! thought we, and shall this butcher, with his marrow-bones and cleaver—"It was very odd!"—What concern could it possibly be of ours if she liked the man of beef ! He had thrown as good men as ever we were, in our best days, upon the village green. Did that mortify our pride ? Not a whit. We were angry we scarcely knew why, and cared not wherefore ; and were resolved to have the matter set to rights, and sifted to the bottom. So, when Sally left the room, we spoke of her ; and the widow Jones, now in her natural sphere, gave us so good an account of the lassie, that when we took our leave, and she opened the door for us, we slipped a half-crown into her hand. Bless her little eyes !—how she looked !—No doubt she was thinking of her poor mother. We confess we were not ; but forthwith betook ourself to the butcher's, who had arrived a few minutes before us, and was busily engaged in cutting up a *lamb*.

"It is very odd!" thought we—for though not given to regard the "ominous," we cannot help an occasional touch of weakness, when odd "coincidences" present themselves, and we reflect that the ancients, before whom occasionally our boasted intellects twinkle like stars around the moon, thought somewhat more deeply of these matters. "We have been killing to-day," said the butcher.—"Humph!" said we, "likely enough. And what have you killed?"—"As fine a young lamb, your honor, as ever was taken from its dam ; it cuts up delightfully tender."—"Humph ! anything else?"—"Aye, indeed," replied the fellow, "I've floored as great a calf as ever I see'd in my born days."—"It was very odd!" Why should we have been out of humor ? But we were, and positively half sav-

age at the moment, and the next we burst out into a fit of laughter at our own folly. The butcher, in his turn, looked as though he wished to say, "It is very odd!" yet he held his peace respectfully. Indeed, we ever have been treated with no small deference by the villagers, (among whom we are wont to sojourn during the summer months,) principally, we imagine, from the general belief that we are of that privileged class which "much learning" hath warped aside from pursuing the ordinary course of mankind. This character we obtained almost on our first visit, having been desribed by some rustics,

"Recubans sub tegmine fagi,"

at the "grim and sultry hour of noon," reading in a "printed book," when we had given out that we were going "a-fishing." It was not the way to catch fish, they were certain, and yet our basket was generally well filled. "It was very odd!" they said; and thenceforth we were never expected to do anything like anybody else. And, sooth to say, we seldom did; for the feeling of independence, as Sancho Panza saith of sleep, "doth, as it were, cover a man as with a blanket." There are, perchance, times and places when and where men must "mow, and chatter, and grin," and play the ape among their fellow-men; but, where the pure stream glides by in its eloquent beauty, and the thousand graceful forms and tints of the waving foliage rustle around, and the clouds sail high in the blue firmament above our head, our spirit leaps within us with joy and gladness, we inhale the free air of Heaven, ourselves as free; and exclaim, in the fulness of our delight,

"Thy spirit, Independence! let me share,  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!"

And we feel that we are indebted to and blest by ONE alone—HIM "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

Now, if the man who hath lived an artificial life, till his enjoyments fade before him for very weariness, so that

he listlessly roameth from Dan to Beersheba, seeking rest and finding none, and ever exclaiming, "Cui bono!" doth not understand this, let him be of good heart, for, "there are more things in heaven and earth" than have "been dreamt" of in his "philosophy." We, too, have "heard the chimes at midnight," and

"Run each extreme of folly through,  
And lived with half the town."

"It is very odd," that men should blunder so abominably in their search after happiness. Our senses were given to us for the purposes of enjoyment, and our reason was meant to direct us. Well, "it is very odd!"—away we go, in expectation of finding "Happiness, our being's end and aim," by galloping after fashion, folly, and even vice; anything rather than poor reason, who is kicked into the ditch by the way-side, to struggle forth as she may. And for our senses—What do we with them? Do we not everything in our power to deprave and vitiate them? Stewpans, and all the infernal "baterie de cuisine," are invented for the purpose of bribing the appetite to admit into the system a series of villainous compounds that shall destroy our natural taste and relish for that which is simple and wholesome. The eye is tutored to judge of beauty by Fashion, and to consider even lovely woman "frightful," if her head be not bound up tight as the wax of a Burgundy cork, or encumbered by a square yard of thatch, patch, pomatum, or lace, as that capricious goddess may dictate. Under her guidance, the exquisite and endless variety of form displayed in vegetation becometh rugged and coarse to the eye of man; and he planteth his trees in straight lines, and clippeth them into the misshapen semblance of birds, beasts, and hobgoblins. And, for his ears, he knoweth not what he would have. Could he, in his fastidiousness, command the birds of the air, the rooks, as they passed overhead, might caw, "I'd be a butterfly;" the nightingale warble, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;"

and the pigeon and the ring-dove, "Rookety coo," "I've been roaming," "It is very odd!"

And yet this is man ! Phaugh ! Foh ! This is the "similis Deo" animal, who strutteth to and fro upon the face of the earth, "vaunting himself and being puffed up," with scornful brow and haughty mien, as though he verily believed that he had made himself, and all the vast creation with which he is surrounded !

"Mais, retournons à nos moutons." —Let us return to the butcher's shop. We ordered the calf's head, opining that Cunegunda might bedevil it into mock turtle for to-morrow, when the rector, the squire, and the captain, are to dine at our cottage. And then, "it is very odd," we knew not what to say next. Had we been intent on mischief, however, we are firmly persuaded we should have been at no loss ; but ever thus is it when a good deed is to be performed—a lion starteth up in the way. It suddenly occurred to us that we might really be doing mischief, if there was nothing "going on" between the parties, should we introduce the name of such a lilly of the valley as Sally Inglis to such a long-legged, hard-trotting butcher. Then, why came we here ? It was not to seek after a calf's head, for we had all that we wanted in that way at home, and, moreover, we generally leave those matters to Cunegunda. "It was very odd," and we thought it more particularly odd, when, casting our eyes on the opposite side of the way, we saw the short name and long pole of M'Nab the barber, the very man of all others, within ten miles round, to throw a light upon the subject. There he sat, according to his wonted habit, twisting a few hairs about, and composing lamentations over the days of perukes, cauliflowers, toupees, and powder ; while his own locks had assumed a snowy whiteness, as though despairing of keeping up their long accustomed alpine tint from any extraneous source.

Now, your village barber, that is,

he of the old school, for we never encourage your "Waterloo" cutting shops—your village barber is, generally, a good civil sort of a fellow, and somewhat of an angler withal, a name which with us covereth a multitude of sins. And so old Jerry M'Nab is a bit of a favorite, or "crony" of ours ; and he opened his door, and stood with glistening eyes to welcome us, ere we had crossed half the space between him and the butcher's. Now, Jerry is firmly persuaded that, when a man's hair begins to "baldify," (that is his term,) it cannot be cut too often ; therefore, in ten seconds, we were installed in his arm-chair, and enveloped in a table-cloth, and the glittering scissars were flourishing about our pericranium. Such hath been the legitimate situation for gossiping from time immemorial, and we felt that we had a right to inquire if any news were stirring in the village. "None," was the reply ; and, unlike the generality of inquirers, we were pleased to hear that such was the case. But a wretched shaver indeed is he, who, when he hath got a man down in one of his chairs, and, as it were, at his mercy, cannot say *something* to him. Yet such we have seen, (our flesh seems crimping on our bones as we think thereof,) when compelled to commit a "morning call," and endure a *sumposion aoinon*, for what wot we of the adulterated white, mayhap Cape at *home* made, which goeth its eternal round, with a tail of gingerbread, or jaw-breaking biscuits ?

Think not, fair and gentle lady ! that we do not properly estimate thine industry in the manufacturing, or concocting of thy "home made," from thy worthy grandmother's receipt. No—we agree with you perfectly, and think "it ought to be kept in the family." We really swallow a glass, occasionally, at three houses : but, as a general custom, we have not dared to make the experiment since a lady, for whom we feel the greatest respect, and towards whom we were anxious to make the agreeable, took us in hand, and played us as skilfully

through a maze of bottles, as ever surly trout or jack was guided by veteran angler amid the weeds, roots, and shelves of the running waters. She believed, good easy soul, in her very heart, that the preference given to foreign wines was *merely* a prejudice. "It is very odd!" for she is really a clever body enough. But so it is. And she had a favorite maxim, namely, that, "if made wine was kept to a certain age, you would not know what you were drinking." In the truth of this adage we perfectly concurred, for the wines at dinner, particularly the pseudo champagne, had completely "bothered" us: and she, having made a short trip "over the water," had learned the French mode (see Sterne) of taking a compliment, when its meaning is at all doubtful.

Smiling then most complacently, she filled a glass, with her own hand, from a fresh bottle, and, her bright eyes glistening triumphantly, presented it to us, exclaiming, "There! now, tell me what *that* is if you can." Had it been poison (we were some years *younger then*) we must have swallowed it. Down it went;—but, to give it a name, more perplexed were we than the father of Tristram Shandy.—"Io!" thought the lady, and "heigho!" thought we. "It is impossible to tell by one single glass," quoth she—and then—oh! then—*another* bottle of *another* sort was produced, and "another and another" stood, producible, like the ghosts of Banquo's heirs. Has the woman no bowels! thought we:—And surely, though we have often deplored the arrangement, never did we feel more respect for the old Goth, whoever he may have been, who introduced the custom of separation between the sexes after dinner; for, to the observance of that custom, do we conscientiously attribute the preservation of our valuable existence. "Here's to thee, old Cerberus!" said we, instanter, in a bumper of Glenlivet. "It's very odd" that ladies should love to metamorphose themselves into cellarmen. Economy is, doubtless, praiseworthy;

but, we are marvellously mistaken if anything is saved by the *generality* of these compound incorporators of sour fruit, sugar and brandy. What with the waste because it is *only* "made wine"—a foul cask every now and then—"misses," and mistakes, and "turnings off," to be rectified by more sugar and more brandy, *ad libitum*, it's a poor speculation at the present price of wine. We were once told—but we cannot believe it—that "it did quite as well as any other, to give to the poor." This we look upon as a libel—unless it shall have been administered in lieu of physic, in which case it may be "all right," as the guard says before the coachman sets all a-going. But, as we said before, there are some rare exceptions.

"How do you contrive to fill up your time?" asked we of him of the long pole, (which pole, by the way, we opine to be a degraded semblance of the caduceus of Mercury.) "Your regrets for past times would lead one to suppose that you had no earthly thing to employ yourself about. What is that little mess of hair that you were twiddling in your fingers just now, up in the corner? Eh, M'Nab?" Jerry began to titter at the idea of our being ignorant of such matters; and then, for our edification, went on to state, that the making of "them things," which, he at length told us, were artificial fronts for the "womankind," was now one of his principal sources of employment.

"Artificial fronts for women in a country village!" exclaimed we. "In town we wonder at nothing—all is artificial, fronts and everything: but *here*," and we lifted the fringe-like thing between finger and thumb, "*here*, where nature reigns or ought to reign, what old foolish body can you find *here* so besotted as to be ashamed of her grey hairs, when *every body* must know her age? Foh! A false front indeed!" and we dropt the petty demi-semi-periwig in contempt. "He, he!" quoth Jerry. "If your honor knew as much of the

women-kind as I do—" "Heaven forbid!" thought we, for the fellow has had three wives, and, by all accounts, none of them anything very particular—" You wouldn't wonder at such a fashion as this. But *this*," continued he, holding the thing up, between himself and the light, as though admiring his own handiwork, " this is not for any *old* woman, but for the prettiest girl within ten miles of this place, let the other be who she may." Now, " it's very odd," we do not think we can possibly know *all* the pretty girls within ten miles, but we instantly exclaimed, " Why, it cannot possibly be for Sally Inglis!" The man of wigs stuttered, and stammered, and looked grave, and said that " we (meaning himself and the other three-and-twenty barbers of the district) make it a point of *honor* not to tell," &c. " Jerry," said we seriously, " this will not do. You know that Sally is a sort of favorite—and you know likewise *who* recommended her to the widow Jones—and, by Jove! *she* shall *not* wear a *false* front." " Why," said the barber, " it was not Sally's doings altogether; but her mistress's, who said that she didn't like to see her come into the parlor with her hair in papers, nor yet all hanging about; and so she is to have a front, as it will save a great deal of time."—" An old Jezebel!" said we; " and no doubt she has got a better for herself. That's the way when an *old* woman once turns *blue*!"—" Blue!" exclaimed the astonished shaver, " the widow Jones turned *blue*!"—" Yes," we replied, " blue as a blue bottle."—" Then *that*," quoth the barber, " accounts for her sending to me this morning for rouge."—" Rouge!" we repeated in amazement; " blue and red!" and then, thinking on the extreme silliness of the old body, in thus exposing her folly in the village, when she might have obtained the abomination at the market town, we added, " and very green too!"—" It's very odd," observed Jerry, who was evidently posed; " blue, red, and green?"—" Aye,"

said we, fooled and fooling 'to the top of our bent'; " aye, and white, Jerry, white as thy powder puff."—" Blue, red, green, and white! I can't make it out," quoth the barber, speaking slowly, and looking earnestly, as though he began to suspect that our "chief end of man" was damaged in a degree which his art could not repair.

Away then went we, murmuring

" Blue spirits and red,  
Green spirits and grey,"

to the Rectory, in order to consult with the good lady of the house how Sally Inglis was to be saved from " the three perils," the false fronts, a blue painted mistress, and a jolly butcher. " It's very odd!" We men think, all of us at times, particularly well of our own talents, acquirements, inventions, &c. &c.; but when, with our boasted knowledge of the world, and " all that sort of thing," we are at a loss, what do we? We consult " the woman-kind;" and lo! " the gordian knot they do unfold, familiar as" we thrust the envelope from a maintenon outlet. The good lady did " seriously incline" unto our tale. Sometimes there was a smile upon her countenance, particularly when we spake of the widow Jones's " Mooreish" propensities; but she listened patiently unto the end—and then said that the only subject of her fears was the widow Jones's back door, which had not entered at all into our calculations, although we saw instantly that there was danger to be apprehended therefrom, and resolved to get it stopped up. " They are sad things for servants," continued the gentle dame, " and have been the ruin of many. The easy access afforded by them to idle gossips introduces idleness, and then clandestine habits—and so on—and then, when there is only one servant, as in the present case"—

We felt the truth of her observation, and not a little ashamed that we had been vaporizing and rhapsodizing all the morning about imaginary dangers, and utterly overlooked that which was real. The lady resumed by observing, " we must make allowances for

what Miss Scraggs (*it* in the bonnet and silks) says—she is a *little* apt to see more than other people, and has been telling me a strange tale this morning, which, *really*, I can *hardly*!"— "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds," said we—"which we must do all in our power to heal," added the dear benevolent soul mildly. "Heaven bless her!" thought we, as she left the room, to put on her cloak and bonnet, to go forth into the village on her errands of mercy. And then, being left alone, our thoughts wandered to the blighted dreams of our youth, to withered hopes, buried in the everlasting silence of the tomb. "Had it been our lot," thought we, "to realize those dreams, to wander with that fondly-beloved one through the mazes of this wilderness, far different had been our path of life! We might then, in our day and generation, have been—not like that stunted willow, left dry and withering upon the ancient bank of the river, when the living waters changed their course—nor like the hollow, scathed oak, which shooteth forth a few green leaves in summer, as though in mockery of its former self—but—oh, no! It is a vain presumption! The course of man can be trod but once. What we *really* are we know but in part, and of what we might have been, under other auspices, nothing." What strange creatures we are!—not five minutes before, had our young friend Robert entered the room, we should have been delighted to join him in any gambol, for we love children; but, he came in then, and we took him by the hand, and, "it's very odd," we clasped him to our bosom, and could have wept over him! Some undefined, misty illusions of the fearful past were floating before our eyes—and, when he inquired for his "mamma," we arose and walked to the window. Yet we are not, by nature, lachrymose. We feel that we are not, and know that we have much to be thankful for; but—at times, when the mind glances retrospectively, bitter fancies will

"Overcome us like a summer cloud."

"It's very odd!" Here we are, walking erect in our conceit, and fancying unto ourselves that we know somewhat of the human mind: and yet, joy and grief come welling forth from the heart, as from a spring of strange waters, why and how we know not. Who is there that can say unto himself, "I will be joyous to-day, and no cloud shall pass over my soul!" Prosperity giveth not contentment, and adversity is brightened by the sunny gleams of hope. And what we call high or low spirits—whence are they? Certain events may produce either; but, seldom is it that we can trace them to their source—and the strange imaginations and eccentric excursions of the mind—Can we control them? The most intensely occupied, engaged in the most interesting of their pursuits, have unbidden fantasies floating and passing before their imaginations. Even in those moments, which we determine shall be hallowed, consecrated, and set apart from all others—are they not broken in upon by fleeting and trivial things? Dreams, visions, hopes, and reminiscences! The internal process of our minds is utterly beyond our comprehension or government. But of this we are assured, that our *actions* are at our own command, and that we know well *how* we ought to steer. We are like ships at sea. There may be rioting and carousing, thoughtless gaiety, melancholy and profound study, the timid spirit, and the daring mind, breathing defiance on its enemy even in slumber:—these, and more jarring discords, may be within, while the stately vessel keeps her steady course, amid the turbulent and angry waste of waters. Reason was given to preside at the helm: and He, at whose breath the wondrous and complicated frame started into existence, and who launched her forth upon the deep, hath not sent her unprovided with a chart to direct her unto the desired haven. This chart the Christian knows. But enough, mayhap "something too much of this."

The Rector's daughter, Jane, has

ever been a great favorite of ours; not so much for her beauty—though of that she hath enough wherewithal to gladden a parent's eye—as for the goodness of her heart, and that glorious overflowing spring of filial affection which shameth the term “obedience;” a dull and cold word, more fit for the parade than the fireside, where hearts are “mingled in peace,” and every wish is mutually anticipated. She had just returned from a brief visit at “The Hall,” and walked, with her mother leaning upon her arm, into the village. We accompanied them, and met the Rector, who, as is his wont, had been visiting the sick, and comforting the widow and the orphan in their affliction. Far different were then our feelings from those feverish and angry sensations which, in our previous ramble, had driven us from house to house, like an unquiet spirit, imagining evil in all we saw, and bitterly devising strange mirth at the frailties of our fellow creatures. A benign influence seemed to hover round us. We were about to do good; and we were linked in our pursuit with those whom firm principles, and seclusion from the world, had enabled to walk in “the path in which they should go,” and blessing and blest, to keep “the noiseless tenor of their way.”

We loitered along till we came to old Nanny Inglis's cottage; and there the good lady entered *alone*. “It's very odd!” the older some people get, the more stupid they seem to become. Why did we not go to Sally's mother in the first place, instead of talking nonsense to old women and barbers? The poor woman is the widow of the old veteran corporal, who saved our uncle George's life at Bunker's Hill; and many a day have they both dandled us on their knees, and romped and played with us when we had acquired strength to gambol, and there was something hopeful about us; and many a fair prophecy concerning our future years did they utter, which assuredly would have come to pass, if their good wishes could

have effected so desirable a consummation.

We were all anxious to hear the result of the conference at the widow Inglis's cottage; but, when the good lady of the Rectory joined us, not a word would she disclose: yet there was a smile upon her countenance, a playful and benignant smile, that was perfectly satisfactory to all parties, with the trifling exception of a certain mischievous triumph, when her eye glanced towards us, and which reminded us of the butcher's braggardism, when he averred that he had “floored as great a calf this morning as ever he saw in his born days.” “It's very odd!” thought we; but we felt perfectly satisfied with our own proceedings in half a second, being proudly conscious that the “delicate Ariel,” who had now taken the work in hand, was a spirit invoked to the task by ourselves. And we strutted along as proudly as old Prospero. “It's very odd!” we pretend to love the truth: yet, if anything that we have undertaken goes on wrong, how miserably are we wont to shuffle, and endeavor to shift the blame from our own shoulders, and accuse chance, or the awkwardness of others, though, in reality, the fault be all our own: and, on the contrary, if things prosper, although we may have “given it up,” like a posing conundrum, how we do hug ourselves, and rejoice in our own devices. Oh, self love! with what strange people art thou sometimes enamored! Yet art thou a delightful passion, having no rivals: and, moreover, thine addresses are ever accepted. From that moment we had only to look on and perceive what female influence and activity can effect. Sally was soon brought to a confession, and it appeared that she *did* know the reason why the butcher came to the back door. Matters are all now put into a train, and we understand one another. To-morrow we have our party, and hope to do something comfortable for the young people. But “it's very odd!” the interest we have taken in the poor girl's welfare arose,

no doubt, entirely from our youthful reminiscenses of her father's kindness to us in the days of "auld lang syne;" and yet his widow, who, though called *old Nanny*, declarereth she is *not* on the wrong side of fifty, seemeth, like queen Dido, to have commenced "abolere

Sychæum." And her *Aeneas*, the moving cause thereof, appeareth to be no other than M'Nab the barber, who hath already buried three wives. Truly "it's very odd." And, moreover, the widow Jones, they say, has her eye upon *somebody*. Heaven defend us!

### DONALD BANE.

The following inartificial Ballad was suggested by Allan's beautiful Picture, "The Stolen Kiss."

Young Donald Bane, a gallant Celt,  
Unto the wars had gone,  
And left, within her Highland home,  
His plighted bride alone :  
Yet, though the waves between them roll'd,  
On Egypt's eastern shore,  
As be thought of Mhairi Macintyre,  
His love wax'd more and more.

It was a dismal morning, when  
He breathed his last adieu ;  
And down the glen, above his men,  
The Chieftain's banner flew ;  
When bonnets waved aloft in air,  
And war-pipes screamed aloud ;  
And the startled eagle left the cliff  
For shelter in the cloud.

Brave Donald Bane, at duty's call,  
Hath sought a foreign strand ;  
And Donald Bane, amid the slain,  
Hath stood with crimson'd brand ;  
And when the Alexandrian beach  
With Gallie blood was dyed,  
Streamed the tartan plaid of Donald Bane  
At Abercromby's side.

And he had seen the Pyramids huge,  
Grand Cairo, and the Bay  
Of Aboukir, whereon the fleet  
Of gallant Nelson lay ;  
And he had seen the Turkish hosts  
In their barbaric pride ;  
And listened, as from burial fields  
The midnight Chacal cried.

Yes ; many a sight had Donald seen,  
In Syrian deserts lone ;  
To many a shore had Donald been—  
But none that matched his own !  
Amid the date-trees and the vines,  
The temples, towns, and towers,  
He thought of Scotland's chilly huts  
'Mid the heath and heather flowers !

So joyous beat the soldier's heart,  
Again from deck to see,  
Rising from out the German wave,  
The island of the free ;  
And stately was his step, when crowds  
With plaudits, from the main,  
Welcomed, once more, to England's shore,  
Her heroes back again.

Hushed was the war-din that in wrath  
From coast to coast had roared ;  
And stayed were Slaughter's beagle fangs,  
And sheathed the patriot sword ;  
When ('twas the pleasant summer time)  
Arose in green again,  
His own dear Highland mountains, on  
The sight of Donald Bane.

Four years had lapsed in absence drear,  
Wherein his steps had ranged  
'Mid many a far and foreign scene,—  
But his heart was unstrang'd ;  
And when he saw Argyle's red deer  
Once more from thicket flic ;  
And again he trod Glen-Etive's sod—  
Oh a happy man was he !

There stood the shieling of his love,  
Beneath the sheltering trees ;  
Sweet sang the lark ; the sultry air  
Was musical with bees ;  
And when he reached the wicket latch,  
Old Stummah, fawning fain,  
First nosed him round, then licked his hand ;  
"Twas bliss to Donald Bane !

Loudly throbbed his heart ; he entered :  
No sound was stirring there—  
And in he went—and on he went—  
When behold his Mhairi fair !  
Before her stood the household wheel  
Unmurmuring ; and the thread  
Still in her fingers lay, as when  
Its tenuous twine she led.

He stood and gazed, a man half-crazed ;  
Before him she reclined—  
In half-unkerchiefed loveliness,  
The idol of his mind :  
Bland was the sleep of Innocence,  
As to her thoughts were given  
Elysian walks with him she loved,  
Amid the bowers of heaven.

He gazed her beauties o'er and o'er—  
Her shining auburn hair ;  
Her ivory brow, her rosebud mouth,  
Her cheek carnation fair ;  
Her round white arms—her bosom's charms,  
That, with her breathing low,  
Like swan plumes on a rippling lake,  
Heaved softly to and fro.

He could no more ; but stooping down  
He clasped her to his soul,  
And from the honey of her lips  
A rapturous kiss he stole :  
As hill-deer bound from bugle sound,  
Swerved Mhairi from her rest :  
It could not be : Oh yes ! 'twas he—  
She sank on Donald's breast.

What boots to tell what then befell,  
Or how, in bridal mirth,  
Young and old did bound to music's sound,  
Beside that simple hearth ;  
Or how the festal cup was drained  
On mountain-side and plain,  
To the healths of Mhairi Macintyre  
And faithful Donald Bane !

---

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

---

NO. VIII.—THE LATE DUGALD STEWART.

DUGALD STEWART was the only son who survived the age of infancy, of Dr. Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. He was born in the College of Edinburgh, on the 22d of November, 1753, and his health, during the first period of his life, was so feeble and precarious, that it was with more than the ordinary anxiety and solicitude of parents that his infancy was reared. At the age of seven he was sent to the High School, where he distinguished himself by the quickness and accuracy of his apprehension ; and where the singular felicity and spirit with which he caught and transfused into his own language the ideas of the classical writers, attracted the particular remarks of his instructors. Having completed the customary course of education at this seminary, he was entered as a student at the College of Edinburgh. In October, 1771, he was deprived of his mother, and he, almost immediately after her death, removed to Glasgow, where Dr. Reid was then teaching those principles of metaphysics which it was the great object of his pupil's life to inculcate and to expand. After attending one course of lectures at this seat of learning, the prosecution of his favorite studies was interrupted by the declining state of his father's health, which compelled him, in the autumn of the following year, before he had reached the age of nineteen, to undertake the task of teaching the mathematical classes. With what success he was able to fulfil this duty, was sufficiently evinced by the event ; for with all Dr. Matthew Stewart's well-merited ce-

lebrity, the number of students considerably increased under his son. As soon as he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed assistant and successor to his father, and in this capacity he continued to conduct the mathematical studies in the University, till his father's death, in the year 1785, when he was nominated to the vacant chair. Although this continued, however, to be his ostensible situation in the University, his avocations were more varied. In the year 1778, during which Dr. Adam Ferguson accompanied the commissioners to America, he undertook to supply his place in the moral philosophy class ; a labor that was the more overwhelming, as he had for the first time given notice, a short time before his assistance was requested, of his intention to add a course of lectures on astronomy to the two classes which he taught as professor of mathematics. Such was the extraordinary fertility of his mind, and the facility with which it adapted its powers to such inquiries, that although the proposal was made to him and accepted on Thursday, he commenced the course of metaphysics the following Monday, and continued during the whole of the season to think out and arrange in his head in the morning (while walking backwards and forwards in a small garden attached to his father's house in the college,) the matter of the lecture of the day. The ideas with which he had thus stored his mind, he poured forth extempore in the course of the forenoon, with an eloquence and a felicity of illustration surpassing in energy and vivacity (as those who have

heard him have remarked) the more logical and better-digested expositions of his philosophical views, which he used to deliver in his maturer years. The difficulty of speaking for an hour extempore, every day, on a new subject, for five or six months, is not small: but when superadded to the mental exertion of teaching also, daily, two classes of mathematics, and of delivering, for the first time, a course of lectures on astronomy, it may justly be considered as a very singular instance of intellectual vigor. To this season he always referred as the most laborious of his life; and such was the exhaustion of the body, from the intense and continued stretch of the mind, that, on his departure for London, at the close of the academical session, it was necessary to lift him into the carriage.

In the summer of 1783 he visited the continent for the first time. On his return from Paris, in the autumn of the same year, he married Helen Bannatine, a daughter of Neil Bannatine, Esq. a merchant in Glasgow.

In the year 1785, during which Dr. Matthew Stewart's death occurred, the health of Dr. Ferguson rendered it expedient for him to discontinue his official labors in the University, and he accordingly effected an exchange of offices with Mr. Stewart, who was transferred to the class of moral philosophy, while Dr. Ferguson retired on the salary of mathematical professor. In the year 1787, Mr. Stewart was deprived of his wife by death; and, the following summer, he again visited the continent, in company with the late Mr. Ramsay of Barnton. These slight indications of the progress of the ordinary occurrences of human life, must suffice to convey to the reader an idea of the connexion of events up to the period when Mr. Stewart entered on that sphere of action in which he laid the foundation of the great reputation which he acquired as a moralist and a metaphysician. His Writings are before the world, and from them posterity may be safely left to form an estimate of

the excellence of his style of composition—of the extent and variety of his learning and scientific attainments—of the singular cultivation and refinement of his mind—of the purity and elegance of his taste—of his warm relish for moral and for natural beauty—of his enlightened benevolence to all mankind, and of the generous ardor with which he devoted himself to the improvement of the human species—of all of which, while the English language endures, his works will continue to preserve the indelible evidence. But of one part of his fame no memorial will remain but in the recollection of those who have witnessed his exertions. As a public speaker, he was justly entitled to rank among the very first of his day; and, had an adequate sphere been afforded for the display of his oratorical powers, his merit in this line alone would have sufficed to secure him a lasting reputation. Among those who have attracted the highest admiration in the senate and at the bar, there are still many living who will bear testimony to his extraordinary eloquence. The ease, the grace, and the dignity of his action; the compass and harmony of his voice, its flexibility and variety of intonation, the truth with which its modulation responded to the impulse of his feelings and the sympathetic emotions of his audience; the clear and perspicuous arrangement of his matter; the swelling and uninterrupted flow of his periods; and the rich stores of ornament which he used to borrow from the literature of Greece and of Rome, of France and of England, and to interweave with his spoken thoughts, with the most apposite application,—were perfections not any of them possessed in a superior degree by any of the most celebrated orators of the age; nor do I believe that in any of the great speakers of the time (and I have heard them all), they were to an equal extent united. His own opinions were maintained without any overweening partiality; his eloquence came so warm from the heart, was rendered so impressive by the evidence which

it bore of the love of truth, and was so free from all controversial acrimony, that what has been remarked of the purity of purpose which inspired the speeches of Brutus, might justly be applied to all that he spoke and wrote; for he seemed only to wish, without further reference to others than a candid discrimination of their errors rendered necessary, simply and ingenuously to disclose to the world the conclusions to which his reason had led him. In 1790, after being three years a widower, he married Helen d'Arcy Cranstoun, a daughter of the Honorable George Cranstoun,—a union to which he owed much of the subsequent happiness of his life. About this time it would appear to have been that he first began to arrange some of his metaphysical papers with a view to publication. At what period he deliberately set himself to think systematically on these subjects is uncertain. That his mind had been habituated to such reflections from a very early period is sufficiently known. He frequently alluded to the speculations that occupied his boyish and even his infant thoughts; and the success of his logical and metaphysical studies at Edinburgh, and the *Essay on Dreaming*, which forms part of the first volume of the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, composed while a student at the College of Glasgow in 1772, at the age of eighteen, are proofs of the strong natural bias which he possessed for such pursuits. It is probable, however, that he did not follow out the inquiry as a train of thought, or commit many of his ideas to writing, before his appointment in 1785 to the professorship of moral philosophy gave a necessary and steady direction to his investigation of metaphysical truth. In the year 1792 he first appeared before the public as an author, at which time the first volume of the *Philosophy of the Human Mind* was given to the world. While engaged in this work he had contracted the obligation of writing the *Life of Adam Smith*, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*; and very soon after he

had disengaged himself of his own labors, he fulfilled the task which he had undertaken. In the course of 1793 he published the *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*. In March 1796 he read before the Royal Society his account of the *Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson*, and in 1802 that of the *Life and Writings of Dr. Reid*. By these publications alone he continued to be known as an author, till the appearance of his volume of *Philosophical Essays* in 1810;—a work to which a melancholy interest attaches in the estimation of his friends, from the knowledge that it was in the devotion of his mind to this occupation that he sought a diversion to his thoughts from the affliction he experienced in the death of his second and youngest son. Although, however, the fruits of his studies were not given to the world, the process of intellectual exertion was unremitting. The leading branches of metaphysics had become so familiar to his mind, that the lectures which he delivered very generally extempore, and which varied more or less in the language and matter every year, seemed to cost him little effort; and he was thus left in a great degree at liberty to apply the larger part of his day to the prosecution of his farther speculations. Although he had read more than most of those who are considered learned, his life, as he has himself somewhere remarked, was spent much more in reflecting than in reading; and so unceasing was the activity of his mind, and so strong his disposition to trace all subjects of speculation that were worthy to attract his interest up to their first principles, that all important objects and occurrences furnished fresh matter to his thoughts. The political events of the time suggested many of his inquiries into the principles of political economy;—his reflections on his occasional tours through the country, many of his speculations on the picturesque, the beautiful, and the sublime;—and the study of the characters of his friends and acquaintances, and of remarkable individuals

with whom he happened to be thrown into contact, many of his most profound observations on the sources of the varieties and anomalies of human nature. The year after the death of his son, he relinquished his chair in the university, and removed to Kinnel House, a seat belonging to his grace the Duke of Hamilton, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days in philosophical retirement. From this place were dated, in succession, the Philosophical Essays in 1810; the second volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind in 1813; the Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopædia; the continuation of the second part of the Philosophy in 1827; and finally, in 1828, the third volume, containing the Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man,—a work which he completed only a few short weeks before his career was to close forever. Here he continued to be visited by his friends, and by most foreigners who could procure an introduction to his acquaintance, till the month of January 1822, when a stroke of palsy, which nearly deprived him of the power of utterance, in a great measure incapacitated him for the enjoyment of any other society than that of a few intimate friends, in whose company he felt no constraint. This great calamity, which bereaved him of the faculty of speech, of the power of exercise, of the use of his right hand,—which reduced him to a state of almost infantile dependence on those around him, and subjected him ever after to a most abstemious regimen,—he bore with the most dignified fortitude and tranquillity. The malady which broke his health and constitution for the rest of his existence, happily impaired neither any of the faculties of his mind, nor the characteristic vigor and activity of his understanding, which enabled him to rise superior to the misfortune. As soon as his strength was sufficiently re-established, he continued to pursue his studies with his wonted assiduity, to pre-

pare his works for the press with the assistance of his daughter as an amanuensis, and to avail himself with cheerful and unabated relish of all the sources of gratification which it was still within his power to enjoy, exhibiting, among some of the heaviest infirmities incident to age, an admirable example of the serene sunset of a well spent life of classical elegance and refinement. In general company his manner bordered on reserve; but it was the *comitate condita gravitas*, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character, than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit; and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humor. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation and from all premeditation; it was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterised by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage; and to women of cultivated understanding his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. The immense range of his erudition, the attention he had bestowed on almost every branch of philosophy, his extensive acquaintance with every department of elegant literature, ancient or modern, and the fund of anecdote and information which he had collected in the course of his intercourse with the world, with respect to almost all the eminent men of the day, either in this country or in France, enabled him

to find suitable subjects for the entertainment of the great variety of visitors of all descriptions who at one period frequented his house. In his domestic circle his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained was the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanor, that when alone with his wife and children, it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers; for although his fondness, and familiarity, and playfulness, were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost anything either of his

grace or his dignity. As a writer of the English language,—as a public speaker,—as an original, a profound, and a cautious thinker,—as an expounder of truth,—as an instructor of youth,—as an elegant scholar,—as an accomplished gentleman; in the exemplary discharge of the social duties, —in uncompromising consistency and rectitude of principle,—in unbending independence,—in the warmth and tenderness of his domestic affections, —in sincere and unostentatious piety, —in the purity and innocence of his life,—few have excelled him; and, take him for all in all, it will be difficult to find a man who to so many of the perfections has added so few of the imperfections of human nature.

---

#### MR. ROTHSCHILD, THE LONDON BANKER.

SCEPTIC, go to the Royal Exchange almost any morning that you please, and among some score of persons, whose appearance will not very greatly elevate your notions of the dignity and grace of human nature, you will see one, whose face and figure alike baffle your powers of description; and his whole man and manner make you instinctively repeat the vulgar tetrastich,—

“ I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell :  
The fact itself I feel full well—  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.”

The thing before you stands cold, motionless, and apparently specula-tionless as the pillar of salt into which the avaricious spouse of the Patriarch was turned; and while you start with wonder at what it can be or mean, you pursue the association, and think upon the fire and brimstone that were rained down. It is a human being of no very Apollo-like form or face. Short, squat, with its shoulders drawn up to its ears, and its hands delved into its breeches-pockets. The hue of its face is a mixture of brickdust and saffron, and the texture seems

that of the skin of a dead frog. There is a rigidity and tension in the features, too, which would make you fancy, if you did not see that that were not the fact, that some one from behind was pinching it with a pair of hot tongs, and that it were either ashamed or afraid to tell. Eyes are usually denominated the windows of the soul; but here you would conclude that the windows are false ones, or that there is no soul to look out at them. There comes not one pencil of light from the interior, neither is there one scintillation of that which comes from without reflected in any direction. The whole puts you in mind of “ a skin to let;” and you wonder why it stands upright, without at least something within. By and by another figure comes up to it. It then steps two paces aside, and the most inquisitive glance that ever you saw, and a glance more inquisitive than you would have thought of, is drawn slowly out of the erewhile fixed and leaden eye, as if one were drawing a sword from a scabbard. The visiting figure, which has the appearance of coming by accident and

not by design, stops but a second or two ; in the course of which looks are exchanged, which, though you cannot translate, you feel must be of most important meaning. After these, the eyes are sheathed up again, and the figure resumes its stony posture. During the morning, numbers of visitors come, all of whom meet with a similar reception, and vanish in a similar manner ; and last of all the figure itself vanishes, leaving you utterly at a loss as to what can be its nature and functions.

That singular figure is Nathan Myers Rothschild, the Jew, who holds the purse to all the kings on the Continent, and opens or closes it just as he lists ; and who, upon certain occasions, has been supposed to have more influence in this country than the proudest and most wealthy of its nobles—perhaps more influence than the two Houses of Parliament taken together. He takes that post, to be in the midst of his scouts ; those visitors who appear to come casually, are all there by appointment. They communicate their information, receive their instructions, and hasten to act ; and probably at each application of them to the grand calculating machine, it was willed that a million of money should change masters, or that a potentate who calls himself absolute, should alter his purpose, dismiss his

minister, or change the system of his politics. Ungainly as his external man is, and detached as it seems from business, and incapable of thought, it is the case of perhaps the most curious, and certainly the most powerful calculating machine, that ever existed.

The prodigies of calculation which have from time to time been exhibited, all sink into nothing before this one. They could play with numbers, in a manner wonderful enough, no doubt ; but their play was unproductive, was nothing but a meteor marvel to be soon forgot ; but this yields the purse of the world, and by means of that, all the powers in it. Along, too, with the intuitive magic of numbers which this singular being possesses, there must be a magic over the passions of men ; but what it is, or how it works, the possessor will not tell, and nobody else can.

Even this secrecy, however, forcible and fell as it is, cannot last forever. The former high priests of Mammon have suffered reverses, have been swept of all their wealth, driven to despair, and perished by their own hands ; and therefore the man who lives upon the produce of his daily industry, must be more happy, and may be more secure, than Rothschild the Jew, amid all his wealth and power. So much for the very acme of the remnant of Jacob.

---

#### EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL.\*

[The subject of education has recently received much attention in the United States, as well as in other countries, and beneficial changes have been made in the methods of instruction practised in many places ; but there is still room for great improvement, especially in our common schools. If the account of the system exhibited in the Edinburgh Sessional School can furnish any new and useful hints to those who are desirous that education should be conducted on principles agreeable to reason and common sense, instead of being confined to a daily mechanical task, the detestation of which by the pupil is equalled only by the folly which enjoins it, we shall rejoice that the following article has received in our pages an increased circulation.]

LET every man who wishes to do his heart good by witnessing a system of education, at once rational in its principles, powerful in its machinery,

and rapid in its effects, pay visits—one, two, three, and as many more as he can, to the Edinburgh Sessional School. In this age of base, blind,

\* Account of the Edinburgh Sessional School, and the other Parochial Institutions of Education established in that City in the year 1812 ; with Strictures on Education in General. By John Wood, Esq. Edinburgh, 1828.

and blundering quackery, when Ignorance, Folly, and Infidelity, seek to usurp the instruction of the young, such a school is deserving of especial admiration and support. And may it become the model of hundreds of others, all over the land—in town and country, till presumption and ignorance be ousted from all their many strong-holds, or fortresses—misnamed schools—and wise Art lend her aid to a wiser Nature, while the mighty Mother, according to her own rules and laws, is gradually extending and enlightening the feeling and the intelligence of her children, of high and of low degree—from hut and hall—bred in the lap of affluence, or

—“breathing in content  
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,  
And drinking from the well of lowly life.”

Let those who cannot visit the Edinburgh Sessional School—and those, too, who can—buy this little invaluable four-and-sixpence volume. We do not hesitate to say, that Mr. Wood is absolutely a man of genius. His whole spirit seems possessed by his beneficent scheme of education, of which, though not the inventor, he is assuredly such an improver, that his name will forever be united with the Institution now flourishing under his unweared superintendence, and exhibiting, throughout all its departments—really with no defects of much consequence that we can perceive, though he himself admits there may be many—a most beautiful exemplification in practice of a system which, in theory too, bears the indisputable marks of an original mind. But in this world, the head can achieve nothing great or difficult without the heart; and nobody who knows Mr. Wood, either in his school—for we shall call it his—or in his book—(of his character elsewhere, amiable and estimable as it is in all relations, it belongs not to us to speak,) does so without also knowing that what his head clearly conceives, his heart earnestly feels, and his hand energetically executes. Industry, perseverance, resolution, zeal, and enthusiasm, such as his—all ex-

erted, too, in such a cause—could, by no possibility, belong to any one but a good citizen, a good man, and a good Christian.

Before entering on an account of the method of instruction pursued in THE EDINBURGH PAROCHIAL INSTITUTIONS, Mr. Wood, in an introduction admirably well written, speaks generally of the principles on which that method of instruction is framed; and we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of quoting an excellent passage—

“In all their arrangements they have regarded their youngest pupil, not as a machine, or an irrational animal, that must be driven, but as an intellectual being who may be led; endowed, not merely with sensation and memory, but with perception, judgment, conscience, affections, and passions; capable, to a certain degree, of receiving favorable or unfavorable impressions, of imbibing right or wrong sentiments, of acquiring good or bad habits; strongly averse to application, where its object is unperceived or remote, but, on the other hand, ardently curious, and infinitely delighting in the display of every new attainment which he makes. It has, accordingly, been their anxious aim to interest no less than to task,—to make the pupil understand (as much as possible) what he is doing, no less than to exact from him its performance,—familiarly to illustrate, and copiously to exemplify the principle, no less than to hear him repeat the words, of a rule,—to speak to him, and by all means to encourage him to speak, in a natural language, which he understands, rather than in irksome technicalities, which the pedant might approve,—to keep him while in school not only constantly, but actively, energetically employed,—to inspire him with a zeal for excelling in whatever is his present occupation, (whether it be study or amusement,) and, even where he is incapable of excelling others, still, by noticing with approbation every step, however little, which he makes towards improvement,

to delight him with the consciousness of excelling his former self."

We venerate the benevolent Bell—he has done as much good as most men of his generation—but it is a pity he should ever have so far forgotten the necessary and inevitable imperfection of all things human, as to have said of his system, in his Manual, "that the art of man can add nothing to it, and take nothing from it." Now, the Sessional School is not in Utopia—but in the Old Town of Edinburgh; and Mr. Wood, if not wiser than Dr. Bell, and we do not say he is, is certainly much more moderate—much more modest, when speaking of his own achievements. Indeed, we have seldom, if ever, met so modest an enthusiastic man as Mr. Wood appears to be—as he is—both in his school and in his book. Attributing to himself—and to his worthy and able coadjutors—no other merit than that of good intentions strenuously carried into practice, and common sense—he does not write a dozen pages without making his readers feel that he is no such ordinary man—but is gifted by nature with very rare endowments. What these are will appear in our analysis, often in his own words, of his most interesting Book.

After a candid admission that there are defects in the system, especially in the working of it, which its conductors are incessantly laboring to supply—he observes, that he is anxious to guard his readers against the erroneous notion that the success of any seminary can ever depend entirely, or even principally, upon its *machinery*, or *external system* of arrangement. The systems of Bell and Lancaster have, by the facilities they have given to this department, greatly contributed to the cause of general education.

"Every judicious conductor of an establishment for education, accordingly, will be at the utmost pains to render his system in this respect as perfect as he can. But, when this is done, he will keep in remembrance, that the weightier matters remain behind. He will consider, that it is not

upon the nature of the scaffolding or building apparatus, however skilfully devised and admirably adapted to its own purpose, that the beauty or usefulness, or stability of the future fabric is to depend; nor will he suffer himself to forget, how often it has happened, that on the removal of the scaffolding, some deformity or flaw in the structure itself has been disclosed, which the apparatus had hitherto concealed from the eye of the spectator. From inattention to this fundamentally important truth, how large a proportion, unfortunately, of the schools instituted even upon the most justly celebrated systems, have been allowed to become little better than mere pieces of mechanism, pretty enough indeed in external appearance, but comparatively of little use, in which the puppets strut with wondrous regularity and order, and with all that outward 'pomp and circumstance,' which are well calculated to catch a superficial observer, but in which all the while the mind is but little exerted, and of course little, if at all, improved."

There is also much sound sense in what Mr. Wood says about the liability of the scheme adopted in the Sessional School, to the imitation of injudicious and hurtful admirers. The servile and slavish copyist, destitute of sense and feeling, may imitate all the forms, without catching the spirit, and thus exhibit a miserable mockery, or, say rather mimicry, of the Sessional School scheme. For what artificial contrivance can ever supersede the necessity of diligence and zeal, earnestness and kindliness, on the part of the instructor! Pupils are not automata, neither can you cram them with knowledge, like turkeys with *drummock*, to fatten them into mature scholars. The great object of the Instructor is to inspire the taste for knowledge, and to cultivate the power of acquiring it. The boy who repeats rules by rote with a slavish precision, is a parrot, and will continue a parrot; and of all parrots the most absurd is the methodist, who pronounces with

formal tone and measured cadence and inflection, a mere jargon of words, to which, of course, the creature has never learned to attach the slightest signification. Heavens ! in a school, how palsying and deadening to the whole nature of youth is a dull, cold, lifeless routine !

Nothing can be more common-place than remarks like these ; but people forget the most important common-places, and often continue all their life long to look on placidly and well-pleased at the most hideous and fatal abuses and perversions of "good old rules"—all the while believing that they see something else, the very reverse of what is before their eyes ; nor are they aware of the mischief done both to the souls and bodies of children, though it is as obvious as pale sickly faces can be, yawning jaws, sleepy eyes, and a general lassitude.

But besides—Mr. Wood, hating all quackery, wishes that there should be no exaggeration of the character or operations of his scheme ; and says, with much liveliness—"Struck with the alleged success of the system as exhibited in the Sessional School, one may investigate every its minutest detail with no less punctilious care than that of the poor savage, who, restored on one occasion to health by the administration of a particular drug, ever afterwards fondly treasures up in his memory, with a view to the recurrence of a similar exigency, the recollection of the day of the moon, the hour of the day, the position of his own body at the time of receiving the medicine, and every other little adventitious concomitant of his case." The application is obvious.

Still the externals of the system are necessary to the preservation of its spirit. Neither monitors, nor all the other arrangements of Bell and Lancaster for facilitating mutual instruction, can, it is true, of themselves insure success to any seminary. But Mr. Wood believes that the Sessional School could never have attained its present character without them, by the mere operation of a purer love of

excellence, or still purer love of knowledge, or love of duty, superior to either. Without these no good can be done ; but they always need support, and they receive that support from every part of the system.

There is another danger to which this method of education is exposed, and which it requires knowledge and wisdom in the instructor to guard against and avoid. Children must not be treated like men, any more than like machines. The mind of a child is wondrously powerful—far more so than shallow or superficial observers have any idea of ; but it is only powerful when exerted on the right materials—that is, the materials which nature herself spreads out before it. All other nutriment is as poison. Children must be fed on "milk, not on meat." "Above all, they must not be crammed," says Mr. Wood, "with the strong meats" either of the theologian or the philosopher.

"Great care must be taken, to distinguish between the kind of information and mode of communication applicable to the younger children, and those which may be employed in the more advanced classes of the same seminary. A single year at the opening of life, it ought ever to be remembered, makes a prodigious difference in the capacity of the human mind. So also in Schools, where children are retained till they arrive at twelve or fourteen years of age, a much wider range of information may be attempted, than would be at all proper where they leave it at eight or nine. In a school, also, for children of the humbler ranks of life, whose whole education is in all probability to be confined within its walls, it may be advisable to crowd a greater quantity of useful information into a narrow space, than will be either necessary or expedient, in the case of those more highly favored individuals, whose circumstances hold out to them the prospect of a more protracted education, and leisure for a more gradual, extensive, and systematic course of study. But nothing, in short, can be more injuri-

ous to the young, draw down greater ridicule on any system of education, or give more countenance to the old and pernicious practice of learning by *rote*, than a teacher indulging his own vanity, or that of his pupils and their friends, by allowing them to converse, to read, or to write, upon subjects altogether beyond the capacity of their years."

Mr. Wood also alludes to a common,—and very silly,—even base insinuation, which one hears thrown out by stupid people against all new institutions or schemes of any kind, that are seen working wonderfully well, and producing happy effects on the well-being of society. "Oh! it is all very well here, as long as the system is under the direction of Mr. So-and-So, for he is a singularly able man, and full of zeal for the success of his own scheme; but depend upon it, it will never do generally—for where will you get a Mr. So-and-So in the town of What-do-you-call-it, or the village of You-know-where?" This is very pitiful and contemptible—yet not harmless—it often does evil. Now Mr. Wood says well, that while the mode of tuition in the Sessional School undoubtedly affords ample scope for the exercise, under judicious control, of the highest qualifications, it seems no less certain, that there is none, in which the most moderate talents and acquirements can be employed to greater advantage.

But Mr. Wood is not under the necessity of confining his appeal to experience, in proof of the excellence of the scheme, of its working in the Sessional School alone—though there, we do verily believe, owing to his own admirable exertions, its working has been—we shall not say wonderful—for we pitch our tone to his—but more efficient than in almost any other seminary. But in many other establishments it has been introduced with the greatest and most permanent success. Its leading principles have been adopted in some private schools—in public schools and hospitals—and in domestic circles, under the tuition of men of the highest talents and ac-

quirements—of ladies instructed only in the ordinary branches of female education—of lads, whose sole education was obtained within the walls of the Sessional School—and even of boys, who are still themselves scholars in the seminary.

All the Edinburgh Parochial Institutions, of which the Sessional School now forms an important branch, derived their appropriate origin from our Church. In the winter of 1812 the streets of our city were the scenes of atrocious riot and bloodshed—and a lamentable disclosure was then made of the extent of the depravity of the youthful population. The clergy looked to stem the torrent of vice by the best—the only means—the education—especially the religious education, of the poor. Dr. Inglis, ever alive to the promotion of every plan for the good of his fellow-creatures, suggested a committee, consisting of Drs. Davidson, Brunton, and Fleming—and the committee sent to the consideration of their brethren the scheme which they had prepared.

"By this scheme a school was to be opened in each of the parishes of the city, for the Religious Instruction, on the Lord's Day, of the children of the poor, under a teacher to be specially appointed for that purpose by the kirk-session of the parish, who was also to accompany his pupils to the parish church during the hours of divine service, at least in those parishes, where the church contained sufficient accommodation for their reception; the expense to be defrayed by an annual contribution from the inhabitants; and the whole to be under the superintendence of ten Directors, five of whom to be Ministers and five Elders, being a minister, or elder, from each kirk-session, to be appointed according to a mode of rotation thereby prescribed."

Scarcely had the teachers entered upon their duties, when it was found—hear this, all men—it was found, that even in the metropolis of Scotland—the land that has so long prided herself (pride is blind) on being the very

Land of Knowledge—"the Nation of Gentlemen"—a very large number of the pupils admitted into these schools—could not read! To correct this evil, it was resolved that a new school should be annexed to the parochial institutions—that five scholars should be admitted into it from each session *gratis*—and that ten more should have a preferable right of admission, on payment of the school-fee, which was fixed at 6d. a-month. The Daily School was opened in Leith Wynd, under the name of THE EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL.

This school was modelled on the system of Lancaster, though in many things it wisely deviated from it, and so it continued for two years or more, during all of which time, much labor and pains were bestowed upon it—and successfully bestowed—by the amiable and able secretary, Dr. Brunton.

In April, 1815, that gentleman reported to the Directors, that a narrow inspection of the Central School, London, had convinced him that many parts of the system of Dr. Bell might be introduced with great advantage into the school in Leith Wynd. He, and Dr. Andrew Thompson, who, on all occasions, has given the Institution his warmest support, and judiciously, strenuously, and successfully exerted himself, with all his great abilities, in the cause of Education all over Scotland, were requested to consult with Dr. Bell, who gave them many highly useful suggestions, afterwards carried into execution by the Secretary and Dr. Thompson, both of whom, in order to assist the teacher in accomplishing that object, gave for some time their daily attendance in the school-room. In 1818 some farther improvements were made in consequence of an institution of a Madras School at St. Andrews.

In the course of the winter of 1819-20, Mr. Wood, during the discharge of some duties of charity—became acquainted with this school, while under the very able management of Mr. Bathgate, now one of the burgh teachers in Peebles.

"While we were thus employed, very serious doubts used frequently to come across our mind, whether we were doing all the good, which others were perhaps too easily inclined to imagine. The children were taught, indeed, to read, but the doubt was, whether they had been made such masters of their own language, as in future life to give them any pleasure in reading, or to enable them to derive much profit from it. They had learned their catechism, but were they much wiser with regard to the truths which it contained? The Bible was read, as a task, but was it not also, like a task, forgotten? The more we inquired into the actual condition of the lower orders, the more we were convinced, that reading, together with *spelling out* the meaning of what they read, was too formidable an attempt to be frequently resorted to by them; and that even of those who did read, few had recourse to the books calculated to give them the most useful instruction, because they were unable to understand their language; while most resorted to works of a lighter and unfortunately of a less unexceptionable kind, which they found it not so difficult to comprehend. This evil called loudly for a remedy, which the meagre explanations, introduced along with the other practices of the Madras system, (however useful to a certain limited extent,) did not supply. We therefore felt an extremely strong anxiety to give the school more of an intellectual tone, not only in order to enable the pupils better to understand what they read there, but also to give them a taste for profitable reading, and make them understand whatever they should afterwards have occasion to read. The task did not appear to us to be without difficulty, nor were we unconscious of the presumptuous nature of any such attempt upon our part. Still, however, if we left it untried, the opportunity which we now possessed, of doing something, however little, in this way, might be entirely lost. Were we to content ourselves with proposing the scheme

to others, it might, and in all probability would, be treated as visionary. We, therefore, resolved silently to do our best. And so silently indeed, and with so little stir did the thing proceed, that neither the Directors, nor even the masters, knew what was going on, till they heard the children of the highest class, to whom we first confined our attempt, answering questions of an unusual nature. In the commencement of the attempt, we received even far stronger proofs, than we had at all previously anticipated, of its extreme necessity. We found, that we had by no means formed an adequate conception of the gross misapprehensions into which even the ablest of our children fall, regarding the meaning of what they read. We saw of course still more strongly the necessity of perseverance; and, in order the better to accomplish our object, we, with the cordial approbation of the Directors, compiled a new school-book, better adapted to our purpose, than the highest one at that time in use. As soon as it was sufficiently proved, that the plan was both practicable and beneficial, a series of

works was prepared for the same purpose, and with the like approbation. The result is well known to all who are acquainted with the school. We shall only now remark, that those who imagine, that it was from the first anticipated by us in its full extent, pay a compliment to our discernment, to which we feel that we have no just claim. A far more moderate degree of success was all we then ventured to expect, and an insurance to that extent would have amply satisfied us.

“Along with the improvements in the reading department, we were at the utmost pains also to give additional life to that of arithmetic. Perhaps we should rather say, that our labors in the latter department took the precedence, for it was in this that there originally appeared to us most necessity for some additional incentive, and it was through this medium that energy was first infused into the pupils, which afterwards pervaded every department. Soon afterwards, also, grammar and geography were introduced, in a manner that will hereafter be explained.”

(To be continued.)

#### SONG.

On! leave me to my sorrow,  
For my heart is oppress'd to-day;  
Oh! leave me,—and to-morrow  
Dark shadows may pass away:  
There's a time when all that grieves us  
Is felt with a deeper gloom;  
There's a time when Hope deceives us,  
And we dream of bright days to come.

In winter, from the mountain  
The stream in a torrent flows;  
In summer, the same fountain  
Is calm as a child's repose:

Thus, in grief, the first pangs wound us,  
And tears of despair gush on;  
Time brings forth new flowers around us,  
And the tide of our grief is gone!  
Then heed not my pensive hours,  
Nor bid me be cheerful now;  
Can sunshine raise the flowers  
That droop on a blighted bough?  
The lake in the tempest wears not  
The brightness its slumber wore;  
The heart of the mourner cares not  
For joys that were dear before.

#### LETTER FROM PARIS.

January 27th, 1829.

THE ball given by *son aîné* la *Duchesse de Berri* has, in some degree, given a variety to conversation; and instead of being asked, “Is it not very cold?”—“What horrid

weather!” one hears a detailed account of the costume worn by her royal highness, the number of quadrilles she danced, who appeared her favorite cavaliers (for princesses are allowed a plurality), the name of the

gentleman who leaned over her chair at supper, the color of his hair, the form of his moustache, how his cravat was tied, the exact measure of his waist, the words he addressed to the duchess, her reply, and a thousand anecdotes suited to fashionable gossip. The fête was most brilliant. The walls of the palace were decorated with the richest tapestry, and the corridors lined with orange trees laden with their fruit, ever-greens, roses, and even lilies, in blossom; so that January and May were united. *L'homme le plus aimable* was his Majesty Charles X.; he, however, only remained until half-past eleven. French ladies pretend that no one is *si charmant, si galant*; for that he always forgets the king, and only remembers the courtier, when he is in society. A supper of eighteen hundred covers was served at one, and lasted until five o'clock in the morning. The entertainment, I understand, cost eighty thousand francs. The duchess sent ten thousand francs to the poor on the following day.

There are at present few decided mendicants to be seen in the streets of Paris; distress, nevertheless, is greater than ever, but it reigns amidst the better classes, who "to beg are ashamed." The number of *soi-disant* gentlemen who are out of employment, and who can only live by ways and

means, is incalculable. It happens also that men well-dressed often stop the passer-by to ask assistance. Now it is the fashion to write and speak of the misery of humanity; yet, I believe few, if *any*, care to be of service to others, though all wish to get credit for benevolence—there is no poet or prose writer of the age who does not pretend to sympathy: but one would wish to see actions instead of words, as proofs of the sincerity of the speaker.

Last night an officer of the Guards was given a cold bath by some robbers, who had previously taken his watch from him; fortunately, the part of the Seine into which they threw him was close to hot baths, and he was in consequence saved.

A restaurateur has offered to feed five hundred people for two sous a-head, by means of the vapor arising from his stews, soups, and pasties: he pretends that he can by this means live eight days without eating; and that such unsubstantial diet may equally support the poorer classes.

The theatres are tolerably well attended; few, however, go for the performances, but rather as a rendezvous to see and be seen; and, to kill time, I hear that private theatricals are to be established, that tickets are to be paid for, and the money collected to be applied to charitable purposes!

#### THE MUSIC OF DREAMS.

At the midnight hour, when the spell of sleep  
Hath tranquilly hushed even sorrow's sigh,  
When the bounding spirit awhile shakes off  
The chain of its earthly slavery—

To a fairy land—to a land of dreams—  
Unshackled Fancy then wings her flight;  
And again with raptured eye beholds  
The long-faded Eden of past delight.

Lo! the same bright faces are smiling there,  
That smiled in the sunny morn of youth;  
And hearts that were ours, to the pang of  
death,  
Are pledging anew their vows of truth!

And voices, sweet voices! are warbling still  
The song that we heard in childhood's day,  
When over the mountains we roamed with  
those  
Whom the flood of years hath swept away.

But oft on the dreamer's ear there steals  
The song of a purer world than this—  
Soft breathings of peace, that the spirit  
deems

A greeting of love from the home of bliss.—  
Strains of joy, from hearts that have reached  
a shore

Where the tides of bitterness never flow—  
Ay, holy greetings of quenchless love  
To the plighted ones they have left be-  
low!

Oh, would from such dream we might ne-  
ver awake,  
Till the night of this dark life were  
o'er—  
Till the day, to which no night will suc-  
ceed,  
Summon death's dull sleepers to sleep no  
more!

## THE COLOSSEUM.

ON Wednesday, January 14th, that extraordinary and magnificent building, the Colosseum, was opened to the public. To the painful circumstances which induced its enterprising projector to take this sudden, and indeed somewhat premature, step, we will no further advert, than by expressing our earnest hope, or rather our conviction, that those circumstances will not be permitted to prevent, or even to delay, the completion of an undertaking which it must have required a most powerful imagination to conceive, and rare talents and ingenuity, as well as irrepressible energy and indefatigable perseverance, to bring into its present advanced state. It would be disgraceful to a country like England, should any difficulty be found in procuring the few thousands of pounds which may be necessary for the purpose.

It happens very fortunately that the part of Mr. Hornor's plan which is beyond all doubt the most valuable and important, is the part in which the greatest progress has been made. We allude to the panoramic view of London. Tasteful as all the accessories will, we are persuaded, be, and manifold and curious as are the resources and expedients by which their great and beautiful variety will be ultimately accomplished, we cannot but consider them to be as subordinate, when put in competition with this, the principal object, as the attendants of a court are to the monarch whom they serve, or the satellites of Jupiter to the orb round which they are revolving. To the panorama, therefore, our attention shall in the present instance be chiefly devoted.

In the first place, it is by far the largest picture that ever was painted. The diameter of the circle of canvass is a hundred and thirty-four feet, and it is sixty feet from the floor to the springing of the dome—making about twenty-four thousand square feet: at

the bottom there are nearly four thousand more square feet of canvass, curving inwards; and at the top there are fifteen thousand square feet of plaster, on which the sky is represented—forming, in all, a painted superficies of above forty thousand square feet! Great, however, as is the size of this Leviathan of art, its size is its least recommendation. The effect which it produces upon the spectator, when, after he has ascended the first flight of the spiral staircase which is constructed in the middle of the building, and entered the principal gallery, —it bursts upon his astonished eye, it is impossible adequately to describe. His first impression is that it is nature—that it is the stupendous scene itself—at which he is looking; and some moments of recollection and reflection are necessary to convince him that he is only “mocked with art.” In one respect, the imitation actually transcends the reality. Even on the finest day, there is almost always some portion of the immense horizon that ought to be visible from the top of St. Paul's—an horizon of above a hundred and twenty miles in circumference—obscured by mist. Now, in the picture, although there is quite enough of atmosphere and of vapor, not anything is permitted to be entirely hidden by them; and it would be necessary to make a number of visits to the top of St. Paul's to obtain as clear and complete a notion of the surrounding objects and country, as that which is here to be acquired at once. There is scarcely a field, or a tree, or a hovel, from which St. Paul's can be seen, which is not introduced; and not merely introduced, but introduced with a scrupulous attention to accuracy; and yet, so admirably has the general effect been consulted, that these minute features, instead of injuring, appear to be essentially beneficial to it.

Amidst so much excellence it is

difficult to make any selection ; or we should say that one of the passages of this great work with which we were most fascinated was the view of the majestic Thames, winding its graceful course through the various bridges by which it is spanned, from Putney to London. It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than that portion of the river, and of the adjacent buildings, including Lambeth Palace, Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Adelphi, Somerset House, the Temple, &c., which extends from Vauxhall to a little below Blackfriars. Sunny gleams and reflections on the water, painted with great care and happiness, constitute this the principal focus of the light of the picture.

"England's mighty heart," with its numerous veins and arteries—her vast and magnificent metropolis, with all its venerable churches, noble palaces, ancient halls, public hospitals, spacious squares, populous streets, splendid theatres, extensive docks, commodious markets, pleasant parks, and flowery gardens, occupies the lower portion of the canvass, and may be examined for hour after hour, and day after day, with a delight and wonder perpetually increasing. For our own parts, we have dwelt upon it until we forgot that what we were gazing at was only "a plane, variously colored;" and ardently longed to have our old and sagacious friend Asmodeus at our elbow, that we might know a little of what was going on under some of the countless roofs which were spread out beneath us. What an inexhaustible subject of contemplation ! Dull, indeed, must be that imagination which it would not excite.

The nearer buildings are remarkably fine. Of these the new Post-Office is one of the principal ; and is a most elaborate and masterly representation of that beautiful edifice. And this leads us to express our admiration of the knowledge and skill with which, on a concave surface, the various lines intended to represent straight forms, have been drawn, so as completely to fulfil the desired pur-

pose. To do this, it is evident that the simple processes of the scene-painter or the architectural draftsman would be quite inadequate. The closest objects are the lofty campanile towers of St. Paul's. On the canvass they are actually forty feet high ; and they are painted with a force, and a truth, and an attention to details, which render them perfectly deceptive. All that surprises us while we are looking at them is, that so long a time elapses without the sonorous striking of the great clock.

We must not omit to mention the sky. Without being monotonous, the gradations in it are managed with so much art and delicacy, that they do not force themselves upon the eye, or attract it injuriously from the grand scene below. A friend of ours, who accompanied us in our visit to the Colosseum, exclaimed, after we had quitted the building, "God bless me ! I forgot to look at the sky." It was the greatest compliment which he could pay the painter. It proved that, like a skilful back-ground to a portrait, the sky did its duty, without becoming obtrusive.

More than half the picture is completed ; the remainder is so considerably advanced, that all the difficulties are surmounted ; and a few weeks of vigorous application would suffice to finish the whole.

We must now say a few words with respect to the manner in which, and the individuals by whom, this great work, as far as it has hitherto gone, has been accomplished. To Mr. Horner belongs exclusively the honor of the original conception. The singular ability and fearlessness which he manifested in making his drawings from his little fragile hut, raised upon slight and tottering poles above the elevation of the cross of St. Paul's ; his determined perseverance, his "hair-breadth 'scapes," and the ultimate completion of his task, are fresh in the recollection of almost every one. Having rendered these drawings as correct as repeated efforts and the best instruments could render them,

Mr. Hornor proceeded still further to rectify them, by visiting and examining all those features of the extensive scene, respecting the exact form and situation of which he entertained any doubt. Having thus amassed a collection of drawings of unprecedented fidelity and minuteness, the next object was to erect the building of which the picture to be painted from them was to constitute the chief ornament. The building having been erected, the canvass for the picture was prepared. Its dimensions we have already mentioned. It was suspended at the distance, towards the base of the building, of three feet from the wall, all round. The transfer of the outlines from the drawings to the canvass was then undertaken by Mr. E. T. Parris; a gentleman possessed, not only of great talent as an artist, but also of extraordinary ingenuity as a mechanician; and in the selection of whom it would seem as if Mr. Hornor had been guided by observing his congenial energy, enthusiasm, and diligence. By means of squares, Mr. Parris, in December, 1825, began to draw in the outlines with chalk, on a scale sixteen times larger each way, or, in other words, two hundred and fifty-six times the size of the originals. This was a work of much labor, and demanding close attention; but it was, nevertheless, completed in the following April. The painting, which is in oil, was then commenced. It was evident that Mr. Parris's single hand, or rather his two hands (for he is ambidextrous) must be unequal to so extensive an undertaking. Mr. Hornor therefore engaged several artists to assist him. But, although most of them were men of high and acknowledged powers, yet, owing in a great measure to their being entirely unaccustomed to their new occupation, their progress was slow, and, which was worse, by no means satisfactory. In fact, it was a kind of Dutch concert, in which every performer was playing a distinct and separate tune. Each also was anxious that his allotment, whatever it might be, should be conspicuous; like

some Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, seeking to render his character as prominent and effective as that of Hamlet. One individual, a lover of independence, and resolved not to be classed with the *imitatores, servum pecus*, made the smoke from his chimneys proceed in a direction directly opposite to that of his neighbor; another, an equal admirer of originality, lighted up the building on which he was employed by a sun-beam from the north. The great change, almost amounting to that of enamel colors when they undergo the process of vitrification, which occurred in the apparent hue of the various pigments, according to the situation in which they were placed, was likewise a fruitful source of perplexity. Bricks, that were intended to be red, looked blue; and slates, that were intended to be blue, looked red. By degrees the picture began to assume the appearance of one of those patch-work quilts which show that the industry of our great-grandmothers predominated over their taste. The consequence of all this was, that in several cases it was necessary to re-paint what had been done, and in every instance materially to modify it; and that, eventually, Mr. Parris, having trained up several house-painters for the purpose, determined, with their assistance in the more laborious parts of the task, to execute the whole himself. The delightfully harmonious result proves the wisdom of his decision.

In addition to the numerous previous studies of aerial perspective and general effect which Mr. Parris made from St. Paul's itself, to the prodigious extent of surface to be covered, and to the multiplicity and complexity of the objects to be introduced, there was the great difficulty of getting at the canvass, in order to be able to paint upon it at all. Here Mr. Parris's mechanical ingenuity became exceedingly serviceable to him. He devised all kinds of light scaffoldings, bridges, and platforms. Sometimes he was supported from the floor by two or three long and slender spars,

which vibrated with every motion of his arm ; sometimes he was suspended by cords from the roof, swinging like Shakspere's celebrated sapphire-gatherer. It must require strong nerves to remain passively in such situations ;—how much more to be able freely to exercise all the faculties both of mind and of body in them ! Nor was the danger imaginary. On two occasions Mr. Parris fell from a considerable height ; but, fortunately, in neither did he suffer any serious injury.

This is a great and wonderful production. Ours is an age of luxury ; but let us hope that luxury for once may not be the herald of decay. We heartily wish the success of Mr. Horner complete, and that when through perils as numerous as those in the Apostolic list, he has put the last touch to his astonishing work, he may have nothing to do but rest from his labors, and enjoy the rich fruits of the paradise he has created.

We must take leave of this undertaking for the present. We will

now only add, that, besides the great point of attraction noticed above, the place is intended to put forth a variety of others, in the form of a vast saloon for the reception of works of art ; numerous conservatories filled with rare and curious plants ; aviaries ; reading and refreshment rooms ; a little suite of apartments forming a facsimile of the interior of a Swiss dwelling ; and, out of doors, winding walks through grounds laid out with elaborate art, to represent different kinds of romantic scenery, interspersed with grottoes, waterfalls, &c. The extent occupied by the requisite buildings, &c. is, as we are informed, little short of five acres. The whole are in very forward progress ; sufficiently so indeed to almost ensure their ultimate completion ;—which makes us the more regret, either the sad necessity, or the mistaken policy—whichever it may be—that has permitted a single visiter to penetrate the *arcana* of this spot, till the whole could have burst upon the world in the full completeness of its mimic wonders and attractions.

#### SADNESS AND MIRTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—“ Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter  
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind  
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,  
Unsuited seem and strange.”

—“ O nothing strange !  
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast  
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud  
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,  
Shiver in silvery brightness ?  
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash  
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path  
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake ?

—“ O gentle friend !  
Chide not *her* mirth, who was sad yesterday,  
And may be so to-morrow !”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

Ye met at the stately feasts of old,  
When the bright wine foam'd in sculptured gold,  
Sadness and Mirth ! ye were mingled there  
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air ;  
As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,  
Ye mixed in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,  
A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;  
It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,  
To the rose a coloring not its own,

To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—  
Sadness and Mirth ! ye had each your dower !

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,  
With the Roman eagles through the sky !  
I know that e'en then, in his hour of pride,  
The soul of the mighty within him died,  
That the void in his bosom lay darkly still,  
Which the music of victory might never fill !

Thou wert there, O Mirth ! swelling on the shout,  
Till the temples like echo-caves rang out ;  
Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,  
All the rich voices in air were thine,  
The incense, the sunshine—but, Sadness ! thy part,  
Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;  
Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier !  
As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,  
Crosses the storm in its path of dread,  
As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer-sky—  
Sadness and Mirth ! so ye come and fly !

Ye meet in the Poet's haunted breast—  
Darkness and rainbow alike its guest !  
When the breath of the violet is out in Spring,  
When the woods with the wakening of music ring,  
O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,  
Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain-grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness and Mirth ?  
Bright stream and dark one ! Oh ! never on earth !  
Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,  
While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere ;  
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,  
While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

But there smiles a land, O ye troubled pair !  
Where ye have no part in the summer-air.  
Far from the breathings of changeful skies,  
Over the seas and the graves it lies,  
Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,  
And Joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

### ROVER.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

ROVER is now about six years old. He was born half a year before our eldest girl ; and is accordingly looked upon as a kind of elder brother by the children. He is a small, beautiful liver-colored spaniel, but not one of your goggle-eyed Blenheim breed. He is none of your lap dogs. No, Rover has a soul above that. You may make him your friend, but he scorns to be a pet. No one can see him without admiring him, and no one can know him without loving him. He is as regularly inquired after as any other member of the family ; for who that has ever known Rover can forget him ? He has an instinctive

perception of his master's friends, to whom he metes out his caresses in the proportion of their attachment to the chief object of his affections. When I return from an absence, or when he meets an old friend of mine, or of his own (which is the same thing to him) his ecstacy is unbounded : he tears and curvets about the room as if mad ; and if out of doors, he makes the welkin ring with his clear and joyous note. When he sees a young person in company he immediately selects him for a play fellow. He fetches a stick, coaxes him out of the house, drops it at his feet ; then retiring backwards, barking, plainly indicates his desire to

have it thrown for him. He is never tired of his work. Indeed, I fear, poor fellow, that his teeth, which already show signs of premature decay, have suffered from the diversion. But though Rover has a soul for fun, yet he is a game dog too. There is not a better cocker in England. In fact he delights in sport of every kind, and if he cannot have it with me, he will have it on his own account. He frequently decoys the greyhounds out and finds hares for them. Indeed he has done me some injury in this way, for if he can find a pointer loose, he will, if possible, seduce him from his duty, and take him off upon some lawless excursion ; and it is not till after an hour's whistling and hallooing that I see the truants sneaking round to the back door, panting and smoking, with their tails knitted up between their legs, and their long dripping tongues depending from their watery mouths—he the most bare-faced caitiff of the whole. In general, however, he will have nothing to say to the canine species, for notwithstanding the classification of Buffon, he considers he has a prescriptive right to associate with man. He is, in fact, rather cross with other dogs ; but with children he is quite at home, doubtless reckoning himself about on a level with them in the scale of rational beings. Every boy in the village knows his name, and I often catch him in the street with a posse of little, dirty urchins playing around him. But he is not quite satisfied with this kind of company ; for, if taking a walk with any of the family, he will only just acknowledge his plebeian play-fellow with a simple shake of the tail : equivalent to the distant nod which a patrician school-boy bestows on the town-boy school-fellow whom he chances to meet when in company with his aristocratical relations. The only approach to bad feeling that I ever discovered in Rover is a slight disposition to jealousy ; but this in him is more a virtue than a vice ; for it springs entirely from affection, and has nothing mean or malicious in it.

One instance will suffice to show how he expresses this feeling. One day a little stray dog attached himself to me and followed me home ; I took him into the house and had him fed, intending to keep him until I could discover the owner. For this act of kindness the dog expressed thanks in the usual way. Rover, although used to play the truant, from the moment the little stranger entered the premises, never quitted us till he saw him fairly off. His manner towards us became more ingratiating than usual, and he seemed desirous, by his assiduities and attentions, to show us that we stood in need of no other favorite or companion. But at the same time he showed no animosity whatever towards his supposed rival. Here was reason and refinement too. Besides the friends whom he meets in my house, Rover also forms attachments of his own, in which he shows great discrimination. It is not every one who offers him a bone that he will trust as a friend. He has one or two intimate acquaintances in the village whom he regularly visits, and where in case of any remissness on the part of the cook, he is sure to find a plate of meat. Rover is a most feeling, sweet dispositioned dog ;—one instance of his affection and kindheartedness I cannot omit. He had formed an attachment to a laborer, who worked about my garden, and would frequently follow him to his home, where he was caressed by the wife and children. It happened that the poor wife was taken ill and died. The husband was seriously afflicted, and showed a feeling above the common. At this time I observed that Rover had quite lost his spirits, and appeared to pine. Seeing him in this state one day, when in company with the widowed laborer, and thinking in some measure to divert the poor fellow's thoughts from his own sorrows, I remarked to him the state that Rover was in, and asked him if he could guess the cause. "He is fretting after Poor Peggy," was his reply, giving vent at the same time to a flood of tears.

## GARDENS.

WELL do we remember our early love of gardens. Our enthusiasm was then unaffected and uninfluenced by great examples ; we had neither heard nor read of Lord Bacon nor Sir William Temple, nor any other illustrious writer on gardening ; but this love was the pure offspring of our own mind and heart. Planting and transplanting were our delight ; the seed which our tiny hands let fall into the bosom of the earth, we almost watched peeping through little clods, after the kind and quickening showers of spring ; and we regarded the germinating of an upturned bean with all the surprise and curiosity of our nature. As we grew in mind and stature, we learned the loftier lessons of philosophy, and threw aside the "Pocket Gardener," for the sublime chapters of Bacon and Temple ; and as the stream of life carried us into its vortex, we learned to contemplate their pages as the living parterres of a garden, and their bright imageries as fascinating flowers. As we journeyed onward through the busy herds of crowded cities, we learned the holier influences of gardens in reflecting that a garden has been the scene of man's birth—his fall—and proffered redemption.

It would be difficult to find a subject which has been more fervently treated by poets and philosophers, than the *love of gardens*. In old Rome, poets sang of their gardens. But the passion for gardening, which evidently came from the East, never prevailed much in Europe till the times of the religious orders, who greatly improved it.

Lord Bacon appears to have done more towards encouraging the taste for gardens than any other writer, and his essay is too well known to admit of quotation. Sir William Temple has, however, many eloquent passages in his writings, in one of which he calls *gardening* the "inclination of kings, the choice of philosophers,

and the common favorite of public and private men ; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest ; and, indeed, an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high or too low." Gerade asks his courteous and well-willing readers—"Whither do all men walk for their honest recreation, but where the earth has most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colors ? and what season of the year more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath entices forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells ?"—Sir William Temple says Epicurus studied, exercised, and taught his philosophy in his garden. Milton, we know, passed many hours together in his garden at Chalfont ; Cowley poured forth the greatness of his soul in his rural retreat at Chertsey ; and Lord Shaftesbury wrote his "Characteristics" at a delightful spot near Reigate. Pope, in one of his letters, says, "I am in my garden, amused and easy ; this is a scene where one finds no disappointment ;"—and within the same neighborhood, Thomson

" Sung the Seasons and their change."

Beauty and health are the attributes of gardening. In illustration of the former, we remember a passage from Gervase Markham, thus : " As in the composition of a delicate woman the grace of her cheeke is the mixture of red and white, the wonder of her eye blacke and white, and the beauty of her hand blew and white, any of which is not said to be beautifull if it consist of single or simple colors ; and so in walkes or alleyes, the all greene, nor the all yellow, cannot be said to be most beautifull ; but the greene and yellow, (that is to say, the untroade grasse, and the well-knit gravelle) being equally mixt, give the eye both lustre and delight beyond comparison." Abercrombie lived to the age of eighty,

when he died by a fall down stairs in the dark. He was present at the battle of Preston Pans, which was fought close to his father's garden walls. For the last twenty years he lived chiefly on tea, using it three times a day; his pipe was his first companion in the morning and last at night. He never remembered to have taken a dose of physic in his life, prior to his last fatal accident, nor of having a day's illness but once.

The association of gardening with pastoral poetry, was exemplified in Shenstone's design of the Leasowes—

as Mr. Whately observes—a perfect picture of his mind, simple, elegant, and amiable, and which will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verses, or whether in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs. That elegant trifler, Horace Walpole, was enthusiastically fond of gardening. One day telling his nurseryman that he would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied, "Yes, sir, I understand; you would have them hung down—somewhat *poetical*."

### VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

**NEW POST-OFFICE REGULATION.**  
It is said, that the Lords of the Treasury have issued, or intend to issue, an order to the postmaster-general, permitting the free transmission to authors residing in the country of the proof sheets of any work going through the press, and which may be sent to them for correction. For this purpose the proofs are, it is said, to be sent open to Mr. Francis Freeling, who will enclose them in a post-office cover, and forward them according to the address, and perform the same on their return. This arrangement, if carried into effect, will certainly be an accommodation, as far as it goes; and we think that other important concessions to the interests of literature might be made without injury to, and even to the advantage of, the revenue. In France all the new publications, except those of very great weight, are forwarded by the mail coaches at a trifling expense; so that persons who reside in the provinces may receive them with the greatest possible rapidity. If at a moderate rate per pound weight new works could be forwarded from London by the mail coaches, individuals who reside at a distance from the large towns to which parcels of newly published books are sent, or even in those towns,—for it does not

answer the purpose of a bookseller to have down one or two books in a parcel for a single customer,—would in such an arrangement find a great accommodation. An additional hundred weight to each of the mail coaches would be no drawback upon their speed or safety; and all new works of immediate interest might be thus circulated throughout the country. As in France the regulation alluded to was made exclusively in favor of literature, a method of preventing deception has been adopted. Persons sending books, are required to leave them open at the ends, a band with the address upon it being simply placed round the centre.

### THE FATE OF HERETICS.

The following anecdote of Italian priest-craft is genuine. A worthy woman in Rome, who kept an hotel and boarding-house, having observed with wonder the correct morals and decorous habits of many English and German heretics, asked her confessor if it was really true, that all these poor foreigners would go into everlasting fire; as she could not understand why these heretics, whose virtuous and Christian lives were an example to many Romans, should perish everlasting.

The priest reproved her folly and presumption, and thus explained :

"Even in his mother's womb the heretic is already the indisputable property of the devil; for which reason he is not so frequently teased and tempted by the arch-enemy as we Christians are, who cannot be deprived of our claims on heaven, except by great wickedness and impiety. Rejoice not, therefore, at the good actions and good manners of those heretics, which are, indeed, the certain tokens of their irredeemable damnation; nor take offence at the elect, who so often stumble and fall in their struggles with the tempter. The favorites of God are those whom the devil incessantly seeks to entangle; but, being sure of the souls of heretics, he never tempts them more than once, and then only out of wantonness and pastime."

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

In China, agriculture is held in high honor. On a certain day in the spring, the Emperor appears in the character of a husbandman, and with two oxen which have their horns gilded, and with a varnished plough, he ploughs up several furrows, and afterwards sows them with his own hand. His principal lords do the like, till they have tilled the whole spot set apart for the purpose; and as Magelhaens adds, the Empress, assisted by her ladies, then dresses a homely dinner, which the imperial mummers eat together.

STIQUIOTECHNY.

Under this musical and elegant title a work has been published at Paris, the object of which is to teach the art of learning to read in twenty or thirty lessons of an hour each, by analysing the sounds of words.

COLOSSAL NEWSPAPER.

The largest sheet of paper ever used by a newspaper was sent forth from the press of the *Times* on Monday last. Hitherto, when there was an accumulation of advertisements, or other matter, at the *Time's* office, a supplementary sheet was printed (each sheet bearing, by virtue of a recent

act of parliament, a two-penny stamp), and distributed, gratis, to the purchasers of the regular newspaper. By the new arrangement of printing the supplementary matter upon the same sheet, enlarged for that purpose to four feet in length, and a yard in width, a saving of about 70*l.* for each supplementary number will be effected; as the sheet, being undetached, will not require an extra stamp. A writer in an evening paper calculates, that in the forty-eight columns of the *Times* of Monday there are nearly 150,000 words; and a calculating correspondent of our own tells us, that in the colossal sheet in question, there were nearly as many words as in all the morning and evening newspapers which were published on the same day in the French capital.

INEBRIETY IN SWEDEN.

It is a fact that this vice more effectually destroys the happiness of this country than any war ever did. The lists of births and of mortality of Stockholm present the most surprising phenomenon—that there died in the last year 1439 persons more than were born. This proportion is observed particularly amongst the garrison, and ascribed to drinking immoderately of brandy.

AMERICAN BULL.

A late *Vandalia Intelligencer*, calculating the increase of the population of Indiana in the last two years, observes that, "allowing five souls to each voter, we have derived from emigration an accession of 20,000." "Five souls to each voter!" is rather more than falls to the lot of electors elsewhere.

The following distinguished individuals died in the month of April:—Oliver Goldsmith, April 4, 1774; Francis Bacon, April 9, 1626; George Frederick Handel, April 13, 1759; Benjamin Franklin, April 17, 1790; Miguel de Cervantes, April 23, 1616; William Shakespeare, April 23, 1616; William Cowper, April 25, 1800.

not exactly falling within the legitimate scope of my design ; but it will serve as an appropriate introduction ; and I shall call it

## THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed, by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed, one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations : That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the *first* and *last* day of the year ; that the *first* bottle of wine uncorked at the *first* dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the *last* of their number ; that they should never admit a new member ; that, when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on ; and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table ; but the *first* time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the *first* bottle, and, in the *first* glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment, that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the *first* bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into ; and as their pleasure-yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their *first* and *last* feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay

predictions of festive merriment. They wanted in conjectures of what changes time would operate ; joked each other upon their appearance, when they should meet,—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout,—others poking about with purblind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison—some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning for the death of a great-granddaughter or a great-great-grandson. Palsies, wrinkles, toothless gums, stiff hams, and poker knees, were bandied about in sallies of exuberant mirth, and appropriated, first to one and then to another, as a group of merry children would have distributed golden palaces, flying chariots, diamond tables, and chairs of solid pearl, under the fancied possession of a magician's wand, which could transform plain brick, and timber, and humble mahogany, into such costly treasures.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along ; but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but For-

tescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint gurgling voice, and the exclamation "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortescue: he saw him; he was struggling and buffeting the water; before he could be reached, he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found!

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation; but in vain; and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fulness of health, of spirits, and of life! Amid their severer grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities: and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; *eleven* of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, five on one side, and only four on the other,

forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prescriptive gaiety. Even those pinching troubles of life, which come home to a man's own bosom, will light up a smile, in such moments, at the beaming countenances and jocund looks of all the rest of the world; while your mere sympathetic or sentimental distress, gives way, like the inconsolable affliction of a widow of twenty, closely besieged by a lover of thirty.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous "offerings to the *manes* of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potations of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover anything so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

The rest of the evening passed off to their hearts' content. Conversation was briskly kept up amid the usual fire of pun, repartee, anecdote, politics, toasts, healths, jokes, broad laughter, erudite disquisitions upon the vintage of the wines they were drinking, and an occasional song. Towards twelve o'clock, when it might be observed that they emptied their glasses with less symptoms of palating the quality of what they quaffed, and filled them again, with less anxiety as to which bottle or decanter they laid hold of, they gradually waxed moral and tender; sensibility began to ooze out; "poor George Fortescue!" was once more remembered; those who could count, sighed to think there were only eleven of them; and those who could see, felt the tears come into their eyes, as they dimly noted the inequality of the two

sides of the table. They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon having instituted so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new-year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the watchman bawled "past twelve!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly; and their gaiety was without any alloy or drawback. It was only the *first* time of their assembling, after the death of "poor George Fortescue," that made the recollection of it painful; for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table, as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had been ever expected to be there.

It is thus in everything. The *first* time a man enters a prison—the *first* book an author writes—the *first* painting an artist executes—the *first* battle a general wins—nay, the *first* time a rogue is hanged, (for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character,) differ inconceivably from their *first* repetition. There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the *first* experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered,) which no art or circumstance can impart to the *second*. And it is the same in all the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and anguish in the *first* assaults of sorrow, which is never found afterwards. Ask the weeping widow, who, "like Niobe all tears," follows her fifth husband to the grave, and she will tell you that the *first* time she performed that melancholy office, it was with at least five times more lamentations than she last discharged it. In every case, it is simply that the *first* fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double

anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes! Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which passed *into* his hands for L.700, passed *out of* it for L.1700! he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered,—brought home to Rowland,—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, (the particular female favorite of the prime minister himself interfering,) poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a gambler; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand, that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight. An embarrassing restraint, indeed, pervaded the little conversation which grew up at intervals. The champagne was not in good order, but no one liked to complain of its being *ropy*. A beautiful painting of Vandyke which was in the room, became a topic of discussion.

They who thought it was *hung* in a bad place, shrank from saying so ; and not one ventured to speak of the *execution* of that great master. Their host was having the front of his house repaired, and at any other time he would have cautioned them, when they went away, as the night was very dark, to take care of the *scaffold* ; but no, they might have stumbled right and left before he would have pronounced that word, or told them not to *break their necks*. One, in particular, even abstained from using his customary phrase, “ this is a *drop* of good wine ; ” and another forbore to congratulate the friend who sat next him, and who had been married since he last saw him, because he was accustomed on such occasions to employ figurative language, and talk of the holy *noose* of wedlock.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained ; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled—two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent’s Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow’s-feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into fayor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sandbags—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o’clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the remo-

val of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great-coats, tying on woollen-comforters, fixing silk-handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife—a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter—a fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*—a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a-year,—ten minutes after he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year ; to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond ! Eight were in their graves ! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full ; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their

words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh;) and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them,—and of their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; *two* could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the *LAST* dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had then uncorked, re-corked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow; and for a

moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all: Their lusty and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own); and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy-chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the *LAST DINNER!*

---

#### THE BEST BAT IN THE SCHOOL.

"It is the best bat in the school. I call it Mercandotti, for its shape. Look at its face; run your hand over the plane. It is smoother than a looking-glass. I was a month suiting myself; and I chose it out of a hundred. I would not part with it for its weight in gold; and that exquisite knot!—lovelier, to me, than a beauty's dimple. You may fancy how

that drives. I hit a ball yesterday from this very spot to the wickets in the upper shooting fields; six runs clear, and I scarcely touched it. Hodgson said it was not the first time a Ball had been wonderfully struck by Mercandotti. There is not such another piece of wood in England. Collyer would give his ears for it; and that would be a long price, as Go-

lightly says. Do take it in your hand, Courtenay ; but, plague on your clumsy knuckles ! you know as much of a bat, as a Hottentot of the longitude, or a guinea-pig of the German flute."

So spoke the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant ; the "*decus columenque*" that day of his Dame's Eleven ; proud of the red silk that girded his loins, and the white hose that decorated his ankles ; proud of his undisputed prowess, and of his anticipated victory ; but prouder far of the possession of this master-piece of Nature's and Thompson's workshop, than which no pearl was ever more precious—no phoenix more unique. As he spoke, a bail dropped. The Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant walked smilingly to the vacant wicket. What elegance in his attitude ! What ease in his motions ! Keep that little collegian out of the way ; for we shall have the ball walking this road presently. Three to one on Ragueneau's ! Now !—There was a moment's pause of anxious suspense : the long fag rubbed his hands, and drew up his shirt-sleeve ; the wicket-keeper stooped expectantly over the bails ; the bowler trotted leisurely up to the bowling-crease, and off went the ball upon its successive errands ;—from the hand of the bowler to the exquisite knot in the bat of the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant ; from the said exquisite knot to the unerring fingers of the crouching long nips ; and from those fingers up into the blue firmament of heaven, with the velocity of a sky-rocket. What a mistake ! How did he manage it ? His feet slipped, or the ball was twisted, or the sun dazzled him. It could not be the fault of the bat ! It is the best bat in the school.

A week afterwards I met my talented and enthusiastic friend crawling to absence through the playing fields, as tired as a post-horse, and as hot as a salamander, with many applauding associates on his right and on his left, who exhibited to him certain pencil-led scrawls, on which he gazed with

flushed and feverish delight. He had kept his wicket up two hours, and made a score of seventy-three. "I may thank my bat for it," quoth he, shouldering it as Hercules might have shouldered his club, "it is the best bat in the school." Alas, for the instability of human affections ! The exquisite knot had been superseded. Mercandotti had been sold for half price ; and the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant was again to be eloquent, and again to be envied ; he had still the best bat in the school.

I believe I was a tolerably good-natured boy. I am sure I was always willing to acquiesce in the estimation my companions set upon their treasures, because they were generally such that I felt myself a vastly inadequate judge of their actual value. But the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant was exorbitant in the frequency and the variety of his drafts upon my sympathy. He turned off five hockey-sticks in a fortnight ; and each in its turn was unrivalled. He wore seven waistcoats in a week, and each, for its brief day, was as single in its beauty as the rainbow. In May, Milward's shoes were unequalled ; in June, Ingerton's were divine. He lounged in Poet's Walk, over a duodecimo, and it was the sweetest edition that ever went into a waistcoat pocket ; he pored in his study over a folio, and there was no other copy extant but Lord Spencer's, and the mutilated one at Heidelberg. At Easter there were portraits hanging round his room ; Titian never painted their equal : at Michaelmas, landscapes had occupied their place ; Claude would have owned himself outdone. The colt they were breaking for him in Leicestershire, the detonator he had bespoken of Charles Moore, the fishing-rod which had come from Bermuda, the flageolet he had won at the raffle,—they were all, for a short season, perfection : he had always "the best bat in the school."

The same whimsical propensity followed him through life. Four years after we had made our last voyage to

Monkey Island, in "the best skiff that ever was built," I found him exhibiting himself in Hyde Park, on "the best horse that ever was mounted." A minute was sufficient for the compliments of our reciprocal recognition; and the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant launched out forthwith into a rhapsody on the merits of the proud animal he bestrode. "Kremlin, a foal of my uncle's old mare. Do you know anything of a horse? Look at his shoulder. Upon my honor, it is a model for a sculptor. And feel how he is ribbed up; not a pin loose here; knit together like a ship's planks; trots fourteen miles an hour without turning a hair, and carries fifteen stone up to any hounds in England. I hate your smart dressy creatures, as slender as a grey-hound, and as tender as a gazelle, that look as if they had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken their turn with the poodle in my lady's lap. I like to have plenty of bone under me. If this horse had been properly ridden, Courtenay, he would have won the hunters' stakes at our place in a canter. He has not a leg that is not worth a hundred pounds. Seriously, I think there is not such another horse in the kingdom."

But before a month had gone by, the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant was ambling down the ride in a pair of stirrups far more nearly approaching *terra firma*, than those in which his illustrious feet had been reclining, while he held forth on the excellencies of Kremlin. "Oh, yes!" he said, when I inquired after "the best horse in England,"—"Kremlin is a magnificent animal; but then, after all, his proper place is with the hounds. One might as well wear one's scarlet in a ball-room as ride Kremlin in the Park. And so I have bought Mrs. Davenant's Bijou, and a perfect Bijou she is:—throws out her little legs like an opera dancer, and tosses her head as if she knew that her neck is irresistible. You will not find such another mane and tail in all London. Mrs. Davenant's own maid used to put both up in papers every night of

the week. She is quite a Love." And so the Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant trotted off on a "smart dressy creature, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that looked as if it had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken its turn with the poodle in my lady's lap."

An analysis of the opinions of my eccentric friend would be an entertaining thing. "The best situation in town" has been found successively in nearly every street between the Regent's Park and St. James's Square; "the best carriage for a bachelor" has gone to-day on two wheels and to-morrow on four: "the best servant in Christendom" has been turned off within my own knowledge for insolence, for intoxication, for riding his master's horse, and for wearing his master's inexplicables: and "the best fellow in the world" has been at various periods deep in philosophy, and deep in debt—a frequenter of the fives' court, and a dancer of quadrilles—a tory, and a republican—a prebendary, and a papist—a drawer of dry pleadings, and a singer of sentimental serenades. If I had acted upon Volant's advices I should have been to-day subscribing to every club, and taking in every newspaper; I should have been imbibing the fluids of nine wine merchants, and covering my outward man with the broadcloth of thirteen tailors.

It is a pity that Volant has been prevented by indolence, a doting mother, and four thousand a-year, from applying his energies to the attainment of any professional distinction. In a variety of courses he might have commanded success. A cause might have come into court stained and spotted with every conceivable infamy, with effrontery for its crest, falsehood for its arms, and perjuries for its supporters; but if Volant had been charged with the advocacy of it, his delighted eye would have winked at every deficiency, and slumbered at every fault; in his sight weakness would have sprung up into strength, deformity would have faded into beauty, impos-

sibility would have been sobered into fact. Every plaintiff, in his showing, would have been wronged irreparably; every defendant would have been as unsullied as snow. His would have been the most irreproachable of declarations, his the most impregnable of pleas. The reporters might have tittered, the bar might have smiled, the bench might have shaken its heads; nothing would have persuaded him that he was beaten. He would have thought the battle won, when his lines were forced on all points; he would have deemed the house secure, when the timbers were cracking under his feet. It would have been delicious, when his strongest objection had been overruled, when his clearest argument had been stopped, when his stoutest witness had broken down, to see him adjusting his gown with a self-satisfied air, and concluding with all the emphasis of anticipated triumph, "that is my case, my lord."

Or if he had coveted senatorial fame, what a space would he have filled in the political hemisphere! If he had introduced turnpike bill, the house would have forgotten Emancipation for a time; if he had moved the committal of a printer, Europe would have gazed as upon the arrest of a peer of the realm. The minister he supported would have been the most virtuous of statesmen, when both houses had voted his impeachment; the gentlemen he represented would have been the most conscientious of constituents, when they had sold him their voices at five per cent. over the market price.

Destiny ordered it otherwise. One day, in that sultry season of the year, when fevers and flirtations come to their crisis, and matrimony and hydrophobia scare you at every corner, I happened to call at his rooms in Regent-Street, at about that time in the afternoon which the fashionable world calls daybreak. He was sitting with his chocolate before him, habited only in his *robe-de-chambre*; but the folds of that gorgeous drapery seemed to me composed in a more studied negligence

than was their wont; and the dark curls upon his fine forehead were arranged in a more scrupulous disorder. I saw at a glance that some revolution was breaking out in the state of my poor friend's mind; and when I found a broken fan on the mantel-piece, and a withered rosebud on the sofa, Walker's Lexicon open on the writing-table, and an unfinished stanza reposing in the toast-rack, I was no longer in doubt as to its nature—The Honorable Ernest Adolphus Volant was seriously in love.

It was not to be wondered at that his mistress was the loveliest being of her sex, nor that he told me so fourteen times in the following week. Her father was a German prince, the proprietor of seven leagues of vineyard, five ruined castles, and three hundred flocks of sheep. She had light hair, blue eyes, and a profound knowledge of metaphysics; she sang like a syren, and her name was Adelinda.

I spent a few months abroad. When I returned, he was married to the loveliest being of her sex, and had sent me fifty notes to inform me of the fact, and beseech me to visit him at Volant Hall with the requisite quantity of sympathy and congratulation. I went, and was introduced in form. Her father was a country clergyman; the proprietor of seven acres of glebe, five broken arm-chairs, and three hundred manuscript discourses; she had dark hair, black eyes, and a fond love of poetry: she danced like a wood-nymph, and her name was Mary.

He has lived since his marriage a very quiet life, rarely visiting the metropolis, and devoting his exertions most indefatigably to the comfort of his tenantry, and the improvement of his estate. Volant Hall is deliciously situated in the best county in England. If you go thither, you must go prepared with the tone, or at least with the countenance, of approbation and wonder. He gives you of course, mutton, such as no other pasture fattens, and ale, such as no other cellar brews. The stream that runs through his park

supplies him with trout of unprecedented beauty and delicacy ; and he could detect a partridge that had feasted in his woods, amidst the bewildering confusion of a Lord Mayor's banquet. You must look at his conservatory : no other was ever constructed on the same principle. You must handle his plough : he himself has obtained a patent for the invention. Everything, within doors and without, has wherewithal to attract and astonish,—the melon and the magnolia, the stable and the dairy, the mounting of his mother's spectacles, and the music of his wife's piano. He has few pictures ; but they are the masterpieces of the best masters. He has only one statue ; but he assures you it is *Canova's chef-d'œuvre*. The last time I was with him he had a theme to descant upon which made his eloquence more than usually impassioned. An heir was just born to the Volant acres. An ox was roasted and a barrel pierced in every meadow : the noise of fiddles was incessant for a week, and the expenditure of powder would have lasted a Lord High Admiral for a twelvemonth. It was allowed by all the county that there never was so sweet a child as little Adolphus.

Among his acquaintance, who have little toleration for any foibles but their own, Volant is pretty generally voted a bore.

"Of course, our pinery is not like Mr. Volant's," says Lady Framboise ; "he is prating from morning to night of his fires and his flies. We have taken some pains ; and we pay a ruinous sum to our gardener.—But we never talk about it."

"The deuce take that fellow Volant," says Mr. Crayon ; "does he fancy no one has a Correggio but himself ? I have one that cost me two thousand guineas ; and I would not part with it for double the sum.—But I never talk about it."

"That boy, Volant," says old Sir Andrew Chalkstone, "is so delighted to find himself the father of another boy, that, by Jove, he can speak of nothing else. Now I have a little thing in a cradle too : a fine boy they tell me, and vastly like his father.—But I never talk about it."

Well, well ! Let a man be obliging to his neighbors, and merciful to his tenants ; an upright citizen, and an affectionate friend ;—and there is one Judge who will not condemn him for having "the best bat in the school !"

---

### THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

---

A long war disturb'd your mind,—  
Here your perfect peace is sign'd : \*  
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,  
End your moan and come away.

WEBSTER.—*Duchess of Malfy.*

---

THERE were faint sounds of weeping ;—fear and gloom,  
And midnight vigil in a stately room  
Of Chatillon's old halls :—rich odors there  
Fill'd the proud chamber as with Indian air,  
And soft light fell, from lamps of silver thrown,  
On jewels that with rainbow-lustre shone  
Over a gorgeous couch : there emeralds gleam'd,  
And deeper crimson from the ruby stream'd  
Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set,  
Hiding from sunshine.—Many a carcanet  
Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain  
Of the red gold, shed forth a radiance vain :  
And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath,  
Whose shadowy curtain, round a bed of death,  
Hung drooping solemnly :—for there one lay,

*The Ancestral Song.*

Passing from all earth's glories fast away,  
 Amidst those queenly treasures :—They had been  
 Gifts of her Lord, from far-off Paynim lands,  
 And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen,  
 She had gazed fondly, and, with faint, cold hands,  
 Had pressed to her languid heart once more,  
 Melting in child-like tears :—But this was o'er,  
 Love's last vain clinging unto life ; and now  
 A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow,  
 Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd removed,  
 Though not from earth, from all it knew or loved,  
 Far, far away :—her handmaids watch'd around,  
 In awe, that lent to each low, midnight sound  
 A might, a mystery ; and the quivering light  
 Of wind-sway'd lamps, made spectral in their sight  
 The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,  
 Gleaming along the walls, with braided hair,  
 Long in the dust grown dim :—And she, too, saw,  
 But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,  
 Those pictured shapes :—a bright, but solemn train,  
 Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain,  
 Clothed in diviner hues ; while on her ear  
 Strange voices fell, which none besides might hear ;  
 Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh  
 Of winds o'er harp-strings through a midnight sky ;  
 And thus, it seem'd, in that low, thrilling tone,  
 Th' Ancestral Shadows call'd away their own.

Come, come, come !  
 Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd  
 For the step that ne'er return'd ;  
 Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,  
 And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd  
 With the hope, whose parting strife  
 Shook the flower-leaves from thy life.  
 Now the heavy day is done,  
 Home awaits thee, wearied one !

Come, come, come !

From the quenchless thoughts that burn  
 In the seal'd heart's lonely urn ;  
 From the coil of memory's chain,  
 Wound about the throbbing brain ;  
 From the veins of sorrow deep,  
 Winding through the world of sleep ;  
 From the haunted halls and bower,  
 Throng'd with ghosts of happier hours ;

Come, come, come !

On our dim and distant shore  
 Aching love is felt no more.  
*We* have lov'd with earth's excess—  
 Past is now that weariness !  
*We* have wept, that weep not now—  
 Calm is each once-throbbing brow !  
*We* have known the Dreamer's woes—  
 All is now one bright repose !

Come, come, come !

Weary heart that long has bled,  
 Languid spirit, drooping head,  
 Restless memory, vain regret,  
 Pining love whose light is set,  
 Come away !—'tis hush'd, 'tis well,  
 Where by shadowy founts we dwell,  
 All the fever-thirst is still'd,  
 All the air with peace is fill'd !

Come, come, come !

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,  
 She pass'd, as twilight melts to night, away !

## HANSEL MONDAY.

“WILL you never hold your little, yelping tongues to-night?” said Beaty Lawson to the nursery brood, whom she had presided over ever since their birth, and whom she had just tucked into the various sized cribs which surrounded an ample nursery. “Your elder brothers are all *quiet* in the next room, and so is your sister; I’ll warrant they dinna get leave to cheep a word at school, after they are in their beds; and they will be weel sleepit and up before any of you bairns, to wish their mamma a good Hansel Monday.”

“Well but, Beaty, just answer me this one question,” said a pertinacious little rogue, raising a curly bullet of a head from a well-tumbled pillow;—“I’ll go to sleep this instant if you will only tell me. Was that a guinea mamma sent out to get silver for?—I wonder how much we’ll get to our hansels?”

“Oh, Jemmy, you should not be thinking about money after you have said your prayers,” whispered a fair-haired little girl, whom Beaty loved above all the rest; “you know that nurse says, the fairies can turn it all into chucky stones, if we think about money in our beds.”

“Tut, nonsense!” said Jemmy;—“Mary is always dreaming about the fairies, because papa calls her his little elf. Well, if I get five shillings for my hansel, I’ll buy you a little green coaty, Mary, if you’ll promise not to turn my money into chucky stones.”

“Well, do not say another word about it, but go to sleep this instant. See, you are wakening Willie, and I’ll have the whole pack of you up; and if that’s the case, Jemmy, I’ll positively leave you at home when we go to the shops in the morning.”

This terrible threat had the desired effect, for Beaty was known to reign despotic in the nursery; and her judgments being as merciful as just, they were never interfered with by Mrs.

Sutton, the mother of these children.

Sweet were the young voices, and the patterning of little feet, which assailed the happy parents’ ears, as the little troop burst into their room to wish them a good Hansel Monday. Mr. Seaton kissed his children, and then led them to their mother’s bed. The three elder of Beaty’s charge could just on tiptoe reach the mother’s lips; whilst the father helped a round faced little girl to scramble up the bed, and Beaty held the crowing baby in her arms.

“Now, little Jane, you must not sit on mamma’s pillow,” exclaimed the dauntless James; “for I know all our hansels are under it.”

“No, not all,” said the silver-tongued Mary, “for I see something very pretty peeping out on the other side. Oh, mamma, may I see what it is?”

The mother smiled, and Mary drew out a little, green silk frock, with silver clasps.

“Oh, it is for me,” said the happy child, “because I am papa’s fairy!—And here is a doll for Jane, and a purse for James, and another for William; and a little one for me, I declare, besides my pretty frock!”

“Oh, mamma and papa, how good you are!” exclaimed the joyous creatures, and the kisses were renewed.

“Now, my little ones, you must go to breakfast. Nurse, take your boy; his mother’s kiss is all he cares for yet.”

“May God bless my infant!” breathed the ~~gentle~~ mother, imprinting a kiss upon his rosy cheeks.

To breakfast the little ones went; but what child who knows the value of a sixpence, and sees before him the toy-shop’s boundless range, can look at “parritch” on a Hansel Monday! No; we may all remember the tumbled bed, the untasted breakfast, which told how unnecessary was sleep

or food to the happy expectants of a day like this !

And now the little coats, the worsted gloves, and snow-boots were duly buckled on, and the mother saw the joyous troop depart. She did not detain them with ill-timed cautions, lectures, or advice, to check the freedom of their wildest wishes ; she stayed but for a moment her little Mary, and, wrapping the Indian shawl still closer on her breast, she bade Beaty take care of her gentle child. The two elder boys had already gone out with Mr. Seaton ; and Fanny, being a little beyond Beaty's control, remained to accompany her mother.

It was a pleasant sight for old and young, to behold the various groups of restless, happy beings, which that day crowded the far-stretched line of Prince's Street. Already were to be seen some impatient little urchins, the offspring of chicken-pecked mothers, returning with their load of gilded baubles from their early walk. And passing them came upright, palefaced girls, the governess's pride ! Poor things, one day of freedom might have been permitted you, just to gild the gloom of such a life of vain and heartless toil ! And now came youthful mothers, and proud young papas, with riotous boys, and giggling rosy girls, as happy in the toy-shop as their children were. But amongst all the various throng, none were more naturally joyous than Beaty Lawson's brood. They were the children of a good old-fashioned nursery, where much kindness and little discipline kept all in order. Beaty knew nothing of the thousand methods and never-ending books, which are now thought necessary for the education of youth. But she had all her *title* by heart, and the greater part of Shakspeare, besides a superabundance of fairy tales and romantic ballads ; and the little Seatons knew no severer punishment than Beaty's declaring that she would not tell a story for a week. Never was an impure word or a base action known in Beaty's nursery. Her own mind was the mirror of purity and

truth ; her heart the seat of ardent and active feeling.

The little Seatons felt it no penance to be confined to such a nursery. They looked upon it as privileged ground, where they could enact a thousand sports, sure of Beaty Lawson's assistance and applause. Even Sunday, that day of injudicious gloom to many, shone a holiday to them ; nay, it was the happiest day of all the seven, for the pious father spent it with his children ; and when retired from their parents, they had still to look to Beaty's Bible story ; and whether it was to be Daniel in the lion's den—the children in the fiery furnace, or Mary's favorite Ruth, was the only question.

But we must not forget that Monday has already come, and that Beaty has to attend to other high behests. No light task was hers, to hear and answer the thousand questions and never-ending projects, as to what their exhaustless wealth might be equal to procure. But, before entering the tempting precincts of the toy-shop, Beaty's custom had ever been to exact from each child a tenth of its treasure, to be appropriated by her to some object of charity ; and this being given with open heart and willing hand, there was no farther check to the disposal of the rest. It was delightful to listen to the various projected purchases—the magnificent presents they intended to bestow. William knew his papa wanted a barometer, and did nurse think they would get it at the toy-shop, and that Mrs. Connel would give it him for half a crown ? Then came a list of gifts, commencing with a satin gown for mamma, and ending with a tea-canister for Betty the cook. If these things were at last discovered to be beyond their grasp, and something humbler was suggested when in the toy-shop, great at least had been their delight in talking of them, and Beaty was sure to make honorable mention of the first intention on their return home. And now the toy-shops having been ransacked, and the merits of good-humored Mrs. Connel

been thoroughly discussed, another pleasure was still in store—a visit to George's Square, to taste old aunty Stewart's bun. This had always formed a part of the routine of Hansel Monday.

As long as the little Seatons could remember George's Square, so long had aunty Stewart inhabited the same house, and sat at her little wheel in the same chair, just between the fireplace and the window. Her grey silk gown, her beautiful pinched cap, her silver hair and smooth unwrinkled skin, these had never altered. There stood the little table with her Bible, the newspapers, and a volume of the *Spectator*, and from year to year these dear children had come, and still found all the same. The bright brass grate with its shining utensils, the mahogany cat, on which the frothy buttered toast was placed at breakfast, and the plates were warmed at dinner;—the china figures on the mantel-piece, where Sir John Falstaff, with his paunch stuffed full of fun, still stood so temptingly beyond their reach; these well-known sights were sure to meet their eyes as the little folk marched into aunt Stewart's parlor.

"Well, my bairns, and is this you?" said the good old lady, laying aside her spectacles, and carefully marking with a pin the place in the newspaper she had been reading; for since her memory had begun to fail, she found this the surest way of making straight work of the papers. "Is this you, my bairns, come to wish your old aunty a good Hansel Monday, and tell her all your news? Mary, my little woman, give Annie a cry; she'll be up in the store-room looking after the bun." But it was not necessary to hurry Annie, for she had heard the well-known little tongues in the parlor, and, "Is that the little Seatons?" in her kindly voice, was answered by their running to meet her as she came down the stair, with a beaming face, and a plate well heaped with short-bread and with bun.

Annie, the unmarried daughter of Mrs. Stewart, was past the age of

beauty, if she ever had possessed it; but there was a charm about the whole of the Stewart family far beyond that of beauty, although some of them had been eminent for loveliness,—their minds seemed never to grow old. There was within a springing well of warmth and kindness, of cheerful thoughts and lively fun, which all the cares of this weary world had never checked. They had met with many trials, yet still they saw the bright side of everything, and their lives seemed but a continual song of thankfulness to God.

The children now being seated, the great-coats unbuckled, the cold shoes taken off, and the little feet rubbed into a glow, a drop of Aunty's cordial and a piece of bun was duly administered to each. Then came the display of all the wonderful things which had been bought—the large Hansels which they had got; and how the little tongues did go about all that had been felt, seen, and done since the morning! Oh, what a pity that Hansel Monday should ever end! But Beaty Lawson reminded them that it was getting late, and they had still to visit cousin Stewart in his room. It was not to every one that this gentleman chose to show himself, and few besides the little Seatons dared to intrude on his *Sanctum Sanctorum*; but they were always sure of a kind reception. How, with his kindly feelings and lively delight in everything which looked young and happy, Mr. Stewart had remained a bachelor, was like many other wonders, never rightly understood. But there he sat surrounded by his books, the picture of content. His pen seemed never idle, yet what he wrote, or where it went, or if the world was ever the wiser for it, no one ever knew; but at all events he was the busiest and the happiest of men. Himself, his room, and all about him, was the picture of comfort, order, and scrupulous tidiness. He had been a very handsome man, and when dress was more the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman than it now is, his had still been con-

They remained for some time together, and when the mother entered the room, the poor girl was seated by the bed, holding the hand of her lover, paler if possible than before, but still, and silent, as death itself.

"Mother, I have been telling Peggy what I need not tell you, for I saw you knew how it would be when you laid me on this bed. And now, dear mother, I have only one wish, and that is to see our good minister, and once more hear his voice in prayer.—Oh! I hoped to have seen him perform an office far different from this! but the Lord's will be done." The good man came, and after a few words to the afflicted mother, he seated himself by the bed of her son. Peggy now rose for the first time, and taking the widow aside, she said some words in a low and earnest voice, but at that moment the minister called to them to kneel round George's bed, and then he prayed aloud with all the fervor of a feeling and a pious heart. His were indeed the words of eternal life; and as he poured out his spirit in prayer, this world, with all its sins and its sorrows, faded from their eyes.

The holy man now arose, and would have left them, but Peggy, starting forward, laid her hand upon his arm with a look of earnest supplication, and tried to speak; but the effort was too much for her, and the mother then advanced to explain her wishes. "If you think there is naething wrang in it, sir, Peggy wishes to be made the wife of my poor boy." The minister looked at the dying man, and shook his head. "Peggy knows that, sir," said widow Gray; "she knows he has not many hours to live, but yet it is natural for her to wish—And then her father could let her live with me." "And then," said Peggy, rousing herself to speak, "Oh! then, sir, I would be laid in—" She could not say the word, but George, clasping her hand, added, "In my grave, Peggy! it is that you would say. God bless you, dearest, for the wish." The good man made no further objection, and

their hands were now joined in wedlock. George's strength supported him through the sacred ceremony, and when the clergyman pronounced them man and wife, he opened his arms, received her to his bosom, and saying, "God bless my Peggy," he expired.

Such was the story which the children had heard from their nurse soon after it had happened. Since then they had frequently visited the widow and her daughter, for Peggy had never left her mother-in-law. Though poor now, they were not altogether destitute, and the young widow added to their little stock, by taking in plain work. This was all she was able for. She had always been a delicate girl; and now sorrow, though quietly endured, was making deep inroads in her feeble frame. The cold of winter had borne hard upon Peggy; and when Beaty now saw her seated by the poor old woman, she felt that it would be difficult to say whether the ripe fruit or the blighted flower was likely to be soonest taken. The children, with instinctive feeling, had hid their toys in Beaty's mantle as they ascended the stair. "Do not let poor Peggy see our play-things, to put her in mind of Hansel Monday," said little William. Poor things, it was kindly meant; but Hansel Monday was written in Peggy's heart in characters too deep to be ever effaced from it. As they softly entered they found the widow seated by the fire; her wheel, for that day, was laid aside, while Peggy sat beside her with her open Bible upon her knee, apparently reading to her. "Do not let me interrupt you, Peggy," said the nurse; "our visit must be very short; but my bairns have brought Agnes and yourself some little things to show their good will, for they well know it is not what this world can now bestow that is anything to you." "That is true," said Peggy, clasping her Bible to her breast, "this book is my best treasure; and oh! may these dear bairns feel it to be such, even in their young days of happiness and joy! So may God spare them the sore les-

son He saw fit that I should learn ; yet sweet are the uses of adversity."—"Yes," said the old woman, "Peggy doesn't mean to murmur. And do not, dear children, amongst all the happy faces you have seen to-day, think that God has forgotten us. No ; he has made his face to shine upon us in all our sorrow, and filled our hearts with peace, and hope, and joy ! Poor Peggy had but one care when she rose this morning, and felt how weak she was ; and even that is now removed, for both our good minister, and your dear mo-

ther, have been here to-day, and they have promised Peggy that if it pleased the Lord that she should join him that's gone, before his poor old mother does, they will take care of her. So now her poor heart is at rest, and we can both wait for God's good time in peace." The children now bestowed their little gifts, and received the blessing of the widow and her daughter. Their little hearts were full, and the tears stood in their bright eyes when they departed. But at their age, such tears may purify, but do not long sadden, the heart.

#### DICK DEWLAP.

[An English Magazine for February contains an article entitled *Dick Dewlap*, detailing some of the troubles of obesity. As it is too long for the pages of the *Athenaeum*, and as it is not all written with the same spirit, we make a selection of the most amusing portion, being the dream of Mr. D.]

I BELIEVE my dream had a commencement rather tragical than uncommon ; for few people can acquit their consciences of having dreamed they were going to be hung, though I never could get any one to own that he also knew he had done enough to deserve the punishment. Unluckily for me, however, I had not even this consolation ; I thought I was to be hung for being too fat ; and so far was I from feeling shocked at the circumstance, that I was only surprised how I had escaped so long. Though in Newgate, I was perfectly tranquil ; and received with resignation the intelligence that I was to be hung the following morning, the cause being, simply and solely, because two credible witnesses had sworn that, in their judgment, I was too fat to be allowed to live any longer.

Still more at his ease, however, if possible, was Daniel Lambert, who was, I thought, my fellow prisoner, and to suffer in the same way, for a far weightier offence of the same un-

pardonable description. As the kitchen (for, with a dreamer's privilege, I imagined all this took place in a Newgate kitchen) as the kitchen, I say, was not over large—and my partner and I were—we could not move about without jostling each other ; so I helped Daniel to perch himself on the top of an empty hogshead, that stood near the dresser ; and there he sat, drumming with his mill-posts against the side of his pinnacle, his hands placed quiescently under his knees, and his pouting lips suitably employed in half whistling "See the conquering Hero comes." I supposed that poor Daniel, being at least three times my weight (I found that circumstance no small consolation), had long considered his crime too enormous to pardon ; and as hiding or running away was out of the question, had made up his mind that the affair would terminate fatally, from the moment he was seized and shoved into a waggon. I cannot help remarking, though, that Mr. L., had he seen the matter in a proper light, must have considered me a martyr in comparison with himself ; the victim of a law, equally just and necessary as it regarded him, but, in my case, carried to a most cruel extreme.

Affairs were in this interesting position, when Mr. Ketch made his appearance, bringing in his hand some twenty yards of cordage, about as

thick as a brig's hawser, and asked us, on our honor as gentlemen, whether we thought, that would be strong enough to answer a certain purpose? I replied, that I could not speak from experience, but I flattered myself the line was strong enough, and that for me he need not be at the trouble of getting a chain cable. As for Mr. Lambert, I left him to speak for himself, as he had not favored me with any remarks on things, either in general or particular. Daniel, I suppose, heard this remark; but he still kept whistling and drumming, with undisturbed calmness, and did not answer a syllable.

When Mr. Ketch had withdrawn, it occurred to me, that however merited my sentence (and I could not deny that I had enjoyed a long career of excessive stoutness), yet still the humane community, tempering justice with mercy, could only require that I should be despatched, no matter how; and that I might, therefore, as well make my exit in private as public, at ease as in pain. No sooner thought than done. A bottle of laudanum stood at my elbow. I poured a large quantity into a breakfast cup, and instantly drank it off, with the serenity of a Socrates. My friend Daniel witnessed the heroic performance with equal apathy, and still continued drumming and whistling "See the conquering Hero comes."

As a convicted fat man, anxious for the honor of the chief of his caste, I could not help feeling somewhat piqued at Mr. Lambert's indifference to his impending disgrace. "Why, Daniel," said I, "will you be fool enough to be led out to-morrow morning, at eight precisely, to dance in the air for the amusement of the skin and bone scoun-

drels who have sworn away our lives, and will gloat over our fatal fall, as they would over the prize beef that they devour as well as kill? Why don't you behave like a man, and do as I have done?" His reply petrified me. "I don't know," answered the monster, coolly, "I think its hardly worth while. The fact is, that the Secretary of State (on condition of our eating no more rump steaks) has sent down our pardons, and I've got them both in my pocket."

Here was an answer to give a man whom he had just seen swallow laudanum enough to kill a cart horse! After staring at him for half a minute with "thought too deep for tears" —indeed I was studying which way to sacrifice him—my indignation at length found utterance—"Why, you envious, overgrown villain," said I, "why did not you tell me this before?" "Why did not I?" replied he (as if confident I could not possibly object to his most exquisite reason), "why, because you did not ask me!" What signified arguing with such a dolt? I determined to make short work of it. "Now, you fat fool," cried I (going up to him with my clenched fist), "now I must go and have the laudanum taken out of me with the stomach pump, through your stupidity—take that!" (knocking him off his perch into the empty hogshead, the top of which suddenly gave way behind him); and I think I awoke with the noise he made in bawling out—"What's that for?" From this specimen, you may judge whether I am not as much to be pitied for my nightly visions as any opium eater in England. I'll dream against the best of them for a veal cutlet any night he likes.

## THE IMPROVISATORI.

### THE CONFESSIONS OF A MALE, AND THE PERFORMANCE OF A FEMALE.

I HAVE always under immediate command, a store of current and favorite subjects, suitably wrought; for instance, the death of Adonis—the

loves of Cupid and Psyche—the sacrifice of Iphigenia—the chastity of Lucretia—the death of Caesar—the cruelty of Nero—and so forth. I have

also in readiness a number of pompous speeches and gorgeous descriptions, which are easily interwoven in poems on every subject, and relieve weaker passages by their glowing diction: for instance, an eulogium on the city of Rome—a depreciation of the passions—a storm scene—the delights of spring—with other popular, and generally applicable subjects. It is also a happy expedient, in spontaneous composition, to interweave with the commonplace subjects so often proposed, introductory remarks and conclusive moralities of universal application. Thus the poet avoids all suspicion of having prepared himself for the occasion, and by seasonably introduced compliments and apologies he will readily adapt himself to all occasions. Memory alone will not, however, meet every claim upon the powers of an improvisatore; presence of mind, and a lively imagination, are indispensable; or, in default of the latter, the power of concealing its absence by a ready command of the classic poets, quotations from which are not regarded as plagiarisms, but rather as honorable evidence of extensive learning; and, with a command of Virgil and Horace alone, I would pledge myself to exhaust any lyric or epic theme from ancient story, without any modern accessories. The rhymes readily suggest themselves in a language so rich and pliant as the Italian, and relieve the labor of invention, especially if aided by musical accompaniment. For dramatic poems, which are almost invariably modelled after regular tragedy, and from ancient history, I have sentiments and language prepared for every probable contingency. The characters are tyrants, cruel parents, heroes, lovers, and confidants. For these I have declarations of love, farewell scenes, blessings, and maledictions, all ready, and easily adapted to a variety of situations. Occasionally, too, I employ the ancient chorus, which deals in generalities, and comes in with good effect. Versi sciolti are the most hazardous of all spontaneous attempts, and the poet is often in dan-

ger of splitting on this rocky problem, especially when he applies it to subjects borrowed from modern history.

[This throws some light upon the subject, coming, as it does, from a "professional gentleman;" but thus much we had supposed without his confession. Stripped of the mask of inspiration—for this reduces them to the rank of others who "fret their hour upon the stage"—by which they might deceive and confuse the more illiterate of the Italian mob, how shall we account for the prodigious effect of the girl's performance, who seems to have carried away captive, not only her own easily excited countrymen, but the cooler blooded and more phlegmatic, although perhaps as easily gulled, Englishman? There is still some mystery about the matter, the readiest solution of which is to suppose the English letter-writer exaggerating the effect, for the purpose of lauding that which it is fashionable to praise. It is not "straining at a gnat" to imagine a person who applauded Mathews's caricatures—not because they were caricatures—swallowing with equal avidity the rant and buffoonery of Italian mountebanks.

Miss "L. E. L.," who has given fame to "The Improvisatrice," and all others who think them remnants of ages past, when inspiration was not so uncommon as at present, merely because there were not so many candidates, will pardon these reflections which tend only to bring us all back again to "Mother Earth."]

The improvisatrice gave, on the 24th of February, 1818, a public Academia in the Teatro della Valle, which I attended. At the door of the parterre was a silver urn, into which every one who entered was allowed to throw a theme rolled up in a slip of paper. A low and simple overture from the band preceded the arrival of the poetess, who at length made her appearance in white costume. She was a pale girl, about seventeen, and her large black eyes were full of fire. After an obeisance to the audience, she requested that the silver urn might be brought upon the stage; and, in sight of every one, a stranger drew out six slips of paper, the contents of

which he read aloud, and then presented them to the poetess. The themes were these : *La morte del Conte Ugolino* ; *Saffo e Faone* ; *La morte d'Ifigenia* ; *La morte d'Egeo* ; *Il cinto di Venere* ; *Coriolano*.

She selected the first named ; and after pacing the stage for several minutes in visible excitement, but without gesticulation, she directed the orchestra to play an aria, which she distinguished by a number. In accordance with the subject, the melody was a deep lament, and of simple construction. After it had been played over twice, she gave a signal to the band, and, with an impassioned burst, began to declaim her poem in tones which were a mean betwixt recitation and singing. The musicians yielded to the words, and honored a slower or more rapid utterance with great dexterity. The emphatic notes always fell on the rhymes, and were sustained *ad libitum* ; but here the declamation yielded to the air, resembling somewhat the *recitativo secco* of the Italian opera, or the chanting of the mass in the Catholic churches. The improvisatrice excited astonishment and pity. Her whole frame quivered with convulsive effort ; her bosom throbbed, her cheeks glowed, her dark eyes blazed, and her countenance assumed a character so widely different from its first appearance, that I could have fancied her a statue suddenly warmed into vitality by the Promethean spark of poesy. Whenever the flow of her diction was suspended, even for a moment, or when she was conscious of any slight error

or repetition, her internal agony was expressed by looks so appalling, that I felt an involuntary anxiety to help her out of the difficulty. Her delivery, however, became more flowing and impassioned as she proceeded, and, as she uttered the last word, she fell exhausted into a chair. But her excitement was too great for long inaction. She rallied almost instantaneously, swallowed hastily a glass of water, and called to the orchestra for another accompaniment. Gradually she took a bolder flight, and a wider range ; calling occasionally for intercalary verses, and final rhymes from the audience, who also prescribed for her the metres of several poems. The conclusion of each effort was followed by loud and universal applause, nor could the audience always wait the close, but expressed their loud delight during the brief pauses in her recitation. These interruptions, however, were evidently no annoyance, but rather seemed to stimulate the gifted fair one to more daring flights. She wrought wonders with the stale and worn-out themes selected for her ; and certainly no one, who looked and listened, could doubt her inspiration. Most admirable, too, was the unaffected and maidenly propriety with which she steered her course through the difficulties of that slippery subject, the girdle of Venus, and avoided every allusion which might have compromised her youthful purity. The delicacy with which she accomplished this cannot, however, be conveyed by description, nor could I do justice to it, had I retained her language.

---

#### LE JEUNE AVEUGLE.—THE BLIND BOY.

Où me conduisez vous, ma mère ?  
J'ai senti la fraîcheur des champs.  
Oh ! qu'un seul rayon de lumière  
Repondrait de vie en mes sens !  
Adieu, seduisante nature !  
Que n'ai j'oublié tes couleurs,  
Que n'ai j'oublié la verdure,  
Et les arbrisseaux, et les fleurs ?

Etes-vous belle encor, ma mère ?  
Pour moi, je ne vous verrai plus,

Ah, mother, whither am I led ?  
I feel the freshness of the fields :  
Oh ! that on me one ray could shed  
The light and life that summer yields !  
Thou glorious nature, fare thee well !  
Why can I not forget thy hues,  
Forget the green and graceful dell,  
And every flower its turf that strews ?

My mother, art thou lovely still ?  
For me, I see thy face no more ;

Je ne dépêins sous ma paupière  
 Les traits que vous avez perdus.  
 Au milieu de l'épaisse nunge  
 Qui m'environne sans retour,  
 Je crois vous voir, et votre image,  
 Et pour moi celle d'un beau jour.

Il s'arrête—il cherche une rose,  
 Et sa main la cueille en tremblant :  
 Puis de ses larmes il l'arrose,  
 Et la rejette en l'effeuillant.  
 Il mourut l'automne dernière ;  
 Et, pendant ses touchants adieux,  
 Il disoit tout bas à sa mère,  
 " Je verrai clair dans les cieux."

But, through the shades mine eyes that fill  
 I trace the look thou hadst before.  
 Amid the wilderness of gloom  
 That round me spreads where'er I flee,  
 My dreams thy gentle form assume,  
 Fair as that morn I ne'er may see.

Feebly he stooped and sought a rose,  
 And trembling pluck'd the crimson crown;  
 He steeped it in a shower of woes,  
 And tore its leaves, and flung it down.  
 He died when died the withering year,  
 And, 'mid his last and faltering sighs,  
 He murmured in his mother's ear,  
 " There is no blindness in the skies."

### EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL.\*

In 1823, a small circulating library was annexed to the Institution. In 1824, the school was removed from Leith Wynd to Market Place, and in 1825 was opened an evening school, for the benefit of individuals more advanced in life. In various instances have been seen at this seminary the parents of the children who were then in attendance upon the day-school—and there is now a father and son together in the evening school. The branches of education taught in it are reading, with English grammar, general knowledge of the English language, and explanations of the subject on which they read, arithmetic, writing, and geography. It has been seen that SUNDAY SCHOOLS were originally the principal, if not the exclusive, object of the Edinburgh Parochial Institutions. Mr. Wood has two excellent chapters on Sunday Schools—but of their contents we can give but a very concise abridgment.

First, he turns himself to meet an objection often urged against them, that it is an improper thing to take the religious education of the young out of the hands of their parents, and to devolve that important duty on strangers. It is, he allows, to be regretted that any parents, from indolence, indifference, mistaken diffidence, a desire to spend their own Sunday evenings at sermons or prayer-meetings, or else-

where, or in idle gossip, or worldly cares, or dissipation shocking to the sanctity of the day, should entirely delegate to the sabbath-teacher, tutor, or friends, that sacred trust which God and nature have so strongly reposed in themselves; but what if hundreds of children in any large town, nay, in any parish, have no parents who will instruct them, or no parents at all? That argument is a clenger, and there is really no need for another.

A Sabbath school then was opened in every parish in the city. Such schools were founded so far on the principle of *locality*, but for good reasons given by Mr. Wood, not exclusively; and their management seems to be excellent, though we cannot go into the details.

An objection, it seems, has most absurdly been made to these Sabbath schools, that the teachers are paid. Indeed! The religious instruction of the poor should be "a labor of love!" Indeed! is not the laborer in such cases worthy of his hire? He is, if in any case whatever. The very responsibility of the teacher is increased by some not inadequate remuneration of his labors. We doubt if without it responsibility could exist. Gratuitous services are suspicious; they puff up those who bestow them—they flag—they pant—they die.

In these Sunday schools, teachers are wisely enjoined to *observe brevity* in their devotional exercises—not by their immoderate length to produce the offerings of harassed, impatient, and wandering spirits, which never can be acceptable at the heavenly shrine. A similar brevity is enjoined to the *exhortations* of the teachers. The chief, the main time, is occupied in the examination of the pupils, and in easy conversational instruction. All right.

But of all modes of instructing the young in religious knowledge, none is equal to *catechising*, as defined by Dr. Johnson—"To instruct by asking questions, and correcting the answers." There are *formularies* and *text-books*, however, which every church ought to possess for the use of its young members.

Of all the personal and odious experiences of one's youth, is there one more odious in memory than the "saying our questions?" Not one. Afraid that we should answer ill—and feeling that it was impossible that we could answer well—for children cannot always deceive themselves into a belief that words are thoughts, even when the words come pat, and when the unintelligible question is instantly followed by the unintelligent reply—we abhorred the Catechism—first, in almost utter gloom of its meaning—afterwards in glimmerings—then in a faint, broken, and uncertain light—nor was that ever clear enough to the reason, or satisfactory enough to the heart, to be felt as instruction, even when such instruction was most earnestly desired,

" For piety is sweet to infant minds."

How many must feel the force of the following passage!

" To say nothing of the torture to which the poor wretch is, in such a case, subjected, *they* are miserable judges of human nature who imagine that this early and unmeaning repetition of anything will afterwards afford the pupil any facility in really learning it. If in riper years a child so educated

can be induced, (which, we believe, very rarely indeed is the case,) to recur to a work which, under such circumstances, can be connected in his mind with no other than the most unpleasing associations, his former mode of learning, in place of being a facility, will clearly be an obstacle to him. He will find it infinitely more difficult to attach a just meaning to words, which have been long accustomed to pass through his mind without making any impression, (or which, perhaps, have left an erroneous one,) than he would have done if he were now to begin the work for the first time. How often, in attempting to hammer into the minds of such pupils the meaning of what they had long learned to repeat, have we wished that they had previously seen as little of the catechism, as some others beside them, who, with very inferior talents, were making far more satisfactory progress. Such, we are persuaded, is likewise the experience of all who have ever had any practice in teaching upon rational principles. They will, we suspect, in all such cases, be much disposed to concur with a famous musician mentioned by Quintilian, who always charged a double fee for teaching his art to those who had previously received instruction elsewhere."

But how, it may be said, can a child understand religion? Ay—how, it may be said, can a man understand religion? A child may understand something of religion—and that something may be much to it—

" God pitying its simplicity!"

There are more senses than one—says Mr. Wood excellently well—in which we may be said to understand a thing. We are said, for example, to understand the narrative of any remarkable phenomenon when we have received a just conception of the appearances described, though neither ourselves nor the narrator can have the slightest notion of the causes of these appearances. We may perfectly understand a thing, in short, in so far as we can conceive it, while in

other respects, it is involved in obscurity ; and this is a distinction which cannot be too much attended to in the religious instruction of children, and we might add, too, of those of riper years, for all in this imperfect state are at best but grown children. Yes indeed. In religion, more than in anything else,

" Men are but children of a larger growth."

" We ought ever to remember, that, in the department of religion, no less than of nature, ' there are secret things that belong unto the Lord our God,' as well as ' things which are revealed, that belong unto us and our children forever.' "

Mr. Wood then explains the way in which the Sunday-school scholars are taught the Catechism—than which nothing can be more judicious and instructive ; and likewise what use is made of two little works, the Old and New Testament Biography. These works resemble Catechisms in this respect, that they are drawn up in the form of questions ; but they have no answers annexed to them ; and for these the pupils must have recourse to the Holy Scriptures themselves. The better to exercise their own discernment, they are referred merely to the chapter, without any mention of the particular verse where the answer is to be found, nor are they expected or wished to give the answer in the exact words of Scripture, but in their own language, except in the more remarkable colloquial parts. This is illustrated by a few examples. The greatest recommendation of compilations of this kind is, that they lead the young mind to take an interest in the Holy Scriptures—and a little leading will do that—and not to resort to them merely as an act of duty, or a prescribed regimen.

Finally—though of these two chapters we have necessarily given but a most imperfect analysis, the instruction at these Parochial Sunday Schools is purely and exclusively *religious*. And seeing that reading, spelling, and writing, are taught the scholars elsewhere, this certainly is right.

The Daily EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL, of which all the rest of this volume gives an account, contains, on an average, 500 scholars—the largest number present on any one day being 601. They are all under the tuition of one master, who conducts the school on the monitorial system of mutual instruction.

Mr. Wood first explains the duties of the Directors, of which we cannot speak ; then of the Masters, which, of course, are not unobvious ; and then of the Monitors.

Lancaster originally confessed,—although he denied it afterwards, and was encouraged and backed in his denial by many who ought to have known better, and who did know better, but who sacrificed the truth to party spirit and sectarian zeal,—that he had borrowed, in a great measure, the Monitorial System from Dr. Bell. The controversy that soon arose respecting their respective claims to that part of the system, and their other comparative merits, kindled a great zeal for the system, and National and Lancasterian Schools rose side by side in many a town, village, and hamlet, where the education of the poor had hitherto been unable to find an abode. Mr. Wood expounds, at great length, the advantages of the Monitorial system—showing that, in those large establishments, where it becomes necessary to put some hundreds of children under the superintendence of one master, it is absolutely essential,—that young monitors are more pliant and flexible, and thus more easily moulded by the master to his own views, so that he can at all times maintain nearly as perfect a system of unity, and as nice an accommodation of one class to another, as if he were himself every moment personally occupied in each, and ostensibly conducted the education of every individual scholar from its commencement to its close,—that the monitors are in general more active and alert than ushers, make better fags, and take a pleasure and a pride in performing duties which the others are too apt to

regard as an excessive bore and degradation,—that they can more easily sympathize with the difficulties of their pupils, while they, on the other hand, with a greater prospect of success, strive to emulate their young teacher,—that in many schools, though not extensive, children of very different ages, and of very different grades in attainment, and engaged in very different branches of education, are necessarily confided to the superintendence of one master, assisted perhaps by a single usher, in which cases it is evident, that the larger proportion of those assembled in the school, must always be comparatively idle; whereas, there is no remedy for this more simple, more cheap, or more efficacious, than that of enabling the pupils to teach others, in place of remaining thus idle during the necessary intervals between the master's personal examinations. These, and other benefits of the monitorial system, are pointed out very distinctly, but perhaps rather prolixly, by Mr. Wood; while he concludes by observing, that the field which appears the most unpromising for the use of monitors, is, fortunately, the very one in which their employment is least necessary—namely, such classes as compose the two great Grammar Schools of this city, where the children committed to one master are all in the same stage of their education. The monitorial system, however, has been partially adopted, with advantage, in both these admirable establishments. What follows, is good.

“ Every monitor in the Sessional School is provided with an **ASSISTANT**, whose duty it is to preserve order and attention in the class, while he himself is occupied in teaching. The advantage of such an officer must be sufficiently obvious. In some schools, excellent in every other respect, a practice prevails, which, in our opinion, cannot be too much condemned, of encouraging the children to become general informers against each other, and giving them an interest in doing so, by putting the informer in the delinquent's place, if the latter be previously

superior in the class. This mode of informing is never practised in the Sessional School except by a novice, and, from the reception which it encounters, not merely from the master, but from his fellow scholars, who never fail to send their officious companion to Coventry for a season, is in no great danger of being repeated. But the *assistant*, who, in giving information, does no more than his duty, secures the approbation alike of his teacher and his fellows. It is, accordingly, no unusual thing to see a boy playing at the door of the school with the individual who, the very moment before, had, in discharge of duty, been the occasion of his censure or punishment.”

What ought to be the size of a class? Thirty, at least, quoth Bell—Nine, at most, quoth Lancaster. Mr. Wood sides with the Doctor, and so do we. Half a dozen is a contemptible class, except when there are no more than half a dozen boys fit to be put into the same class. Mr. Wood shudders—as well he may—at the tremendous noise that would envelope a great number of such small classes, especially if all these, according to the Lancastrian fashion, were reading at the same time. Besides, (an objection more vital,) how could you get a sufficient supply of fit monitors to conduct the system? On the excellence of the monitors almost all depends; but triple or quadruple their number, and all power of selection would be taken from the master, and many of the monitors would be pretty fellows indeed. Of the classification of the pupils, the principle is excellent.

“ In determining the class to which any individual pupil should either be originally posted or subsequently removed, the natural criterion obviously is neither his age, nor the length of time he has been under tuition, but his actual proficiency. When a child, accordingly, is introduced into the Sessional School, trial is first made of his qualifications, in order to determine in which class he should be placed. This is sometimes no easy

matter to decide, and we doubt not the decision has, in the very threshold, given umbrage to many a parent. 'My laddie,' we are not unfrequently told, 'was in the *boonmost* class at his last school ; he had *lang* been oot o' the Bible and was in the ' *Beauties* ; he can say *a'* the *questions* ; and he was through *a'* the book in the *coonting*.' Notwithstanding this profession, the alleged proficient is sometimes found quite incapable of reading our most simple and introductory book, of understanding a single syllable of his catechism, or of performing the most elementary operation of arithmetic. He is accordingly of course placed in the class where he is most likely to receive improvement, without regard to his former high pretensions. But his continuance in this class depends entirely upon his subsequent progress. If it be found, that he so far outstrips all his companions as to stand continually at the top, without much exertion on his own part, it is high time that he should be promoted to a superior one, where he may find his level, and have all his energies called forth into exertion. If, on the other hand, it turn out that he is constantly at the bottom of his class, in a hopeless state of inability to compete with his present class-fellows, it may prove, and in the Sessional School has very frequently, in such a case, proved of infinite advantage to remove him to a lower class, where he may be better able to maintain his ground. We have sometimes found children in the latter situation, who, chagrined at not being able to keep up with the class in which they happened to be, of themselves requested to be put into a lower. And not unfrequently those, who had been so put back, have been ere long to overtake their former comrades, and to enjoy with them the benefit of a more equal competition ; whereas had they been doomed all along to retain their original situation, they would undoubtedly have lost all heart, and, as scholars, have been ruined for life. There are some children extremely slow in laying the

foundation of any branch of education, who, when it has once been laid, are no less alert than any of their companions in rearing the superstructure. Such children require to be kept a much longer time in the elements than those of more quick apprehension. Now it must be evident, that were both constantly retained in the same class, either the latter must injuriously be kept back on account of the former ; or else the former must be dragged forward blindfold, and totally ignorant of all that is going on, through the rest of the course."

The object of the explanatory method of instruction, which has been pursued so successfully in the SESSIONAL SCHOOL, is threefold—first, to render more easy and pleasing the acquisition of the mechanical art of reading ; secondly, to turn to advantage the particular instructions contained in every individual passage which is read ; and, above all, thirdly, to give the pupil, by means of a minute analysis of each passage, a general command of his own language.

Of the first of these objects we at present say nothing—except that, at the Sessional School, the pupils engaged in the commonly distressful task of learning the mere letters and words, wear the happy faces of children engaged at their sports.

As to the second—Along with facility in the art of reading, much information is communicated to them which is well adapted to their present age, and may be of use to them for the rest of their lives. In most schools, how many fine passages are read in the most pompous manner, without leaving a single sentiment in the mind of the performer ! Here Mr. Wood tells an amusing and illustrative anecdote of a gentleman of his acquaintance, who had been accustomed to repeat—without the slightest attention to the sense—Gray's Elegy—yes, that eternal Elegy—not uncommonly known at school by the name of "The Curfew Tolls." What either curfew or tolls meant, he, according to custom, knew nothing.

He always thought, however, of *toll-bars*, and wondered what sort of *tolls* were *curfew-tolls*, but durst not, of course, put any *idle* question on such a subject, to the master. The original impression, as might be expected, remained; and to the present hour, continues to haunt him whenever this poem comes to mind.

With regard to the third object, Mr. Wood explains himself thus:—

“Thus, for example, if in any lesson the scholar read of one having ‘done an unprecedented act,’ it might be quite sufficient for understanding the meaning of that single passage, to tell him that ‘no other person had ever done the like;’ but this would by no means fully accomplish the object we have in view. The child would thus receive no clear notion of the word *unprecedented*, and would therefore, in all probability, on the very next occasion of its recurrence, or of the recurrence of other words from the same root, be as much at a loss as before. But direct his attention to the three-fold composition of this word, the *un*, the *pre*, and the *cede*. Ask him the meaning of the syllable *un* in composition, and tell him to point out to you (or, if necessary, point out to him) any other words in which it has this signification of *not*, (such as *uncommon*, *uncivil*,) and, if there be leisure, any other syllables which have in composition a similar effect, such as *in*, with all its modifications of *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, also *dis*, and *non*, with examples. Next investigate the meaning of the syllable *pre* in composition, and illustrate it with examples, (such as *previous*, *premature*). Then examine in like manner the meaning of the syllable *cede*, and having shown that in composition it generally signifies *to go*, demand the signification of its various compounds, *precede*, *proceed*, *succeed*, *accede*, *recede*, *exceed*, *intercede*.”

Thus the pupil not only knows the word in question, but he has a key to a vast variety of other words in the language; in getting which key, he is all the while animated and amused.

There is no feeling of irksome drudgery—and the acquisition being founded on principle, is permanent. It cannot be lost. Nor manifestly is it necessary that every word should be gone over in this way, any more than that every word should be syntactically parsed; for a single sentence well done may prove of the greatest service to the scholar in all his future studies.

But it may be said—it has been said—why, this may be all very well with regard to a foreign language, but it is quite superfluous with relation to a vernacular tongue. That is a very great mistake.

“The humbler classes of society, in every sermon which they hear,—in every book which they read, however simple, and written peculiarly for their own use,—nay, in the Bible itself,—meet with a multitude of words and expressions, even of frequent occurrence, which, from want of such a key, not only lose great part of their force, but are utterly unintelligible, and are often grossly misunderstood. We would, ourselves, have been in a great measure ignorant of the full extent of the disadvantage under which such persons labor in this respect, but for the representations of the lads in our evening school, many of whom were possessed of no ordinary abilities, and had received all the education formerly bestowed on persons in that rank of life. We were much struck, too, with a conversation which we had on this subject, on occasion of a recent visit to a seminary in Newhaven, under the excellent tuition of a young man who had received his education in the Sessional School. We there met with a fisherman, the parent of one of the pupils, well known in the village as one of the most respectable, intelligent, and well educated of his class. He evidently took a deep interest in our proceedings, and, while we were in the act of examining the children on the meaning of what they had read, he at length broke out in nearly the following manner: ‘Eh, sir, you’ll not know how little of this I understand, and how

much I miss it : I learned to read like my neighbors, but I never learned the meaning, and I find it a hard thing to turn up the dictionary for every word.'"

The truth is, from the manner in which the education of the lower orders has generally been conducted, parents in that rank of life have for the most part been quite satisfied that their children have received a good education when they have been taught to *read*, conceiving that this mechanical attainment is in some inexplicable way or other to act as a charm, though they be quite unable to apply it to any beneficial purpose. In good truth, set a young learner, or an old one either, thus educated, to read any book in which words occur unfamiliar to him in the narrow range of his every-day talk, and he will not understand perhaps one word in twenty, and that is called reading !

But why speak only of the lower orders ? Go a step higher—and you find hundreds and thousands of very pleasant ladies and gentlemen, who are no deacons in their vernacular. They are far indeed from being mistresses and masters of their own tongue, however glibly they may wag it. Set one of them to read rather a difficult sermon, on a Sunday evening, and you will perceive from a peculiar expression of face, that many words—of considerable importance—go in at one ear, and out at the other, without having deposited—in *transitu*—anything in the shape of an idea. In the more advanced classes of all academies—grammar-schools,—a portion of the time of the lads ought to be devoted to the study of their own language. But the boys, it is said, will despise such a class—and still think themselves not in the "grammar-school," but the "reading-school." Not if the class be taught on right principles. Not

"If, along with due attention to good reading, the understanding of the pupils be at the same time cultivated, which is the best source of that elegant accomplishment ; if they be made

well acquainted with the full force and meaning, as well as the grammar, of their own tongue, and also its connexion with those languages which they learn at their other hours of study ; if, as they advance, they be instructed in the principles and trained to the practice of composition ; and if their English reading be throughout rendered the means of forming their taste, and the vehicle of general information."

All judicious mothers do, in fact, teach their little ones according to their ability, by the explanatory method ; and when the time comes, when more or all mothers shall themselves have been taught by that method, the rising generation, before they even go to school at all, will know more than they now often do after they have been at some schools for a year or two years. For, in teaching her child to read, does not the judicious mother take pains to show her child the benefit of reading,—or rather to make him *feel* the benefit of it ? Would she not, says Mr. Wood, in picking out for him the smallest words, when she comes to the word *ox*, for example, tell him not by any regular definition, but in the simplest language, that it meant the animal which he had so often seen grazing in the meadows ? Would she not do the same with regard to every tree or plant ? Or, as his capacities unfolded, would she not gradually proceed to communicate to him such higher information, as his lessons might suggest ? But this *natural* teaching has been too often banished by *artificial* teaching ; and the meanings of words have been less attended to than the sounds. Gentle reader ! You can now read excellently well, and are seldom if ever puzzled to understand even our Magazine. But tell us now—were you not accustomed, when saying your lesson, to mouth out the words as fast as you could, with a strong but not unpleasant pulpit accent, (which, by the way, you still retain,) and with an indifference, too, and ignorance of the meaning of multitudes of them—

which, now that you have become—by what means we know not—a finished scholar—you look back upon with shame and astonishment?

Mr. Wood, who frequently enlivens his discussions by little apt anecdotes and allusions, refers to the account which the amiable Murdoch, the preceptor of Burns, gives of his own method of instruction, which coincides remarkably with that practised in the Sessional School.

“‘The books,’ he says, ‘most commonly used in the school, were the Spelling Book, the New Testament, the Bible, Mason’s Collection of Prose and Verse, and Fisher’s English Grammar. They (Robert and Gilbert Burns) committed to memory the hymns, and other poems of that collection, with uncommon facility.

This facility was partly owing to the method pursued by their father and me in instructing them, which was to make them thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of every word in each sentence, that was to be committed to memory.’ [Why only in these?] ‘By the by, this may be easier done, and at an earlier period, than is generally thought. As soon as they were capable of it, I taught them to turn verse into its natural prose order, sometimes to substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words, and to supply all the ellipses. These, you know, are the means of knowing that the pupil understands his author. These are expedient helps to the arrangement of words and sentences, as well as to a variety of expression.’”

(To be continued.)

### YOU’LL COME TO OUR BALL.

“Comment ! c'est lui ?—que je le regarde encore !—c'est que vraiment il est bien changé ; n'est pas, mon papa ?”—*Les premiers Amours.*

YOU’LL come to our Ball ;—since we parted,  
I've thought of you, more than I'll say ;  
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted,  
For a week, when they took you away.  
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers  
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,  
And echoed the musical numbers  
Which you used to sing to me then.  
I know the romance, since it's over,  
"Twere idle, or worse, to recall :—  
I know you're a terrible rover ;  
But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball !  
  
It's only a year, since at College  
You put on your cap and your gown ;  
But, Clarence, you're grown out of know-  
ledge,  
And changed from the spur to the crown ;  
The voice that was best when it faltered  
Is fuller and firmer in tone ;  
And the smile that should never have al-  
tered,—  
Dear Clarence,—it is not your own :  
Your cravat was badly selected,  
Your coat don't become you at all ;  
And why is your hair so neglected ?  
You must have it curled for our Ball.  
  
I've often been out upon Haldon,  
To look for a covey with Pup ;  
I've often been over to Shaldon,  
To see how your boat is laid up :  
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,  
I've ridden the filly you broke ;  
And I've studied your sweet little Dante,

In the shade of your favorite oak :  
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,  
I sat in your love of a shawl ;  
And I'll wear what you brought me from  
Florence,  
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.  
  
You'll find us all changed since you vanish'd :  
We've set up a National School ;  
And waltzing is utterly banished ;  
And Ellen has married a fool ;  
The Major is going to travel ;  
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout ;  
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel ;  
Papa is laid up with the gout :  
And Jane has gone on with her easels,  
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;  
And Fanny is sick of the measles,—  
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties ;—the Lily,  
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,  
And Lucy, who made me so silly  
At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;  
Miss Manners, who always abused you,  
For talking so much about Hock ;  
And her sister who often amused you,  
By raving of rebels and Rock ;  
And something which surely would answer,  
An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal ;—  
So, though you were seldom a dancer,  
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.  
  
But out on the world !—from the flowers  
It shuts out the sunshines of truth ;

It blights the green leaves in the bowers,  
It makes an old age of our youth:  
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,

Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,  
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,  
Grows harder by sullen degrees.  
Time treads o'er the grave of Affection ;  
Sweet honey is turned into gall :—

Perhaps you have no recollection  
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads ;  
To-day you have critical ears :  
You once could be charmed with our salads ;  
Alas ! you've been dining with Peers ;  
You trifled and flirted with many ;  
You've forgotten the when and the how :  
There was *one* you liked better than any :—  
Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.

But of those you remember most newly,  
Of those who delight or enthrall,  
None love you a quarter so truly  
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you're many who flatter,  
Because of your wit and your song ;  
They tell me (and what does it matter ?)  
You like to be praised by the throng :  
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,  
They tell me you're loved by a Blue ;  
They tell me you're sadly immoral,—  
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true !  
But to me you are still what I found you  
Before you grew clever and tall ;  
And you'll think of the spell that once bound  
you ;  
And you'll come—won't you come ?—to  
our Ball !

### THE BOXES.

[The following is an extract from a letter supposed to be written by a Frenchman, showing the extreme difficulty of teaching our language to foreigners, on account of our having so many significations to the same word,—a beauty and a fault (and it is both) in which, it is believed, the English language surpasses all others. The amusing stranger complains that the servants mystified him "with all the boxes," so "that it was impossible that a stranger could miss to be perplexed."]

I AM a gentleman, and my goods are in the public *rentes*,\* and a chateau with a handsome property on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expenses. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless that I was force, at other time, to go to war with Napoleon. But it is passed. So I come to Paris in my proper post-chaise, where I sell'd him, and hire one, for almost nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my valet to speak French here where all the world is ignorant.

The morning following, I get upon the vaporizing boat to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day—and, after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the sheep, and I see a great mechanic of wood,

with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside, and handle to turn. It seemed to be ingenuous, and proper to hoist great burdens. They use it for shoving the timber, what come down of the vessel, into the place ; and they tell me it was call "Jacques in the box :" and I was very much please with the invention so novel.

Very well. I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and little boy sailor come and sit him down, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. Then the man what turns a wheel about and about laugh, and say, "verry well, Jacques," but I not understand one word the little fellow say. So I make inquire, and they tell me he was "box the compass." I was surprise, but I tell myself, "well, never mind ;" and so we arrive at Douvres. I find myself enough well in the hotel, but as there has been no table d'hôte, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait : and so I walk myself to the customary house, and give the key to my portmanteau to the Douaniers, or excisemen, as you call, for them to see as I had not no snug-gles in my equipage. Very well—I return at my hotel, and meet one of the waiters, who tell me, (after I stand little moment to the door to see the world what pass by upon a coach at

\* *Rentes*—public funds.

the instant,) "Sir," he say, "your dinner is ready." "Very well," I make response, "where was it?" "This way, sir," he answer, "I have put it in a *box* in the *café* room." "Well—never mind," I say to myself, "when a man himself finds in a stranger country, he must be never surprised. 'Nil admirari.' Keep the eyes opened, and stare at nothing at all."

I found my dinner only there there,\* because I was so soon come from France; but, I learn, another sort of the *box* was a partition and table particular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cutlet; and a gentleman what was put in another *box*, perhaps Mr. Mathew, because nobody not can know him twice, like a cameleon he is, call for the "pepper *box*." Very well. I take a cup of coffee, and then all my hards and portmanteau come with wheelbarrow; and, because it was my intention to voyage up at London with the coach, and I find my many little things was not convenient, I ask the waiter where I may buy a night sack, or get them tie up all together in a burden. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded, that he shall find me a *box* to put them all into. Well, I say nothing to all but "Yes," for fear to discover my ignorance; so he bring the little *box* for the clothes and things into the great *box* what I was put into; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town, and he send boot-boy with me so far as the Theatre, and I go in to pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say "how much," asked me if I would not go into the *boxes*. "Very well," I say, "never mind—oh yes—to be sure;" and I find very soon the *box* was the *loge*, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient in your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor maiger doctor, what had

been to give his physic too long time at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole *box* of his proper pills. "Very well," I say, "that must be egregious. It is cannot be possible;" but they bring little a *box* not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous; so I returned to my hotel at despair how I could possibility learn a language what meant so many differents in one word.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as I come in, tell me, "Sir, did you not say that you would go by the coach to-morrow morning?" I replid "Yes—and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets† in your coaches." "Sir," he say, very polite, "if you shall allow me, I would recommend you the *box*, and then the coachman shall tell everything."—"Very well," I reply, "yes—to be sure—I shall have a *box* then—yes;" and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself enrhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed: but I say, "No so quick, if you please; I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well—here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish." She was pretty laughing young woman, and say, "Oh no, sir, if you pull the bell, the porter, who sit up all night, will come, unless you like to attend to it yourself, and then you will find the coal-*box* in the closet." Well—I say nothing but "yes—oh yes." But, when she is gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a *box* not no more like none of the other *boxes* what I see all day than nothing.

Well—I write at my friends, and then I tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possibly be the description of the *box* what I must be put in to-morrow for my voyage.

\* Là là, signifies passable, indifferent.

† The cabriolet is the front part of the old French diligence, with a hood and apron, holding three persons, including the guard, or "conducteur."

In the morning, it was very fine time, I see the coach at the door, and I walk all round before they bring the horses; but I see nothing what they can call *boxes*, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I ask for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who showed me by the Quay, and tell me, pointing by his finger at a window—"There see, there was the letter-*box*," and I perceive a crevice. "Very well—all *box* again to-day," I say, and give my letter to the master of postes, and go away again at the coach, where I very soon find out what was coach-*box*, and mount myself upon it. Then come the coachman, habilitated like the gentleman, and the first word he say was—"Keep-horses! Bring my *box*-coat!" and he push up a grand capote with many scrapes.

"But—never mind," I say; "I shall see all the *boxes* in time." So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry "cheat!" and we are out into the country in lesser than one minute, and roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear we will be reversed. But after little times, I take courage, and we begin to entertain together: but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak, so I tell him, "Sir—one of the wheel would be greased;" then he make reply, nonchalantly, "Oh—it is nothing but one of the *boxes* what is too tight." But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a *box* was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well—we fly away at the pace of charge. I see great castles, many; then come a pretty house of country well ornamented, and I make inquire what it should be. "Oh!" responded he, "I not remember the gentleman's name, but it is what we call a snug country *box*."

Then I feel myself abymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But, still I tell myself, "Well—never mind; we shall see." And then after sometimes, there come another house, all alone in a forest, not ornated at all. "What, how you call that?" I demand of

him—"Oh!" he responded again, That is a shooting *box* of Lord Killfots."—"Oh!" I cry at last out, "that is little too strong;" but he hoisted his shoulders and say nothing. Well, we come at a house of country, ancient, with the trees cut like some peacocks, and I demand, "What you call these trees?"—"Box, sir," he tell me. "Devil is in the *box*," I say at myself. "But—never mind; we shall see." So I myself refreshed with a pinch of snuff and offer him, and he take very polite, and remark upon an instant, "That is a very handsome *box* of yours, sir."

"Morbleu!" I exclaimed with inadvertencyness, but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff-*box*, and I take a pinch, because I like at home to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood beautiful with turnings, and color of yellowish. So I was pleased to admire very much, and inquire the name of the wood, and again he say, "Box, Sir!" Well—I hold myself with patience, but it was difficultly; and we keep with great gallop, till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then I say, "What for all so large concourse?"—"Oh!" he response again, "there is one grand bozing match—a battle here to-day."—"Peste!" I tell myself, "a battle of *boxes*! Well, never mind! I hope it can be a combat at the entrance, and they all shall destroy one another, for I am fatigued."

Well—we arrive at an hotel, very superb, all as it ought, and I demand a morsel to refresh myself. I go into a salon, but, before I finish, great noise come into the passage, and I pull the bell's rope to demand why so great tapage! The waiter tell me, and he laugh at same time, but very civil no less, "Oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a *box* on the ear."

Well—I go back on the coach-box, but I look, as I pass, at all the women ear, for the *box*; but not none I see. "Well," I tell myself once more, "never mind, we shall see;" and we

drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approached ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say, "No, my boy, it shan't do!" and then he whip his horses, and make some traverse upon the road, and tell to me, all the times, a long explication what the other coachman have done otherwhiles, and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opposition come behind him in one narrow place. Well—then he twist himself round, and, with full voice, cry himself out at the another man, who was so angry as himself, "I'll tell you what, my hearty! If you comes some more of your gammon at me, I shan't stand, and you shall yourself find in the wrong box." It was not for many weeks after as I find out the wrong box meaning.

Well—we get at London, at the coaches office, and I unlightened from my seat, and go at the bureau for pay my passage, and gentleman very polite demanded if I had some friend at London. I converse with him very little time in voyaging, because he was in the interior; but I perceive he is real gentleman. So, I say, "No, sir, I am stranger." Then he very honestly recommend me at an hotel, very proper, and tell me, "Sir, because I have some affairs in the Banque, I must sleep in the City this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name." "Very well," I tell myself, "this is best." So we exchange the cards, and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say, "No room, sir, —very sorry,—no room." But I demand to stop the moment, and produce the card what I could not read before, in the movements of the coach with the darkness. The master of the hotel take it from my hand, and become very polite at the instant, and whisper to the ear of some waiters, and these come at me, and say, "Oh yes, sir. I know Mr. Box very well. Worthy gentleman, Mr. Box.—Very proud to incommod any friend of Mr. Box—pray inlight yourself, and walk

in my house." So I go in, and find myself very proper, and soon come so as if I was in my own particular chamber; and Mr. Box come next day, and I find very soon that he was the *right* Box, and not the *wrong* box.—Ha, ha!—You shall excuse my badiage,—eh? But never mind—I am going at Leicestershire to see the foxes hunting, and perhaps will get upon a coach-box in the spring, and go at Edinburgh; but I have fear I cannot come at your "Noctes," because I have not learn yet to eat so great supper. I always read what they speak there twice over, except what Mons. Le "Shepherd" say, what I read three time; but never could comprehend exactly what he say, though I discern some time the grand idea, what walk in darkness almost "visible," as your divine Milton say. I am particular fond of the poetry. I read three books of the "Paradise Lost" to Mr. Box, but he not hear me no more—he pronounce me perfect.

After one such compliment, it would be almost the same as ask you for another, if I shall make apology in case I have not find the correct ideotism of your language in this letter; so I shall not make none at all,—only throw myself at your mercy, like a great critic. But never mind,—we shall see. If you take this letter as it ought, I shall not promise if I would not write you one other some time.

I conclude in presenting at you my compliments very respectful. I am sorry for your gout and crutchedness, and hope you shall miss them in the spring.

I have the honor of subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your very humble and  
Much obedient servant,  
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

P. S.—Ha, ha!—It is very droll!—I tell my valet, we go at Leicestershire for the hunting fox.—Very well.—So soon as I finish this letter, he come and demand what I shall leave behind in orders for some presents, to give what people will come at my lodgments for Christmas Boxes.

## THE VISION OF A GODLESS WORLD.

(From the German of John Paul Richter.)

If my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered, that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appal myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and it would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosophy, we go on amassing mere words, counters, and medals, as misers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years; and in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at the riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of naphtha.

Just so was I terrified by the poisonous vapor that steams forth to choke the heart of him who for the first time sets foot in the ante-church of atheism. It would give me less pain to deny immortality, than to deny God: the former act only robs me of a world that is enveloped in clouds; the latter snatches from me the present world; that is, its sun: the whole spiritual universe is blown up and shattered by the hand of atheism into numberless quicksilver atoms of beings, that glimmer, and course, and roam, and rush together and asunder, without unity or permanence. No one is so utterly forlorn in the universe as the denier of God: he moans with an orphan heart that has lost its Almighty Father, beside the vast corpse of nature, which no living spirit animates or holds together, but which grows in the grave; and his mourning ceases not until he crumbles away from that corpse. The whole world lies before him, like the great

Egyptian stone Sphynx, half-buried in the sand; and the universe is the cold iron mask of a formless eternity.

It is my further view, by this poem, to alarm certain reading or deep-read doctors; for, of a truth, these people now-a-days, since they have been taken, like captives condemned to hard labor, by our new philosophy for the task-work of its drainage and mining, will canvass the existence of God as coldbloodedly, and as coldheartedly, as if the question were about the existence of the unicorn or the kraken.

For the sake of others who have not advanced so far as these learned doctors, I will yet remark that the belief in atheism and the belief in immortality may co-exist without any contradiction; for the self-same necessity which in this life has cast the light dew-drop of my being into a flower-cup beneath the sun, may reproduce it in a second; nay, it would be easier to give me a second body than the first.

On being told in our childhood, that at midnight, when our sleep comes nigh to our soul and darkens our very dreams, the dead raise themselves out of theirs, and walk into the house of God, and there mimic the worship offered to him by the living, we are wont to shudder at death for the sake of the dead: and in our lonely walks at night we turn away our eyes from the long windows of the still church, and fear to examine the gleams upon them, whether they fall from the moon.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings, and sparkles anew in our dreams, and plays like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these flitting sparks. Leave us even our dismal and painful dreams; they are half-shadows that set off the realities of life. And what

have they to give us in the room of these dreams, which carry us up out of the roar beneath the cataract to the quiet hill of childhood, where the stream of life was still flowing onward in silence along its little grass-plot, bearing the face of heaven in its heart, on its way toward the precipice.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a church-yard. The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven, had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands: along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was nought but a grey sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer and closer and hotter. Above me, I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me, the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were warring against each other within, and vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a grey gleam leapt up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing around the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch, without any qui-

vering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more: toilsomely he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of Eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing thereto, on which the dead said they saw *Time*.

At this moment, a tall majestic form with a countenance of imperishable anguish sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried: "Christ! is there no God?"

He answered:—"There is none!"

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on:—"I have gone through the midst of the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried—'Father, where art thou?' but I heard only the everlasting tempest, which no one sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up towards the limitless world for the eye of God, the world stared at me with an empty bottomless eyesocket; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and chewing the cud of what it had devoured.—Scream on, ye discords! scatter these shades with your screaming; for He is not!"

The shades grew pale and dissolved, as white vapor that the frost has given birth to is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church

was happy  
ving  
no  
his  
chin;  
of a  
fted  
for  
and  
body,  
off.  
rch,  
on  
nor  
ne;  
ding  
they  
estic  
sh-  
igh  
ed:  
?"  
an  
re-  
m-  
one  
I  
th-  
ess  
I  
ngs  
ss,  
?"  
n-  
he  
g-  
it,  
vn  
o-  
ve  
th  
nd  
d  
ne  
m-  
s  
"  
-  
s  
h  
was  
terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said:—"Jesus! have we no father?" And he answered with tears streaming down:—"We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a father."

Here the screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were into a cavern, burrowed into the heart of eternal night, wherein the suns were running like miners' lights and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when he saw how one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves;—then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said:—"Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold eternal necessity; frantic chance! can ye, or any one of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou stridest with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-dust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is parched up as thou passest along! How desolate is every one in the vast catacomb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself.—O, Father! Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it! Alas! if every be-

ing is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?

"Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists, full of worlds, are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said:—"Alas, I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and, when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death—Father, draw forth thy son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart. Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment, your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms and radiance and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: 'Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds, and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all.' Miserable creatures, after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth, to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes, and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to him now, else thou hast lost him forever."

And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales

of the giant-snake, Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe ; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe ; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world ; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infinity into a village church ; and everything grew dense, and murky, and dismal, and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms—when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was

again able to worship God ; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east ; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father ; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

## THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

#### MORNING DRESS.

HIGH dress of crimson merino ; the body is a little fulled in at the waist and becomes plain towards the upper part of the bust ; a circular corded cape just meets in front and is sloped off towards the shoulders, where it is deep, extending to the sleeves, which are extremely full and set in double plaits, and terminated with a deep gauntlet cuff, corded, pointed opposite the back of the hand, and having a perpendicular row of buttons on the inside ; the skirt is as usual fulled in all round the waist, and is ornamented with two *biais* tucks nearly a quarter of a yard in depth, the upper tuck reaching as high as the knee ; double vandyked *ruche*, tied in front with amber gauze riband with azure satin stripes. Parisian gauze cap *à la Sultan* *d'Eldir*, with pipings of white satin, the border vandyked, very full, and broad ; it is not put on straight at the edge of the head-piece, but rises from the centre, admitting the hair in large curls on the temples ; bows of broad amber gauze riband striped with azure satin strings, unconfined and long ; canary color gloves, black shoes of *gros des Indes*.

#### DINNER DRESS.

Dress of ethereal *gros de Naples*, the *corsage à l'enfant*, set in a satin band of the same color ; the sleeves are long and full, with a stiffened gauntlet cuff of ethereal satin ; the skirt, made extremely wide and slightly plaited in at the front and sides and very full behind, is trimmed with a deep garniture of *tulle*, having at the lower edge a broad stiffened band of ethereal satin, and headed by a corded *biais* band of the same, ornamented at regular distances by triplets of the *Carniola Saxifragia* corded.

The hair is in the picturesque style of Charles the Second, the forehead being displayed and ringlets arranged on each side ; the hind hair is tied at the back, and a cluster of ringlets fall gracefully behind.

Necklace of turquoise, set in a delicate wreath of dead and burnished gold ; earrings *en suite* ; broad gold bracelets with medallion clasps placed at the upper edge of the cuff, and smaller fancy ones nearer the hand.

White kid gloves, stamped and tied at the wrist ; shoes and sandals of ethereal satin.

---

### VARIETIES.

" Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHENEVER the great Wizard of the North is known to be at work, public curiosity is excited to learn what he is about; and we are always glad when we can gratify that popular feeling. *Imprimis*, there is forthcoming a great edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in monthly volumes, which series is to commence in the ensuing summer (the *Prospectus* states June 1st). In this revised edition we are to have copious notes and introductions by the author—a rare occurrence, for we do not remember an example in literature of so voluminous a writer living to explain and illustrate his own productions. We observe from the *prospectus*, that the work is inscribed, by permission, to the King, and is to be embellished with frontispieces and vignette titles, from designs by distinguished artists. After noticing the nature of the alterations he has made and is making, Sir Walter informs us, "The general Preface to the new edition, and the introductory notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-work of these novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether or in part real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious glossary, and notes explanatory of the ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in the Romances." This, we think, must be extremely interesting, especially as we understand that the preface to *Waverley* will be, in fact, an autobiography

of the author, so far as regards these celebrated novels, and will have appended to it some of his early productions in prose, now for the first time given to the public.

TEA DRINKING.

While the late Mr. Gifford was at Ashburton, he contracted an acquaintance with a family of that place, consisting of females somewhat advanced in age. On one occasion he ventured on the perilous exploit of drinking tea with these elderly ladies. After having swallowed his usual allowance of tea, he found, in spite of his remonstrances to the contrary, that his hostess would by no means suffer him to give up, but persisted in making him drink a most incredible quantity. "At last," said Gifford in telling the story, "being really overflowed with tea, I put down my fourteenth cup, and exclaimed, with an air of resolution, 'I neither can nor will drink any more.' The hostess then seeing she had forced more down my throat than I liked, began to apologise, and added, 'but, dear Mr. Gifford, as you didn't put your spoon across your cup, I supposed your refusals were nothing but good manners.'"

LITERARY CONGRESS AT BERLIN.

For the last seven years a congress of literary and scientific persons has met annually at Berlin; but till the present year's session the circumstance has been little known, and the members have been confined almost wholly to the natives of the German states. The interest, however, excited among the literati of Europe appears to have been silently increasing; for on the 18th of last September, the day of the annual meeting, the Prussian capital presented the imposing spectacle of no fewer than four hundred and sixty-seven men of letters, from all

quarters of Europe, congregated within her walls for purposes connected with the advancement of science and literature. At the public sittings, which took place daily for a week, lectures were delivered and communications read, as in other learned societies; while the rest of the day was occupied in committees on astronomy, geography, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology, and medicine. The president was Baron Humboldt, whose discourse has been printed. The next meeting will take place at Heidelberg.

#### INNOCENT CONFESSION.

A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer."—"And does it produce that effect?"—"At least I think so, father."—The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional into the light, put on his spectacles, and having looked at her attentively, said, "Well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

#### CHINESE POETRY.

The Chinese is said to be the most musical and harmonious of all known languages. The words of which it is composed are varied not only by quantity, or the longer and shorter times in which they are pronounced, but also by the rising and falling of the voice, and by various inflections of tones, like those in European music. The poetry bears a striking analogy to the artificial character of the people. The verses are composed of five, seven, or nine syllables, and the stanzas of four, six, eight, ten, or twelve verses; and in each description of stanza, the rhymes are differently disposed in a regular stated method, from which no deviation is ever made. But the verses are not merely related to each other in their rhymes, but also in the idea and signification; thus, if one verse signify a mountain, a flower, fire, water, &c., the correspondent verse—say the third after it—must

correspond in reason as well as in rhyme. Another kind of poetry, without rhyme, consists [in the antithesis, or opposition of thoughts: if the first thought, for instance, relates to the Spring, the second shall turn upon Autumn; or if the first mention fire, the second shall express water. The more difficult and artificial the composition, the more highly it is valued. —

#### CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

A "Cabinet Cyclopædia" is announced for publication, under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner. It is to consist of a series of "Cabinets" of the several sciences, &c. and upwards of 100 volumes, to be published monthly, are already announced in the prospectus; or nine years publishing. The design is not altogether new, it being from the *Encyclopædie Méthodique*, a series of dictionaries, now publishing in Paris; and about four years since a similar work was commenced in England, but only three volumes or dictionaries of the series were published. If this be the flimsy age, the "Cabinet Cyclopædia" is certainly not one of the flimsiest of its projects; and for the credit of the age, we wish the undertaking all success.

#### SENTIMENT AND APPETITE.

We remember an amiable enthusiast, a worshiper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, who, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and having recorded his vow, walked six miles to gain a hamlet, famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce.

When a Grand Vizier is favorably deposed, that is without banishing or putting him to death, it is signified to him by a messenger from the Sultan, who goes to his table, and wipes the ink out of his golden pen; this he understands as the sign of dismissal.

found obscurity, ere I left the church, and bade farewell to my venerable guide ; but from him I did not separate, ere I had in some degree satisfied my curiosity respecting that small tablet on the ivy wall, on which I was gazing so intently when he courteously accosted me. The old man shook his head in reply to my first query and accompanying remark on the singularity of the inscription.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "that was a sad business—I am afraid some folks have much to answer for. But God only knows all hearts." And then he told me just so much of the story of that poor lady, whose fate was so affectingly recorded, as served to enhance my pleasure at hearing that I might obtain the full gratification of my curiosity, by introducing myself to the faithful old servant, who had caused the erection of that singular memorial, who still lingered in the vicinity of a spot to her so sacred, and was never so happy as when encouraged by some attentive and sympathising hearer, to talk of "days lang syne;"—of the departed glory of her master's house ; and above all, of that beloved being, whose motherless infancy she had fostered with all the doating fondness of an Irish nurse, and whose fortunes she had followed through good and through evil, even unto the death, with that devoted attachment, so characteristic of her class and country.

That very evening, the sweet hour of gloaming, witnessed the beginning of my acquaintance with Nora Carthy, and two hours later, when the uprisen moon showered down its full radiance on the jasmine-covered walls of her low white cottage, I was sitting with my new friend on the bench beside her own door, still listening with unflagging interest to her "thick-coming" recollections, and even to the fondly unconscious repetitions poured out from the fulness of long pent-up feelings.

Many were the after visits I paid to Nora's cottage, and more than once I stood beside the faithful creature on

the churchyard sod, under that small marble tablet in the ivy wall ; and I shall not easily forget the speechless intensity with which she gazed upon its affecting record, nor the after burst of bitter feeling, when pointing to the green grave beneath, she passionately exclaimed :—"And there she lies low—the flower of the world !—laid there by a broken heart!"

I would not venture to relate the somewhat uneventful, but not uninteresting story of Millicent Aboyne, exactly as I heard it from the faithful Nora, whose characteristic enthusiasm and strong prejudices, combined with her devoted affection for the deceased lady, made it almost impossible that she should afford a fair statement of the painful circumstances, which, in her firm opinion, had consigned the unfortunate Miss Aboyne to an untimely grave. But I had opportunities of comparing poor Nora's relation with information derived from less questionable sources, and so gathered together, with impartial selection, the details which I shall now attempt to arrange, in memory of my visit to Sea Vale Churchyard.

The father of Millicent Aboyne was a descendant of one of the most ancient Milesian families, whose genealogy, had I listened to Nora, I might have given in uninterrupted succession from Brian Borou. But if the royal blood had flowed uncontaminated from generation to generation into the veins of late posterity, a very inconsiderable portion of the royal treasure had been transmitted along with it, and Colonel Aboyne, the last lineal descendant, had still to carve out his fortune with his sword, when the French Revolution dissolved the Irish brigade in the service of France, as an officer of which corps, and a most accomplished gentleman, he had already been flattingly distinguished at the Court of the Tuilleries. To Ireland, where the young soldier still possessed a few acres of bog, and the shell of an old tower—the wreck of bygone prosperity—he betook himself on the first overthrow of his Gallic fortunes, with the

intention of resuming his military career, as soon as circumstances should permit, in the English service. But a chain of causes, which I shall not take upon me to detail, combined to procrastinate the execution of this purpose, and, at length, so fatally influenced the enthusiastic and high-spirited character of the young soldier, that, without having calculated the consequences of his unguarded zeal in what he considered the cause of the oppressed—far less having contemplated actual rebellion—he found himself deeply involved in the schemes of desperate men, and, finally, sharing with them the penalties of imprisonment, and probably approaching condemnation. The horrors of his fate were bitterly aggravated by anxiety for a beloved wife, to whom he had been lately united—whose very existence seemed bound up with his own—for he had married her a destitute and friendless English orphan—a stranger in a strange land—affectionately cast upon his compassionate protection, in her hour of extreme necessity. For her sake, life was precious to him on any terms not incompatible with a soldier's honor; and he ventured on a plan of escape so hazardous, that none but desperate circumstances could have made it other than an act of madness.—It fatally miscarried—for in the act of lowering himself from a wall of immense height, the frail cord to which he trusted failed him, and he was precipitated to the ground—re-taken—and re-conveyed to his dungeon with a fractured arm and thigh, and such other material injuries, as made it more than doubtful whether his life would be prolonged to pay the probably impending forfeiture. He was, however, spared by divine mercy, and by judicial lenity. Colonel Aboyne was proved to have been almost unwittingly involved in the guilt of great offenders, from whom Justice having exacted the dread penalty, was content to relax from her rigorous demands, in favor of the comparatively innocent; and the almost hopeless prisoner was re-

stored to liberty, and to his young, devoted wife, too blest to receive him back, as it were from the confines of the grave, though he returned to her, and to their ruinous home—the wreck—the shadow of his former self, with a frame and constitution irreparably injured by the fatal consequences of his late enterprise. The heavy charges of his trial had compelled him to mortgage his small patrimony, on which (thus burdened) it became impossible for him to maintain even his moderate establishment. Ireland was become distasteful to him, and the languishing health of Mrs. Aboyne requiring a milder climate than that of their northern residence, he lent a not unwilling ear to her timidly expressed longing, once more to breathe the balmy air of her native Devonshire; and disposing (not without a pang) of Castle Aboyne, and every rood of his diminished heritage, with the small sum thus realized he departed for England; and with his gentle wife, and two faithful servants—Nora Cartha and her husband—was shortly established in a small dwelling at Sidmouth.

More than one season of pensive tranquillity, rather than of positive happiness, was permitted them, in that beautiful retreat—but the fatal blow had been long struck to the heart of Mrs. Aboyne, and her life—though sinking by almost imperceptible degrees, was not to be prolonged beyond the sixth summer of their residence in England. During that interval she had given birth to two children. One only—a little girl, in her fifth year, survived her mother, to be the comfort of her afflicted father, and, as she grew up, the support and blessing of his infirm and solitary state. The faithful Nora had lost her only child about the time of the young Millicent's birth, and she had taken the latter to her bosom, with all the tenderness of a mother, Mrs. Aboyne being unable to nurse her own infant.

Nora was widowed also, before her mistress's death, so that her whole

stock of warm affections centred in her orphan nursling, and in the master, whose fortunes she had followed through good and through evil.

The residence of Sidmouth becoming distasteful to Colonel Aboyne, after the death of his beloved companion, he removed, with his little family, to a more secluded spot on the same western coast, the obscure village of Sea Vale, where motives of economy, as well as choice, induced him finally to fix his permanent abode.

Uneventful, but not unblessed, flowed on the existence of the inmates of Sea Vale Cottage, till the young Millicent was grown up into womanhood, in the opinion of her doting father as fair and perfect a creature as was ever formed in the imperfection of mortal nature, and in that of Nora Carthy something still more faultless—an earthly angel!—the object of her idol worship, though the warm-hearted Irishwoman, having been brought up by her mistress, Colonel Aboyne's mother, in the Protestant communion, professed to abjure all Popish abominations. It should have been mentioned earlier in this little narrative, that the parents of Colonel Aboyne were of a divided faith, and that he himself—though educated in his father's tenets—those of the Roman Catholic Church—had received from his mother's early example, and restricted influence, such a bias in favor of the Reformed religion, as in after time, when he became the inhabitant of a Protestant country, the husband of a wife of that persuasion, matured into sincere belief in that faith which had been *her* support in the hour of death, and amid the pangs of separation, the mutual pledge of future reunion. It is almost needless to add, that the little Millicent was brought up in the belief which had become that of both her parents; but the circumstances of Colonel Aboyne had precluded all possibility of giving her any other advantages of education, beyond those in his own power to impart. Happily his capabilities of tuition ex-

tended to the conferring of every thing really valuable, and even beyond those attainments, to many of the ornamental acquirements, which, like the capital of a Corinthian pillar, so gracefully surmount the more solid substructure.

The mind of Millicent Aboyne was, therefore, not only stored with sacred knowledge and useful information, but she could read Italian and French with perfect facility,—drew landscapes and flowers with more taste and truth than is ever evinced by half the spoilt children of fortune, on whom vast sums have been lavished, to entitle them to daub hot-pressed card-board with likenesses of things that never existed in “heaven above or in the earth beneath;” and even acquired so much skill in instrumental music, (to accompany a naturally sweet and flexible voice,) as could be taught by her father's crippled hand on an old Spanish guitar, the chords of which he had touched in his youth with such perfect execution, as, in unison with vocal powers of uncommon richness, had won for the gay and handsome soldier many a sweet smile and admiring glance from the circle of court beauties, of which Marie Antoinette was the eclipsing cynosure. Many an ear which shrinks fatigued and unedified from astounding *bravuras*, and scientific *hors d'œuvres*, running matches against time with scampering accompaniments on grand pianos, might have drank in delightedly the sweet and perfect melody of two blended voices, harmonising with now and then a harp-like chord, which often sounded at nightfall from within the small low parlor of Sea Vale Cottage, or from the honey-suckle arbor in its little garden, when the warm summer evenings drew thither the father and his child, with the tea-table, and Millicent's work-basket, the Colonel's old guitar, and his still treasured “*cahier de romances nouvelles imprimées à Paris l'an mil-sept cents quatrevingt douze.*” But though this venerable *récueil* was prized by Colonel Aboyne as a relic of the pleasurable days of

youthful vanity—when hope was high, and “the world all before him where to choose”—and though visions of “long-faded glories” passed before his eyes, as they dwelt on the familiar music, and he hummed unconsciously the old favorite airs, he took far deeper delight in teaching Millie the songs of his own native land, and in mingling his voice with hers, in those wild and thrilling harmonies. In one of those—the touching Gramachree—the united strains were sweetly swelling, when late in the twilight of a summer evening a solitary stranger strolled down the shady green lane which bounded Colonel Aboyne’s garden, and passed close behind the honey-suckle arbor. It was not in nature—not in that stranger’s nature—to pass onward unheeded of those melodious sounds, which poured forth so unexpectedly, as it were in his very path; and there he lingered—(for strain succeeded strain)—till the bright moon climbed high in heaven, and the unseen harmonists, desisting from their vocal labors, began to converse with each other in such sweet tones of affectionate familiarity, as would have riveted the listener’s attention even more forcibly than the preceding music, had he not started away from even a momentary indulgence of dishonorable curiosity. His forbearance was not unaccompanied, however, by views of ultimate compensation; and no later than the following morning, the Village Doctor, a worthy and sensible man, ever a welcome visitant at Sea Vale Cottage, was accompanied, in his early visit to its inmates, by a stranger of prepossessing appearance, whom he introduced to Colonel and Miss Aboyne as the Rev. Mr. Vernon, the new curate of Sea Vale.

Horace Vernon was one of many children, the orphans of a deceased clergyman; and his widowed mother had strained her overburdened means to the very uttermost, to continue him at the University for two years after his father’s sudden and untimely death.

Beyond that important period she was powerless to assist him; and when he was so fortunate as to obtain the desirable curacy of Sea Vale on entering into holy orders, her maternal anxieties, so far relieved on his account, were naturally engrossed by the more pressing claims of her younger children. Horace was well content with his allotted station. From his earliest recollection, accustomed to retirement, and to the strict though respectable frugality of his father’s household, and subjected, during the greater part of his college life, to the innumerable privations and mortifications inseparable from the station of a poor scholar among the wealthy and the prodigal, he had acquired no habits or ideas inimical to the life of obscure usefulness apparently designed for him. There had never been any rational prospect of his obtaining church preferment, unless he should fag his way up the clerical ladder, by college tutorship, or private connexions otherwise formed at the University; and this course he might have pursued successfully, had his father lived to continue him at college, and to excite him to the necessary exertions. But his was not an energetic character. It was amiable, affectionate, and feeling—endowed with no inconsiderable share of talent, much refined and elegant taste, and a sincere desire of acting up to every moral and religious principle. Add to this a very handsome person and engaging address, a little leaven of vanity, and a too great liability to be influenced, even against his better judgment, by the graceful and showy, in opposition to more solid but less attractive qualities, and the sketch of Horace Vernon’s character will be faithful as a mere outline. This little history affords no scope for Flemish painting.

So constituted and endowed, the young curate settled himself very contentedly at Sea Vale, and was not long in making a most favorable impression on all classes throughout the parish. He was unaffectedly earnest and sincere in his pulpit duties, and

not less anxious to fulfil all others annexed to his pastoral charge. And he did fulfil them very respectably, and so as to give almost general satisfaction ; though it must be confessed, not without occasionally yielding, and often doing violence, to certain feelings of morbid refinement, which revolted with sickening disgust from many of those scenes of human misery which must come under the eye of the zealous minister, and from which the faithful follower of Him who "went about doing good," will not shrink back with fastidious weakness.

Exactly twelve months from that sweet summer evening when Horace Vernon was arrested, in his first stroll round the village, thenceforth to be his home, by the plaintive air of "Gramachree," breathed in vocal union from behind the high holly-hedge which separated him from Colonel Aboyne's garden ;—exactly a twelve-month from that well-remembered evening, the young curate was seated in the arbor *within* that holly-hedge, and his voice, in lieu of her father's, was mingling with that of Millicent Aboyne in the same touching harmony, while her hand lightly swept the chords of the old guitar ; and Colonel Aboyne, reclining comfortably in his large arm-chair, the "cahier de romances nouvelles" lying on his cushioned footstool, gazed with tender complacency on the twain, thenceforth to be inseparably united in his affections,—for his Millicent was the affianced wife of Horace Vernon.

Such had been the very natural, the almost inevitable, result of an acquaintance and intimacy formed between two amiable and attractive young persons, brought perpetually together under such circumstances as characterised the intercourse of Horace Vernon and Millicent Aboyne. Had they become acquainted in the concourse of the world, or even been thrown together in a circle rather more diversified than that small group which constituted their world at Sea Vale, it is possible, nay, even probable, that neither would have conceived for the

other a warmer sentiment than kindness and friendly interest, for in many points they differed essentially ; and Millicent, more than two years older than Vernon, gentle and serious almost to pensiveness, elegant and pleasing in person, rather than strikingly beautiful, and characterised by peculiar diffidence and simplicity of manner, would hardly have been distinguished among the more youthful, the more brilliant, the more showily accomplished, by one so peculiarly liable as was Horace Vernon to be captivated by those graces which excite most general admiration.

But he had never mixed in general society ;—had never, in the small circle of his connexions and acquaintance, seen anything half so fair, so elegant and attractive, as the sweet Millicent. The high-bred manners of Colonel Aboyne were also delightful to his really refined taste ; and the kind hospitality with which he was ever welcomed at Sea Vale Cottage, won on his best affections, while the tastes and pursuits of its inmates awakened his warmest sympathies. No wonder that, under such circumstances, Horace should attach himself devotedly to Miss Aboyne, nor that she, whose intercourse with the world had been even more limited than her lover's, should return his affection with the warmth and truth of a first and perfect tenderness, without questioning with herself whether the amiable and engaging qualities which had won her unpractised heart, were built upon that stable groundwork which formed the basis of her own gentle and diffident character. Essentially requisite it was to the present peace and future happiness of Horace and Millicent, that the virtues of patience and stability should be among their leading characteristics,—for prudence, or rather necessity, deferred to a distant period their hope of being united.

It was not indeed till the twelfth month of their acquaintance that Vernon had ventured to declare to Colonel Aboyne his attachment to his daughter, and to ask his parental sanction to

their future union. To this step he had been emboldened by the promise of a small living from an old friend and college pupil of his deceased father; and the present incumbent being far advanced in years, there was a rational prospect of Vernon's becoming, at no remote period, master of such a moderate competence as might enable him to marry, without subjecting the object of his affections to the miseries of genteel poverty.

Colonel Aboyne, who had become warmly attached to Horace, was well content to accept his proposals for that darling daughter, the thought of whose friendless and well nigh destitute condition, in the event of her becoming an orphan, not only banished sleep too often from his pillow, but wrapt him in many a fit of deep and sad abstraction, while listening—apparently listening—to the sweet music of her silvery voice, or sitting with her at the social board, where she “gaily prest and smiled,” unconscious of the feelings she inspired. His consent was therefore cordially and joyfully yielded; and to Horace and Millicent, the state of sanctioned and untroubled happiness which succeeded their betrothment, seemed for a time so near the perfection of earthly felicity, that even he (the more impassioned, but not more devoted, of the twain) contemplated, with tolerable equanimity, the possible intervention of two or three years—(a very reasonable allowance of life to the old incumbent)—between his present condition of probationary bliss, and the union which was to render it complete. Almost domesticated with Colonel Aboyne and his daughter, to the former he looked up with filial affection and respect; and his more tender and intimate association with Millicent's finely-constituted mind insensibly led to the happiest results in his own character, which gradually settled into a steadiness of pursuit and principle well befitting his sacred profession, and holding out the fairest promise of wedded happiness to his affianced wife, who already went hand in hand with her

destined partner in all the sweet and holy charities constituting so essential a portion of pastoral duty. Never, perhaps, (allowing for the alloy which must temper all earthly happiness,) were assembled happier persons than the three sitting together, as lately described, under the honeysuckle arbor in Colonel Aboyne's garden, in the warm twilight of that sweet summer evening. Horace and Millicent had returned from a long ramble and many benevolent visits among the more distant cottagers of their extensive parish.

They had felt that “when the eye saw, it blessed them;” and the tender and serious heart of Millicent, in particular, overflowed with that blissful conviction, and with the delightful assurance, that her *heavenly*, as well as her *earthly* parent, did indeed sanction her intended union, and that her lot, and that of her chosen partner, cast as it was in the quiet vale of sweet retirement and safe mediocrity, where, nevertheless, opportunities of doing good would be abundantly afforded, was one so peculiarly favored, that while she thought thereon tears swelled into her dove-like eyes, and she faltered out something of her feelings—(for what tongue could speak them fluently!?)—to him on whose arm she leant in tender and perfect confidence. So time passed on with the betrothed lovers, accompanied in its progress by all of pleasantness and enjoyment that could compensate for protracted expectation. And on, and on it passed—still pleasantly—still happily on the whole, but to a length of probation so little anticipated by Vernon—so unchangeable as to any immediate prospect of termination, that something of the sickness of hope deferred began to steal into his heart, and now and then betrayed itself, even to Millicent, by a fretful tone or word, or a look of languor and sullenness, even in the midst of occupations and interests which to *her* had lost nothing of their soothing and salutary influence.

A year—two—three—four years—(in truth, an awful amount in the sum

of human life !) passed on, at first swiftly and happily, then with more tedious pace, and at last heavily, and sometimes sadly, at Sea Vale Cottage. Still existing circumstances were precisely the same with all parties, as when, four summers back, they felt themselves the happiest and most contented of human beings. But as years crept on with Colonel Aboyne, his anxiety to see his child securely established became naturally greater, and he could not but occasionally observe and lament, that though Vernon's attachment to Millicent suffered no apparent diminution, feelings of despondency and irritability were growing fast upon his character, where they might acquire a fatal influence, not to be counteracted hereafter by the tardy operation of happier circumstances. And Millicent ! she was too well aware, even more so than her father, of the morbid change which was effecting in her lover's mind, composed as it was by nature of gay and happy elements. Poor Millicent !—how many thorns had already sprung up in that peaceful path, which but so lately she had accounted peculiarly favored ! Vernon's affection for her, though less ardently demonstrated than when they first exchanged their plighted troth, she verily believed to be entire and sincere as in those halcyon days ; and her feelings towards him had but matured into deeper and more holy tenderness—entire and self-devoting, such as only woman's heart can cherish—not blind to the imperfections of the beloved object, though sweetly extenuating and excusing them, with unconscious ingenuity. Miss Aboyne could not but observe, also, that the broad open brow of her dear father was more frequently contracted with deep and open lines than she had ever yet seen imprinted there—and she fancied too—(it might be only fancy)—that there was a perceptible change in his whole person and deportment, as if Time were hurrying him on with more hasty strides than the imperceptibly downward pace of natural decline.

Millicent's tender apprehensions were not wholly groundless ; Colonel Aboyne's constitution, impaired by former severe suffering, had of late felt the pernicious influence of increased mental disquietude, and again, the physical ailment, reacting on the moral, brought on a train of those nervous miseries, scarcely to be repelled by any effort of reason and self-control, even when perfectly imaginary ; and unhappily there was too much reason for Colonel Aboyne's uneasiness. He persuaded himself the hour was fast approaching which would make his daughter not only a friendless, but almost a destitute orphan, her sole inheritance comprising the small cottage they inhabited, and a sum of money scarce amounting to hundreds, though the accumulated whole of his small annual savings, religiously hoarded, with whatever sacrifice of his own comforts, since the hour of his darling's birth. The circumstances of her engagement to Horace Vernon were such as would also render her situation one of greater difficulty, if the period was still to be deferred when she might be taken from a father's to a husband's home ; and while revolving all these perplexities in his sleepless and solitary hours, Colonel Aboyne was almost inclined to yield to the frequently impatient proposals of Horace for his immediate union with Millicent ; and thus, leaving fearlessly to Providence all care for the future, they might form for the present one humble and contented family, under the peaceful roof of Sea Vale Cottage. But Colonel Aboyne was too well aware of the distresses which might tread close on such a measure to sanction it, except as one of imperious necessity ; and at length, after long and harassing reflection, he determined on the execution of a project, to which nothing less than overpowering anxiety for his beloved child could have reconciled his high spirit and fastidious feelings. It was no less an enterprise (great indeed to the long-secluded valetudinarian) than to revisit the land of his birth—the home of his fore-

fathers, in the forlorn hope of recovering from a distant kinsman the amount of a pecuniary loan, lent, in the generous confidence of unsuspecting youth, without further security than the word of a friend, which sacred pledge had not however been redeemed, on Colonel Aboyne's written application, on his first establishment in England, and, high-spirited as he was, no personal consideration could have compelled a second remonstrance. But for his child!—his child!—what sacrifice would he not make! what difficulties would he not encounter! His resolve was made, declared, and speedily acted upon, in spite of the tender dissuasions of Millicent, and the frantic opposition of Vernon. New vigor seemed granted to him for the prosecution of his arduous undertaking; and cheerfully reassuring his anxious and drooping child, he firmly negatived her tender petition to accompany him to Ireland, on the reasonable grounds that it would not only increase their embarrassments if he failed in the object of his expedition, but at all events protract his absence from Sea Vale.

The day was fixed for Colonel Aboyne's departure, and the preceding evening was the saddest ever spent together by the father and daughter in that dear cottage, which had been so long the scene of their domestic happiness. Autumn was somewhat advanced, but the glorious light of a cloudless harvest-moon shone full into the little parlor casement, near which sat together the parent and the child—side by side—her head within her father's, and they were both silent. Only, when Colonel Aboyne fondly kissed the pale soft cheek which rested on his shoulder, and the full closed eyelids, with their long lashes trembling into tears in the moonbeam, poor Millicent turned her face inward on her father's bosom, and the suppressed grief half-vented itself in deep short sobs.

"Be of good comfort, dearest!" said her father, mastering his own emotion—"Cheer up, my Milly! Remember

I am going to leave you but for a short—a very short time. You and I have spoiled each other, Milly! We have been too much together; I should have sent my darling sometimes away from me, to have accustomed her to live without her old father—and there is one, Milly! who, if I were gone"—but poor Milly's thick-coming sobs told him those were not words of comfort—and after a minute's silence, to calm the tremor in his own voice, he resumed in freer accents. "Look up, Milly! at that bright full moon—before it is dwindled to a silver thread you may hear that I am on my way home again, and—look up, Milly! and see how gloriously it shines upon us—we will for once believe in omens, and take its bright promise for"—Millicent looked up just as her father stopt so abruptly—a huge black bar was drawn across the star of promise, and in a few seconds, while father and daughter were still gazing earnestly upwards, the beautiful luminary was totally eclipsed.

The next morning found Millicent and her faithful Nora sole inhabitants of Sea Vale Cottage. Vernon had accompanied Colonel Aboyne to the place of embarkation—an opportunity of confidential intercourse with his future son-in-law gladly embraced by the anxious traveller. To Vernon he spoke unreservedly of his own internal conviction, that in spite of that present renovation, which he gratefully acknowledged as providentially granted for the prosecution of his immediate purpose, the termination of his earthly sojourn was at no great distance. He spoke of her, who would then be a destitute orphan, and he accepted, as solemnly as it was offered, Horace Vernon's voluntary promise, in case of an unfavorable issue to his present undertaking, and of life not being spared him to return to Sea Vale, then to take to himself his affianced wife so soon as he could win her consent to accompany him to the altar,—and taking up his abode with her under that lowly roof, which would be well nigh all the poor Millicent's portion,

resolve for her sake cheerfully to contend with present—even protracted difficulties, and so await (patiently trusting in Providence) those better days they were reasonably encouraged to look forward to. It was also settled between the friends, that with Millicent's consent the same arrangement should take place soon after Colonel Aboyne's return from Ireland, were that return permitted, though unblessed by a favorable result to the business which impelled him thither.

So having spoken, and confided to each other their mutual wishes and anxieties, the old man and the young one—the almost father and son, parted at the place of embarkation, with a fervent blessing and a short farewell—and from Colonel Aboyne, as he stepped into the boat, a look to Vernon, and an emphatic pressure of the hand, which, more touchingly than language, commended the absent Millicent to her lover's protection.

If soberizing time, and protracted expectation, had abated somewhat of Vernon's first enthusiastic passion, his feelings for Millicent were still those of sincere and tender interest; and with all the affecting circumstances of his late parting with her father fresh in his recollection, it was with a revival of even more than former tenderness that he met her on his return, at the little garden gate before the cottage, of which she was now the sole, sad occupant. Deep and fervent was at that moment his unuttered vow to be indeed friend, father, protector, husband—everything to the dear and gentle being who might so soon be dependent on him for her all of earthly comfort. Few words passed between them at their first greeting. Vernon hastened to answer Millicent's inquiring look with an assurance, that all was well with her dear father when they parted at the place of embarkation; and then they entered the cottage together, and seated themselves in the small bay window, neither however occupying the large arm-chair, which stood with its cushioned footstool in the accustomed place. Both looked

towards it; and Vernon perceiving the direction of Millicent's tearful glance, and well comprehending the subject of her fond solicitude, exerted himself to comfort and reassure her, till by degrees he lured her into the indulgence of more cheerful thoughts and happier expectations. But as he looked earnestly in her mild fair face, he was struck with the increased transparency of a complexion, always peculiarly delicate, but now beautiful with an almost fearful beauty; for the naturally pale, though clear and healthful cheek, now bloomed with a spot of the brightest carnation, and quickly glancing at the hand he held within his own, he almost started at observing its sickly hue and evident attenuation.

"Are you well, Milly?" he asked abruptly; "quite well, dearest Millicent? This little hand tells a feverish tale,—and those cheeks!—fie! fie! Milly! You have been a self-torturer of late." And he was but half satisfied with her assurance that she was not ill—had nothing to complain of, only a little occasional languor—and now that he had brought her such consoling tidings of her dear father's progress, she would rouse herself to hope and cheerfulness, and the resumption of all their favorite pursuits and occupations. When Nora opened the cottage gate to let out Vernon that evening, he lingered a moment to speak a kind word or two to the faithful old servant, and then, suddenly reverting to his late startling observations, he said, "Millicent has been worrying herself to death, Nora, with anxiety about her father. We must take better care of her and prevent this, or she will fret herself into a fever; I was quite struck this evening with her altered looks." "And was you indeed!—and time you should, maybe," answered Nora, in her driest and least cordial tone,—for she had long discerned a change in her darling's health and spirits, which had escaped even the parental eye and all the shrewd quickness of doting affection; she had not failed to remark, that though the allied lovers were together as

much as formerly, and though they met and parted, to all appearance, as affectionately as ever, their separation was too often followed by a cloud on Millicent's brow, which had not been used to hang there during such brief absences, and more than once Nora had surprised her weeping in her own little chamber, after her return from a walk with Vernon. It was therefore, that she replied to his questions with almost reproachful coldness; but her slight and vague displeasure was soon appeased by the unaffected warmth with which he now poured forth the apprehensions she had succeeded in rousing so effectually; and he slept not that night for thinking of Millicent's burning hand and crimsoned cheek, and for wishing it were day that he might revisit the cottage, and urge her to see their good friend the village apothecary, and consult him respecting those symptoms of feverish debility, which he was now persuaded had been long hanging about her, though his own perceptions of the evil had been so tardily awakened. Full of these anxious thoughts and intentions, he presented himself at Millicent's breakfast-table just as she had descended from her own chamber; but felt almost immediately reassured by a first glance at the now natural hue of her fair complexion—the calm smile with which she greeted his appearance—and the soft coolness of the hand extended to meet his with affectionate welcome. His previous anxiety, and his earnest wish that she should consult Mr. —— were not left unmentioned, however, but, by the time breakfast was over, Millicent had so well succeeded in talking and smiling him out of his fears, that, when Nora came in to remove the tea equipage, he could not forbear casting towards her one glance of almost reproachful exultation, which, however, obtained no other return than a look of discouraging seriousness.

But after a little time, even Nora's fond apprehensiveness began to yield to the comforting evidences of her darling's daily renovation. Long, and

frequent, and satisfactory letters arrived from Ireland,—satisfactory at least as to the point she had most at heart, the welfare of her beloved father. Colonel Aboyne gave her the most positive assurances, that he had received unexpected and extraordinary benefit, from the stimulating effects of his voyage and journey, and the influence of his native air; and in his first letter he expressed sanguine hope of a favorable result to the business he was engaged in. Succeeding accounts, however, became on that head more discouraging. Colonel Aboyne's flattering expectations were soon overclouded—at last totally relinquished, but still he wrote cheerfully, consolingly; spoke of himself as returning as poor a man, indeed, as when he left his Milly and their dear cottage, but a renewed one in health and vigor, and again looking forward with tranquil hope, not only to the union of his children, (for so he called both Horace and Millicent,) but, with God's blessing, to see them assured of that moderate competence, which had already been withheld so far beyond the term of human calculation. And then Vernon breathed into Millicent's ear the arrangements which had been entered into by her father and himself, respecting their almost immediate union on Colonel Aboyne's return from Ireland, whatever might be the result of his visit to that country; and Millicent, though she listened with surprise and agitation, did not refuse to ratify a compact so tenderly and sacredly hallowed.

Colonel Aboyne's last brief letter was merely to mention the day of his embarkation, and that on which, to an *almost certainty*, he might be expected at Sea Vale; "and even now," he wrote—"while I trace these few last lines, methinks I see our own dear cottage, my Milly looking anxiously out for me from the garden gate, and Horace advancing down the green lane, in readiness to receive the old cripple, and help him carefully down the ladder-steps of the stupendous High-flyer. Be there both of you,

my children, that we may together re-enter that peaceful abode, soon, I hope, to shelter us *all* beneath its roof, one united and contented family of love."

But God had appointed otherwise. On the evening of that day which should have restored the father and the friend to his expecting dear ones, there was a sound of weeping and lamentation, of "woman's wail," within the darkened parlor of Sea Vale Cottage, where three persons were as-

sembled together, (all distinction of rank forgotten in the common sorrow,) to mingle their tears for the long absent—the fondly expected—who was never more to re-enter his earthly habitation—whose "place was to know him no more."

The packet on board which Colonel Aboyne had taken his passage had gone to pieces in the midst of the Channel; and of the few who were saved, he was not. Millicent was an orphan.

---

### THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

---

"*Implora pace.*"

---

One draught, kind Fairy! from that fountain deep,  
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,  
And lone affections which are griefs, to steep  
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;  
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—

One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid  
Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts divine  
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made  
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine:  
—Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear

A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface  
All the vain lore by Memory's pride amassed,  
So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,  
And fill the hollow channels of the past!  
And from the bosom's inmost-folded leaf

Raze the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more!—All, all thy soul hath known,  
Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!  
—Is there no voice whose kind, awakening tone  
A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?  
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?  
—Think—wouldst thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there *are*,  
Voices whose music I have loved too well;  
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far,  
Never, oh! never in my home to dwell!  
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—  
Fill high the oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again!—with Memory wilt thou cast  
The undying Hope away, of Memory born?  
—Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,  
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?  
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight,  
That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!—yet stay—  
—'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land,  
Where smiles long lost, again shall light our way,  
And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright band.

—Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,  
I must remember still !

For *their* sake, for the dead—whose image nought  
May dim within the temple of my breast,  
For *their* love's sake, which now no earthly thought  
May shake or trouble with its own unrest,  
Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet  
I ask not to forget !

---

### THE CHOICE OF A RESIDENCE.

THE caution often inculcated, and occasionally practised, with respect to the choice of a wife or a profession, might with equal prudence be exercised in the selection of a residence. There are not many of us, indeed, to whom much deliberation on the subject is permitted ; one is tied down by the fetters of business, another by the more agreeable bands of hereditary property ; prudential or family reasons decide the *habitat* of a third ; and the few who might enjoy the privilege of free selection, “to whom the world is all before them, where to choose their place of rest,” are too often swayed by whim, accident, or habit, and forfeit, by injudicious decision, half the happiness and self-complacency they might have enjoyed.

London is a desirable residence for many and various descriptions of persons. A country life, however, appears to be the general taste ; and for one “Fuscus,” who owns himself a lover of cities, we may reckon ten vehement “lovers of the country,” who mourn over the necessity, real or imaginary, which makes London their home, and grieve that it is their fixed determination to seek wealth, luxury and pleasure, far from the cheap and calm delights of nature and retirement. But some there are who are really bound by duty to a residence in town while their taste and judgment would lead them to rural scenes and pleasures, and who, as they hurry through the crowded noisy streets to their daily routine of business, when reminded by their almanacs and the dust, that it is spring, yearn for its bursting buds, its flowers and verdure, with an intensity of longing which sheds for a

time a feeling of uneasiness and discontent over the best-disciplined minds, and makes them derive but trifling consolation from the sentiment —“What matter where, if I be still the same ?” Yet even here that compensating principle which so wonderfully pervades the whole system of physical and moral nature, and so often levels the apparently immense disparities of life, comes to our relief ; for where shall we find words to express with sufficient energy the rapture which the country bestows on these exiles, when permitted to return for a time to its beauties and delights ! Matthisson has some sweet lines on “escaping from town to country,” but although poetry may give force and grace to the expression of his sentiments, they have suggested themselves to thousands, with a strength and fervor incomunicable to words, though arranged at the bidding of taste and genius like his.

“Here, Freedom, is thy maternal home,  
Here thine abode,  
Here dwells Content, here peace of mind  
Breathes on the soul !

“Here an unceasing dew of joy distils  
O'er grove and field ;  
Oh Nature, Nature ! while I live, no power  
Parts us again.”

There are no pleasures, indeed, which retain their freshness like those resulting from the admiration of Nature ; and he who has a real taste for its beauties will scarcely allow that his enjoyment of them is diminished by the most uninterrupted and familiar intimacy. Still, who that is permitted by a kind fate to open his eyes daily on the same waving fields, rich woods, and bright meadows, can ima-

gine the rapture they excite in his breast who, just escaped into the country, eagerly throws open his window the morning after his arrival, and beholds, instead of a smoky atmosphere, close streets, and brick walls, the fair face of Nature for which he has so long been pining, which his dreams and his imagination have for months been decking with every charm, and which now seems to exceed in loveliness all that his visions have portrayed or his fancy invented ? The calm pleasures of years seem concentrated in that hour of ecstacy ; he feels that a long exile is scarcely too dear a price for the transports of return, and consents almost willingly to purchase by renewed absence the right to a renewal of such keen and vivid enjoyment. The love and longing for a country life is often, indeed, counterbalanced by the contending charms of that cultivated and informed society, those literary pleasures and assistances, which, perhaps, only a metropolis can supply. The ancient, who praises so warmly the undisturbed studies, peaceful slumbers, and simple gratifications of the country, repaireth thither for short intervals only from the luxury of Rome, the splendor of the court of Augustus, and the brilliant converse of the literary society which adorned it. It is not only "sad to see a noble landscape without being able to say to some one — 'What a beautiful prospect !'" but it is melancholy to say so to one who has no feeling for its beauties ; it is melancholy to feel that we have ideas and sentiments worth communicating, but that those about us would understand them little better than High Dutch if communicated. Ah ! could we transport into some remote and beautiful glen all those we love, and a few of those we admire, perch the British Museum on an adjacent hill, and persuade our favorite literary and scientific societies to hold their meetings in a neighboring valley, mingle the charms of human eloquence with the harmonies of groves, and enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul"

at the same time with wild strawberries and waterfalls, then, indeed, none but the busy, the frivolous, or the worthless, would wish to reside in London, and the exaltation of fancy and exhilaration of mind, produced by fine views and free breezes, might be obtained without any sacrifice worthy of the name.

There is a sort of half-way between town and the country, which some assert combines the advantages, others the defects, of each ; and this is a country-town. Here, indeed, a little money, a little learning, and a little fashion, will go ten times as far as they will in London. Here, a man who takes in the Quarterly or Edinburgh, is a literary character ; the lady who has one head-dress in the year from a Bond-street milliner, becomes the oracle of fashion, "the observed of all observers ;" here dinners are talked of as excellent, at which neither French dishes nor French wines were given, and a little raspberry ice would confer wide celebrity on an evening party, and excite much animadversion and surprise. Here, notwithstanding a pretty strong line of demarcation between the different sets of society, every one appears to know every body ; the countenances and names of each are familiar ; we want no slave, who calls out the names ; but are ready with a proper supply of condescending nods, friendly greetings, and kind inquiries, to dispense to each passenger according to his claims. Indeed, in calculating the length of time requisite for arriving at a certain point, the inhabitant of a country-town should make due allowance for the necessary gossip which must take place on the road, and for the frequent interchange of bulletins of health, which is sure to occur ; and after a residence of any length in these sociable places, a sensation of solitude and desertion is felt in those crowded streets of our metropolis, where the full tide of population may roll past us for hours without bringing with it a single glance of recognition or kindness. Here round games and

Casino still find refuge and support amidst a steady band of faithful partisans ; here old maids escape ridicule from being numerous, and old bachelors acquire importance from being scarce. It is, indeed, to this latter description of persons that I would especially recommend a residence in a country-town ; and, as Dr. Johnson said, that "wherever he might dine, he would wish to breakfast in Scotland :" so, wherever I may pass my youth, let my days of old bachelorship, if to such I am doomed, be spent in a country-town. There the genteel male population forsake their birth-place at an early age ; and since war no longer exists to supply their place with the irresistible military, the importance of a single man, however small his attractions, however advanced his age, is considerable ; while a tolerably agreeable bachelor under sixty is the object of universal attention, the cynosure of every lady's eye. In the cathedral city where I visited a friend some years since, there were forty-five single women, from sixteen to fifty, and only three marriageable men. Let any one imagine the delight of receiving the most flattering attentions from fifteen women at once, some of them extremely pretty and agreeable ; or, I should rather say, from forty-five, since the three bachelors, politically avoiding all appearance of preference, were courted equally by nearly the whole phalanx of the sisterhood. One of the enviable men, being only just of age, was indeed too young to excite hopes in the more elderly ladies, but another more fortunate, if he knew his happiness, ("sua si bona norit,") was exposed to the attacks, more or less open, of every unmarried woman. Alas ! he was insensible to his privileges ; a steady man of fifty-five, a dignitary of the church, devoted to study, and shy in his habits, he seemed to shrink from the kind attentions he received, and to wish for a less favored, a less glorious state of existence. His desires seem-

ed limited to reading the Fathers, writing sermons, and doing his duty as a divine ; and he appeared of opinion that no helpmate was required to fulfil them. But still the indefatigable phalanx of forty-five, with three or four widows as auxiliaries, continued their attacks, and his age, as I before observed, was fatally encouraging to the hopes of each. The youngest looked in their glasses and remembered the power of youth and beauty ; the middle-aged calculated on the good sense and propriety of character of their object, and were "sure he would never marry a girl ;" and the most elderly exaggerated his gravity, thought of his shovel hat, and seemed to suppose that every woman under fifty must be too giddy for its wearer. Meanwhile, what a life he led !—his opinions law ; his wishes gospel ; the cathedral crowded when he preached ; churches attended ; schools visited ; waltzing calumniated ; novels concealed ; shoulders covered ; petticoats lengthened—all to gain his approving eye. The fact is, his sphere of useful influence was much enlarged by his single state : as a married man, he could only have reformed his wife ; as a bachelor, he exercised undisputed power over every spinster in his neighborhood. He was, indeed, unconscious of, or ungratified by the deference and incense he received ; but the generality of men are less insensible, and half the homage he so carefully rejected would have been sufficient to intoxicate with delight and self-complacency the greater part of his fraternity. What object in nature is more pitiable than a London old bachelor, of moderate fortune and moderate parts, whose conversational powers do not secure him invitations to dinners, when stiffness of limb and a growing formality have obliged him to retreat from quadrilles. The rich, we know, thrive everywhere, and at all seasons, safe from neglect, secure from ridicule.\* I speak of those less strongly fortified against the effects of

\* "Un projet assez vain seroit de vouloir tourner un homme fort sot et fort riche en ridicule ; les rieurs sont de son cote."

time ; those who, scarcely considered good speculations in their best days, are now utterly insignificant, concealed and jostled by a crowd of younger aspirants, overlooked by mammas, except when needed to execute some troublesome commission ; and without a chance of receiving a single word or glance from their daughters unmarked by that provoking ease and compassionate familiarity, which tell them, better than words, that their day of influence has closed forever. Let such unhappy men fly from the scenes of former pleasure and power, of former flirtation and gaiety, to the quieter and surer triumphs of a country-town. Here crowds of young women, as certainly devoted to celibacy as the inmates of a nunnery, accustomed from necessity to make beaux out of the most unprecedented materials, and concoct flirtations in the most discouraging circumstances, will welcome him with open arms, under-rate his age, over-rate his merits, doubt if his hair is grey, deny that he wears false teeth, accept his proffered arm

with an air of triumph, and even hint a wonder that he has given up dancing. To their innocent cheeks his glance will have the long-lost power of calling up a blush ; eyes as bright as those which beamed upon his youth will sparkle at his approach ; and tender hearts, excluded by fate from palpitations for a more suitable object, must per force beat quicker at his address. Here let him revel in the enjoyment of unbounded influence, preserve it by careful management to the latest possible moment, and at length gradually slide from the agreeable old beau into the interesting invalid, and secure for his days of gout, infirmity, and sickness, host of attentive nurses, of that amiable sex which delights and excels in offices of pity and kindness ; who will read him news, recount him gossip, play backgammon or cribbage, knit him comfortables, make him jellies, and repay by affectionate solicitude and unselfish attentions the unmeaning, heartless, worthless admiration which he bestowed upon them in his better days.

## SCRAPS FROM THE "NOCTES."

*Shepherd.*—Hoo could you, Mr. North, wi' a' your time at your ain command, keep in and about Embro' frae May to December ! The city, for three months in the dead o' summer, is like a tomb.

*Tickler.*—(in a whisper to the *Shepherd*).—The widow—James—the widow.

*Shepherd*—(aloud).—The weedow —sir—the weedow ! Couldna he hae brocht her out wi' him to the Forest ? At their time o' life, surely scandal wud hae held her tongue.

*Tickler.*—Scandal never holds her tongue, James. She drops her poison upon the dew on the virgin's untimely grave—her breath will not let the grey hairs rest in the mould—

*Shepherd.*—Then, Mr. North, marry her at ance, and bring her out in Spring, that you may pass the hinney-

moon on the sunny braes o' Mont-Benger.

*North.*—Why, James, the moment I begin to press matters, she takes out her pocket-handkerchief—and through sighs and sobs, recurs to the old topic—that twenty thousand times told tale—the dear old General.

*Shepherd.*—Deevil keep the dear old General ! Hasna the man been dead these twinty years ? And if he had been leevin', wouldna he beenaulder than yourself, and far mair infirm ? You're no in the least infirm, sir.

*North.*—Ah, James ! that's all you know. My infirmities are increasing with years—

*Shepherd.*—Wad you be sae unreasonable as to expect them to decrease with years ? Are her infirmities—

*North.*—Hush—she has no infirmities.

*Shepherd*.—Nae infirmities ! Then she's no worth a brass button. But let me ask you ae interrogatory.—Hae ye ever put the question ? Answer me that, sir.

*North*.—Why, James, I cannot say that I ever have—

*Shepherd*.—What ! and you expeck that *she* wull put the question to *you* ? That would indeed be puttin' the cart before the horse. If the women were to ask the men there wad be nae leevin' in this world. Yet, let me tell you, Mr. North, that it's a shameful' thing to keep playin' in the way you hae been doin' for these ten years past on a young woman's feelings—

*Tickler*.—Ha—ha—ha—James ! A young woman ! Why, she's sixty, if she's an hour.

*North*.—You lie.

*Shepherd*.—That's a douss on the chops, Mr. Tickler. That's made you as red in the face as a Bubbly-Jack, sir. O the power o' ae wee bit single monosyllabic syllable o' a word to awawken a' the safter and a' the fiercer passions ! Dinna keep bitin' your thoomb, Mr. Tickler, like an Itawlian. Make an apology to Mr. North—

*North*.—I will accept of no apology. The man who calls a woman old deserves death.

*Shepherd*.—Did you call her auld, Mr. Tickler ?

*Tickler*.—To you, sir, I will cōdescend to reply. I did not. I merely said she was sixty if she was an hour.

*Shepherd*.—In the first place, dinna "Sir" me—for it's not only ill-bred, but it's stoopit. In the second place, dinna tawk o' "condescendin'" to reply to me—for that's langue I'll no thole even frae the King on the throne, and I'm sure the King on the throne wadna mak use o't. In the third place, to ca' a woman saxty, and then manteen that ye dinna ca' her auld, is naething short o' a sophism. And, in the fourth place, you shudna hae accompanied your remark wi' a loud haw—haw—haw—for on a tender topic a guffaw's an aggravation—and marryin' a widow, let her age be what it wull, is a

tender topic, depend on't—sae that on a calm and dispassionate view o' a' the circumstances o' the case, there can be nae doot that you maun mak an apology ; or, if you do not, I leave the room, and there is an end of the *Noctes Ambrosiana*.

*North*.—Rather than that should happen I will make a thousand apologies—

*Tickler*.—And I ten thousand—

*Shepherd*.—That's behavin' like men and Christians. Embrace—embrace. (*North* and *Tickler* embrace.)

*North*.—Where were we, James ?

*Shepherd*.—I was abusin' Embro' in simmer.

*North*.—Why ?

*Shepherd*.—Whey ! a' the lumms smokeless ! No ae jack turnin' a piece o' roastin' beef afore ae fire in oy a' kitchen in a' the New Toon ! Streets and squares a' grass-grown, sae that they might be mown ! Shops like bee-hives that hae de'ed in wunter ! Coaches settin' aff for Stirlin', and Perth, and Glasgow, and no ae passenger either inside or out—only the driver keepin' up his heart wi' flourishin' his whup, and the guard, sittin' in perfect solitude, playin' an eerie spring on his bugle-horn ! The shut-up playhouse a' covered ower wi' bills that seem to speak o' plays acted in an antediluvian world ! Here, perhaps, a leevin' creter, like ane emage, staunin' at the mouth o' a close, or hirplin' alang, like the last relic o' the plague. And oh ! but the stane-statue o' the late Lord Melville, staunin' a' by himself up in the silent air, a hunder-and-fifty feet high, has then a ghastly seemin in the sky, like some giant condemned to perpetual imprisonment on his pedestal, and mournin' ower the desolation of the city that in life he loved so well. \* \* \* \* Then for woman-kind—

*Tickler*.—Oh ! James ! James ! I knew you would not long keep off that theme—

*Shepherd*.—Oh ! ye pawkie auld carle ! What ither theme in a' this wide weary wold is worth ae single thocht or feelin' in the poet's heart—

ae single line frae the poet's pen—ae single—

*North*.—Song from the Shepherd's lyre—

*Shepherd*.—The womankind, I say, sirs, never looks sae bonnie as in wunter, accepp indeed it may be in spring—

*Tickler*.—Or summer, or autumn, James—

*Shepherd*.—Haud your tongue. You auld bachelors ken naething o' womankind—and hoo should ye, when they treat you wi' but ae feelin', that o' derision ! Oh, sirs ! but the dear creatures do look weel in muffs—whether they haud them, wi' their invisible hauns clasped thegither in their beauty within the cozy silk linin', close prest to their innocent waists, just aneath the glad beatins o' their first-love-touched hearts—or haud them hingin' frae their extended richt arns, leavin' a' the feegur visible, that seems taller and slimmer as the removed muff reveals the clasps o' the pelisse a' the way doon frae neck till feet ! Then, sir, is there, in a' the beautifu' and silent unfauldin's o' natur amang plants and flowers, ony thing sae beautifu' as the white, smooth, saft chafts o' a bit smilin' maiden o' sixteen, aughteen, or twunty, blossomin' out, like some bonnie bud o' snaw-white satin frae a coverin' o' rough leaves,—blossemint' out, sirs, frae the edge o' the fur-tippet, that haply a lover's happy haun had delicately hung ower her gracefu' shoothers—oh ! the dear delightfu' little Laplander !

*Tickler*.—For a married man, James, you really describe—

*North*.—Whisht !

*Shepherd*.—I wush you only heard the way the bonnie croo-din-does keep murmurin' their jeists to ane anither, as soon as a nest o' them gets rid o' an auld bacheeler on Prince's Street.

*Tickler*.—Gets rid o' an auld bacheelor !

*Shepherd*.—Booin' and scrapin' to them after the formal and stately fashion o' the auld school o' politeness, and thinking himself the very pink o' courtesy, wi' a gold-headed cane aiblins, nae less, in his haun', and buck-

les on's shoon—for buckles are no quite out yet a'thegither—a frill like a fan at the shirt neck o' him—and, wad the wairld beleeve't, knee-breeks !—then they titter—and then they laugh—and then, as musical as if they were singin' in pairs, the bonnie, bloomin', innocent wicked creatures break out into—I maunna say, o' sic rosy lips, and sic snawy breasts, a guffaw—but a guffay, sirs, a guffay—for that's the feminine o' guffaw—

*North*.—Tickler, we really must not allow ourselves to be insulted in this style any longer—

*Shepherd*.—And then awa they trip, sirs, flingin' an antelope's or gazelle's ee ower their shouther, diverted beyond measure to see their antique beau continuing at a distance to cut capers in his pride—till a' at ance they see a comet in the sky—a young offisher o' dragoons, wi' his helmet a' in a low wi' a flicker o' red feathers—and as he "turns and winds his fiery Pegasus," they are a' mute as death—yet every face at the same time eloquent wi' mantling smiles, and wi' blushes that break through and around the blue heavens of their een, like crimson clouds to sudden sunlight burning beautiful for a moment, and then melting away like a thocht or a dream !

*North*.—Why, my dear James, it does one's heart good even to be ridiculed in the language of Poetry. Does it not, Tickler ?

*Tickler*.—James, your health, my dear fellow.

*Shepherd*.—I never ridicule ony body, sirs, that's no fit to bear it. But there's some sense and some satisfaction in makin' a fule o' them, that, when the fiend's in them, can mak fules o' a' body, like North and Tickler.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Shepherd*.—There never was a baseless fiction.

*North*.—No fiction, unless imposed by authority on the conscience of men, could ever obtain general credence, if it be not symbolical of truth.

*Shepherd*.—Truth's the essence—Fiction the form.

## THE UNIVERSE.

O light celestial, streaming wide  
Through morning's court of fairy blue—  
O tints of beauty, beams of pride,  
That break around its varied hue—  
Still to thy wonted pathway true,  
Thou shonest on serenely free,  
Best born of *Him*, whose mercy grew  
In every gift, sweet world, to thee.

O countless stars, that, lost in light,  
Still gem the proud sun's glory bed,  
And o'er the saddening brow of night  
A softer, holier influence shed—  
How well your radiant march hath sped,  
Unfailing vestals of the sky,  
As smiling thus ye weed from dread  
The soul ye court to muse on high.

O flowers that breathe of beauty's reign,  
In many a tint o'er lawn and lea,  
That give the cold heart once again  
A dream of happier infancy;  
And even on the grave can be  
A spell to weed affection's pain—  
Children of Eden, who could see,  
Nor own *His* bounty in your reign?

O winds, that seem to waft from far  
A mystic murmur o'er the soul,  
As ye had power to pass the bar  
Of nature in your vast control,—  
Hail to your everlasting roll—  
Obedient still ye wander dim,  
And softly breathe, or loudly toll,  
Through earth and sky the name of *Him*.

O world of waters, o'er whose bed  
The chainless winds unceasing swell,  
That claim'st a kindred over head,  
As 'twixt the skies thou seem'st to dwell;  
And e'en on earth art but a spell,  
Amid their realms to wander free—  
Thy task of pride hath speeded well,  
Thou deep, eternal, boundless sea.

O storms of night and darkness, flung  
In blackening chaos o'er the world,  
When thunder peals are dreadfully rung,  
Mid clouds in sightless fury hurl'd,  
Types of a mightier power, impearl'd  
With mercy's soft, redeeming ray,  
Still at His voice your wings are furl'd,  
Ye wake to own and to obey.

O thou blest whole of light and love,  
Thou glorious realm of earth and sky,  
That breath'st of blissful hope above,  
When all of thine hath wander'd by,—  
Throughout thy range, nor tear nor sigh  
But breathes of bliss, of beauty's reign,  
And concord, such as in the sky  
The soul is taught to meet again.

O man, who veil'd in deepest night  
This beauty-breathing world of thine,  
And taught the serpent's deadly blight  
Amid its sweetest flowers to twine,—  
Thou, thou alone hast dared repine,  
And turn'd aside from duty's call,  
Thou who hast broken nature's shrine,  
And wilder'd hope and darken'd all.

## EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL.\*

Mr. Wood's method of examination far exceeds, in accuracy and comprehensiveness, even that of Dr. Bell.

"In the national schools, Dr. Bell introduced a method of examination, which, though not without its use, was obviously quite inadequate to accomplish the objects we had in contemplation. In explaining, for example, the text, 'On these two commandments hang all the law and Prophets,' which, we think, is one of those that Miss Hamilton tells us was all her life connected in her mind with an absurd association formed in early youth, the examination, according to this method, would in general be of the following description: 'What is said of these

two commandments?' 'The law and the Prophets hang on them.' 'What are the law and the Prophets said to do?' 'They hang.' 'On what do they hang?' 'On these two commandments.' But of what is meant by 'the Law,' by the PROPHETS HANGING on the two commandments, no explanation would in all probability be given. We shall not say that, under this system, no teacher ever carried the explanation farther than we have here mentioned. But after the most anxious inquiry at the numerous visitors of the Sessional School from England, who take a deep interest in education, we may venture to assert, that the contrary is the common, if

not the invariable practice. Hence the surprise which such visitors express, on examining our school, and the extravagant praise which they are too apt to bestow upon it. Hence, too, the erroneous tendency on the part of those, who know the explanatory method only on the narrow scale we have just described, to think lightly of its importance, and to imagine, that it can be carried to no farther extent than that to which they have been accustomed."

The meagreness and insufficiency of the method of explanation practised under the Madras system was soon apparent. More life and energy was infused into it—it was made more rational and intellectual—in short, the pupil was made to *understand* as well as *read*, to *use* as well as *name* his tools. It is pleasant to read what follows.

"In accomplishing this object, we were in some measure guided by the recollection of our own early education. How different, we well remembered, in point both of interest and utility, from the dry translations of ordinary teachers, were Dr. Adam's lessons, enlivened as they were with every species of illustration, etymological, grammatical, historical, antiquarian, and geographical, bearing reference one while to the sayings of the wise ancients, at another time to the homely proverbs of our own country. How much better did his pupils acquire a knowledge of the idioms of the Latin language, from the variations, which he required them to make, in the construction of the passages which they happened to read, than from all the rules in his grammar! While the formal lessons, which he was himself in the habit of prescribing as tasks, from his own excellent work on Roman Antiquities, were generally most irksome, and forgotten almost as soon as read, the lesson of to-day expelling that of yesterday from the memory, how much more pleasingly, distinctly, and durably were the same instructions impressed upon the mind in an incidental form, through the medium of the ordinary reading!"

We find it impossible—within reasonable bounds—to explain Mr. Wood's mode of teaching the alphabet—the reading of words of two syllables—and then the reading of three. A chapter is given to such explanation—and none but the silly and the shallow will smile at the details. How the greater number of "children of a larger growth" now in the world, at the bar, in the army and navy—physicians, professors, poets, and editors, ever came in early life to read words not only of two—but absolutely of three—nay of four letters, lies far out of the region of our conjectures. Much misery did they all endure long ago—before they knew the word CAT, for example, when they saw it—without being in imminent danger of declaring it aloud to the whole school to be "dog." To our eyes, in the prime or decay of life, these two monosyllables—cat and dog—are as unlike each other as the creatures they severally denote; but it was far otherwise long ago; they were then as like each other—and they could not be liker—as "cow" and "nag." For our own parts, we learned to read by a continued miracle. We do not doubt that in one month at the Sessional School, any boy of about the same average capacity as ourselves were when boys, would be made to read not only small single words—but sentences of small words—far better than we could do after a summer and a winter's hammering, frequently with a blind headache. We well remember that about four-and-twenty of us urchins, all in a row, used to keep sitting, first on the one hip and then on the other, with unhappy paper concerns held up in both hands till they touched our noses, called "London Primers." Not one in the whole class could read a new word—except by daring—indeed desperate conjecture. And yet, the moment one of us rose up in his place—for of course the examination, as it was called, went on standing,—and instead of wasp, for example—no easy word—drawled hesitatingly and tremblingly out—

"task"—a very creditable conjecture, and no unfelicitous hypothesis—then down came a long black hard lignum vitae ruler on our head, in the hand of a Master of Arts in the University of Glasgow, no less distinguished for the extent of his erudition than the gentleness of his temper—and thus we were *taught* to know "wasp" from "task," although to this day we start with horror at the name or nature of either—just as to this day we are lost in perplexity at *Curfew-tolls*.

Let us come, then, to the chapter in which the small student is seen employed in the use of his knowledge, after he has become master of lessons in words of three letters. Then, he is no longer allowed to linger on the threshold. No more tables of unconnected words, nor even any more detached sentences, are presented to him; but he is now, by the perusal of *interesting and instructive passages*, initiated into the real benefit, as well as the practices of reading. He is furnished with the means—small as they appear to be—of knowledge—which, even in his case, is felt to be both pleasure and power.

"The first passages, indeed, consist of words having not more than four letters: but, without any perceptible injury to the instruction, the children are in this form presented with a pretty long passage on GOD, and with the histories of ADAM and EVE, CAIN and ABEL, and NOAH. We may here remark, that we have found no narratives more pleasing to children, than those which relate to the antediluvian and patriarchal ages. Both the manner and the incidents related possess a simplicity peculiarly delightful at their years. And when we tell them that such narratives are to be found in the Bible, they naturally contract a desire to become acquainted with the other contents of that sacred volume.

"From the article on GOD we extract the following paragraph, in order to illustrate our mode of explanation in use at this stage.

"God bids the sun to rise, and

he bids it set. He doth give the rain and the dew to wet the soil; and at his will it is made dry. The heat and the cold come from him. He doth send the snow, and the ice, and the hail; and, at his word, they melt away. He now bids the tree to put on its leaf, but ere long he will bid the leaf to fade, and make the tree to be bare. He bids the wind to blow, and it is he who bids it to be calm. He sets a door, as it were, on the sea; and says to it, thus far only must thou come."

"On the above passage, the child is asked some such questions as the following:—Who bids the sun to 'rise'? What is meant by the sun rising? Where it rises? When it rises? What its rising occasions? Who bids it 'set'? What is meant by setting? Where it sets? When it sets? What its setting occasions? What is meant by 'dew'? What is meant by 'soil'? What good is done by wetting the soil? When 'the tree puts on its leaf'? What is meant by the leaf 'fading,' and the 'tree being bare'? When this happens? What is 'snow,' and 'ice,' and 'hail'? What causes them? Who sends the cold? What makes them 'melt'? Who sends the heat? What is meant by the word 'calm'? What is meant by saying, 'He sets a door on the sea'? [Here we may remark in passing, that children come both to understand and to relish a figurative expression much sooner than we might naturally be led to imagine.] When the passage is concluded, the child may be asked, Who does all these things of which he has been reading? and, What he thinks of one, who can do all these things, and is so wise and so good as to do them? None of the questions, however, are put in any one form, but vary according to the nature of the answers received. In nothing has the skill of our monitors been more admired by strangers, than in this adaptation."

Articles are next admitted, containing *six letters*, in which they revert to *Scripture History*—that of

Abraham and Lot, and so on and on, as they become familiar with words—through that of Isaac and Jacob, and Esau, and Joseph. These histories present them with much useful instruction in the department of Natural History.

The various lessons, or readings, are from the First and Second Book, compiled or rather composed for the school. The children have not these books at home. They are all the property of the school, and remain there. The whole information, therefore, which the children communicate to questions put to them, has been acquired from the reading in school, and from the previous examination of their young teachers. There is a specimen of some of the questions put—in presence of strangers, to a very young class taught by a monitor, without any other aid than the little histories themselves, contained in his book, and the previous general training which he had himself undergone. In every one case the questions were correctly answered by one or other of the boys in the class, and in the greater number of instances by the boy to whom the question was first addressed. The few failures were almost entirely on the part of children, who had not entered the school at the time when part of the lessons, to which the examination extended, was read by the rest of the class.

Several other examples of reading lessons are given—and we quote—as a good one—the introduction of the article on glass.

“ You have already, in the course of this little work, read of several very extraordinary changes, which human art and ingenuity have been able to make upon natural productions. You have heard of the shroud of a worm in its lifeless state, of the fruit of one plant, and the fibres of another, being all converted into articles of dress for human beings. But perhaps none of these transformations has surprised you more than that which you are now to hear of. Would you believe that so clear and beautiful an

article as glass, could be made out of so gross a substance as sand? Yet it is the fact, that glass is made by mixing sand with the ashes of certain burnt plants, and exposing them to a strong fire.”

“ On this passage the child, besides describing generally how glass is made, is asked, ‘ What is meant by ‘art?’ What is meant by ‘human art and ingenuity?’ What are ‘natural productions?’ Can you tell me any of them? What is a ‘shroud?’ What worm has its shroud ‘converted into an article of dress?’ Can you tell me the various changes through which that worm passes? Do you know any of the uses to which silk is put? What plant is it of which the fruit is converted into an article of dress? Are there more than one kind of cotton plant? Which is the best? Do you know anything that is made of cotton? Can you tell me any plant of which ‘the fibres are converted into an article of dress?’ Do you know any piece of dress that is made of flax? Do you remember the various hands through which the flax must pass before it becomes a shirt? What do you mean by ‘transformations?’ What is meant by a ‘gross substance?’ ” &c.

After finishing the second book, the children, besides Scripture, which is in regular use in all the higher classes, read the “ National School Collection,” originally compiled, like all the other books of the series, for the use of this seminary. This compilation consists of religious and moral instruction, a collection of fables, description of animals, places, manners, and historical passages, and other useful and interesting information for youth. As the pupils advance in each book—each passage, besides being fully explained in all its bearings upon the subject in question, is subjected to a still more minute analysis, than had been practised in its former stage, with the view of giving them the full command of their own language, and such general information as the passage may suggest.

It has, it seems, been argued against the system by persons who never were in the Sessional School in their lives, that though the pupils are taught, perhaps, the meaning of *words*, they are not enabled by such means to comprehend the *general scope* of the passages which they read. By the way, "General Scope" is an old veteran, who has seen a great deal of active service, fought in many campaigns—and to storm strong fortresses often has he been sent at the head of the forlorn hope. General Scope, then, is something formidable and fearful, and not a little mysterious in his very name. Ask not a mere boy—but any man, if he understands "General Scope," and he will be shy of saying "Yes." This being the case, in fairness we ought not to insist on all the little fellows in the Sessional School understanding "General Scope." A wiseacre might puzzle them not a little, and a wiseacre might be not a little puzzled by them in return. No doubt, they, just like their elders, seem to know—think they know—not a few things, of which they are ignorant—but what then? Is it not sufficient that the boys thus taught, probably know much more, and that more much better, than boys of their own age who are taught in any other school in Scotland? That they know twice as much this month as they did the month before—and so on for a year or two—till they leave the school, fifty times better informed than when they entered it, and with good habits instead of bad—cheerful and pleased—theirselfs full of gratitude and forward-looking hopes—yet not mannikins—by no means mannikins—but simple sportful boys still—and, so natural has their progress been *felt* to be, not in the least wondering "That one small head should carry all they know?"

Mr. Wood, besides modestly appealing, which he may well do, to the multitudes who have visited the Sessional School, and especially to those who have examined the pupils, whether they have "often elsewhere met with children who entered more com-

pletely into the spirit of what they read, or could give a more accurate and clear account of it to others—tells one or two most beautiful little anecdotes, in proof of the clear understanding of the pupils. One gentleman of talent and virtue had his doubts, and selected a passage of Dr. Johnson on "the varying aspect of nature, as well adapted to man's love of novelty," and examined upon its import the *least*, though certainly not the *lowest*, boy in the class. "Our sense of delight," quoth the Doctor, "is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember." Now, "What," said the gentleman to the little boy, "do you mean by our sense of delight being comparative?" "We enjoy health a great deal better when we have been sick," answered the little boy—thus speaking in the spirit of a beautiful passage in Gray's Ode to *Vicissitude*. "Pray, then, put into other language, 'the sensations which we feel, and those we remember.'" And instantly the little boy improved, in our opinion, on the style of Dr. Samuel Johnson—"Present and past sensations." That we call a pretty little anecdote.

On a different occasion, a person of a different character, a stranger, undertook to question a little boy on his opinions respecting the value of natural theology! He seemed, says Mr. Wood mildly, very strongly impressed with the opinion, that in order to exalt revelation, it is necessary to maintain that there is no such thing at all as natural religion. On occasion of some mention being made of the ancient philosophers, in a passage which one of the boys was reading, he asked one of them—a *blind boy of ten years of age*—"What did their philosophy do for them?" The blind boy was silent. "Did it," resumed the examiner, "lead them to any knowledge of religion?" The *blind boy of ten years of age opened his lips*, and said, "They had no right knowledge of God."—"But could they," rejoined the visiter, in a marked tone of disapprobation, "be said to have any

knowledge of God at all?" After a moment's thought, the blind boy of ten years of age answered, "Yes!"—"That," observed the gentleman, turning to Mr. Wood, is by no means a right answer."—"Have you any reason," said Mr. Wood gently to his pupil, "for making that answer?"—"Yes."—"What is it?"—The little blind boy, ten years of age, laying an emphasis on the right words, replied, "The Apostle Paul, in the 1st of the Romans, says, that when THEY KNEW God, they glorified him not as God." We called the former anecdote a pretty—this is a noble one. Nothing indeed can be more affecting.

The unhappy man, we hope, slunk out of the school under the rebuke of the little blind boy, whose outward eyes God had extinguished, but given him, for holiest and happiest comfort, the clear inward eyes—the spiritual eyes that see things invisible to the material senses—whose orbs "no drop serene" ever veils, and when they shut on earth, open next moment in heaven.

Let it not be thought, however, that either Mr. Wood or his little blind boy of ten years of age, trusted too much to natural religion. For, had the *gentleman* (we take the liberty of putting that word in italics) thought proper, says he, to press the conversation farther, as we in consequence thought it necessary to do on the following Sunday, he would have been quite satisfied, that our pupils were by no means impressed with any undue or too favorable estimate of the extent of religious knowledge possessed by the wisest heathens, nor were at all insensible to the infinitely superior advantages in this respect, which may be enjoyed by the poorest child in a Christian land!—It soon became desirable to furnish the scholars with an additional book, which might afford them more interest and information than could be expected from the continued perusal of those with which they were already familiar. The desideratum was supplied by the publication of "Instructive Extracts, comprising Religious and Moral In-

struction, Natural History, Elementary Science, Accounts of Remarkable Persons, Places, Manners, Arts, and Incidents, with a Selection of Passages from the British Poets."

No articles, it appears, have been studied with greater avidity, or have been more thoroughly understood, than those which treat of the mechanical powers, and other elementary science. As a specimen of the method of examination employed in this department, we annex the following.

"What is necessary to put a body in motion? What property of the body is it which renders force necessary in such a case? Will a body go quicker of itself? or slower? or stop? Why then does a marble rolled along the floor first go slower, and at length stop altogether? On what two circumstances does the force of a moving body depend? How then can you increase the force of the same body? If two bodies move quite round the same centre within the same time, have they the same velocity? or which has the greater? Do you know any mechanical power that acts upon this principle? What is a *LEVER*? How many kinds of lever are there? What is the first kind? Can you give me any examples of its application? In what proportion is power gained by the use of this lever? In raising a heavy coal with a poker, whether will it be easier done by applying the hands near the ribs, or at the extremity of the poker? Why?" &c.

In the Sessional School, great and unceasing attention is paid to Grammar. And pray, it may be asked, What use can grammar be of to poor people? Why, as much—sometimes more—and of the same kind—as to rich people. Its chief value lies, in its enabling us to understand what we read. Every sentence, at all inverted or involved, has been observed by Mr. Wood to be a stumbling block in the way of a child striving to understand. A lad once said to him, that he had never himself understood the metre translation of the Psalms, until the acquaintance which he there received with the principles of grammatical

construction, enabled him to turn them into the ordinary prose arrangement, and that he felt the same thing in some degree, with respect to sermons. There can be no doubt—surely—that a knowledge of grammar must enable a man to know any discourse at all in a different style of language from every-day talk in the shop or at the fireside, a hundred times better, than any man of equal natural vigor of mind altogether ignorant of it. Could any of us, without impaired faculties, totally forget all our grammar, how we should stare at a great preacher, or a small one either—and in what a painful and perplexing glimmer and gloom should we suddenly find all our powers of apprehension involved! Why, you may speak to some men in the lower orders, for hours, on very plain and simple matters, and they come to understand you about as well as a post. This does not arise from stupidity—for they are perhaps ingenious men in their profession—but they “have no grammar,” and wonder what the deuce you,—who have, we shall suppose, some little,—would be saying, if you could speak like themselves; for, granting even that they have been told, and believe, that you are a scholar, they cannot, or will not, make mental effort sufficiently strong to enable them to think that you are not talking a parcel of sad nonsense. It is certainly desirable that human beings should, as generally as possible, be able to hold oral, or written communication with each other; and, for such pleasing and useful purpose, nothing, in our humble opinion, like grammar. If we seem to treat the subject too jocularly, do only think a moment on the ideots who can see no use in teaching the lower orders how to be intelligible to the upper, and *vice versa*—and indeed to themselves; for there is perpetual blundering, and badgering in consequence of that blundering—many mistakes, and not a few lies, daily disturbing and infesting humble life, from the want of grammar—that is, the proper and rational use of speech.”

But how shall grammar be taught? That's the rub. Can it only be acquired by the memory arising from rules? From the tyranny of Dr. Syntax? Mr. Wood remembered too well his own gross ignorance of grammar, when a little boy at school, and it could not excel our own in spite of all that horrid and hideous committing to memory. O, dear! “getting off by heart!”—a task which, in spite of our delight in angling, and other rural amusements, did often make us wish that we never had been born! He tells a good story of the proficiency made in grammar by the scholars generally, in the school in which he received, what were facetiously called, we presume, “the elements of his education.”

“Nor could we avoid frequently calling to recollection a singular, but now highly instructive incident, which occurred in this stage of our education. In going over the grammar as usual, the boy at the head of our class was asked, ‘What is an article?’ to which he orthodoxy replied, ‘An article is a particle, which’—does something or other that we do not at this moment precisely recollect, adding of course, in the usual manner, as a part of the definition, ‘as, there is the lady I saw at church yesterday.’ By some extraordinary accident, our worthy teacher, on the particular occasion of which we are now speaking, contrary to all his ordinary practice, asked, ‘What is the article in that example?’ to which the boy replied, ‘An article is a particle, which,’ &c. ‘But what,’ rejoined the master, ‘is the particular article in that passage?’—‘An article is a particle,’ was again and again the reply. The next boy was now applied to, who insisted that the dux was quite right, and that it was in that way in his book. A similar attempt at procuring an answer was made all round the class, and with a similar want of success. The attempt was at length abandoned. We were permitted ever afterwards to repeat our grammar tasks, without being any more annoyed with troublesome questions, which were not in the book.

And it was not until a very long time afterwards, that we could discover what crotchet the good old man had taken on this singular occasion."

That there should be no such scene as this ever acted in the Sessional School, Mr. Wood adopted what may be called the *inductive method*—that is to say, he attempted to make them acquainted merely with some of its leading principles, by illustrations from the passages which they happened to read. At first, grammar—the pure grammar of their own vernacular tongue, without reference to the peculiarities of other languages—was confined exclusively to the highest class, then extended by degrees to the second, third, and fourth classes.

To understand Mr. Wood's very simple and efficacious method of teaching grammar, we must give a long extract:—

"In order to illustrate our method of teaching grammar, let us take the commencement of a passage in the school collection. 'The grandest, the most sublime, and extraordinary object, we have yet seen, is Fingal's Cave, in the isle of Staffa. It is a natural grotto of stupendous size, formed by ranges of columns,' &c. If the class be only commencing this study, after telling them that all names are **NOUNS**, we desire them to pick out the nouns in the passage before them: when the first boy will give 'object,' the second 'Fingal's,' the third 'cave,' and so forth, till they have exhausted the remaining nouns, 'isle,' 'Staffa,' 'grotto,' 'size,' 'ranges,' 'columns.' When they are a little farther advanced, the first boy at the time of naming the noun 'object,' will be asked why it is 'object,' and not *objects*, and the distinction of *singular* and *plural* will be pointed out to him, and so on with the rest. After a little time, in place of putting the question in this form, the boy will be asked at once whether the noun is *singular* or *plural*? why? and what it would have been if it had been *plural*? As soon as these words *singular* and *plural* are so familiar, as not only to be easily distinguished

from each other, but readily brought to recollection, the question is put in this form, Of what *number* is *object*? why? &c. A similar process is observed with regard to the *Genders*. The *Cases*, as we observed, are at this period omitted.

"After the class have been for a sufficient time exercised exclusively on nouns, they next take the **ARTICLES** along with them. After their nature, object, and distinction, have been explained, the boys are then called upon to point out the articles contained in the particular passage. After the first boy has given 'the,' he is asked what every article is prefixed to? what noun 'the' is prefixed to in the present instance? what would be the difference between 'the object,' and *an object*? and the distinction between the *definite* and *indefinite* article is then explained. As the children become better acquainted with this distinction, they are asked at once, Whether 'the' is the *definite* or *indefinite* article? and, when these terms are sufficiently familiar to them to be brought easily to recollection, the question is put generally, What kind of article is 'the'? What other kind of article is there? &c. The second boy is in like manner called upon to mention the next article in the passage, which also happens to be 'the,' and to be connected with the same noun 'object.' The third boy will, in like manner, mention the subsequent article 'the,' and its connexion with the noun 'isle.' And the fourth will give the article 'a,' and mention at the same time its connexion with the noun 'grotto.' In this last case, in addition to the former questions, the child will be asked why the article here is 'a' and not *an*."

In this manner all the different parts of speech in the sentence are gone through with. This routine, however, is very often broken in upon, (much oftener, indeed, than otherwise,) as the state of the class, the particular answer given, or any other circumstances, may suggest the propriety of more particular questions.

(To be continued.)

## POPE LEO XII.

THE interest excited in our days by the death of a Pope, is much of the same kind as that with which we regard an event connected with the antiquities of the venerable city over which his Holiness presides. The head of the Catholic Church occupies the Vatican Palace, and performs the lofty functions of the papal office, rather as a show than as a real part—as the representative of by-gone times rather than as a participator in actual affairs. In this light, whether near or at a distance, we have ever regarded the occupier, for the time being, of the chair of St. Peter in the nineteenth century. We have looked upon him as the actor of a part in an historical drama, and in that view we find, in our reflections, the materials of the following sketch. Leo XII. was made a Cardinal by Pius VI., and affected much more the lofty hierarchical demeanor of his patron and benefactor, than the simple and humble bearing of his immediate predecessor. Della Genga, however, had more sincerity than Braschi, the consequence partly of his natural temperament, partly of the times in which he had lived, and of the disasters which the Church to which he was attached had endured, and which gave a more than ordinary degree of seriousness to his religious feelings.

No Pope had ever performed with more brilliant success the outward and ostentatious functions of the vicegerent of Christ than Braschi. He was fully conscious of the advantages with which nature had endowed him, and of the aptitude of his fine and portly person for the performance of the important character with which he was invested. His vanity, therefore, concurred with his ideas of the dignity of his sacred office to prompt him to make the most of the gorgeous ceremonies in which he was required to act the

principal part, to do grace and honor to the one, and to display the other. Accordingly, the air of pomp and dignity with which from the grand balcony\* he dispensed the benediction of the Holy Church on the assembled throngs below, is described as most imposing. How different the manner of his benevolent successor! In figure bent double with age, the traces of suffering and anxiety still marking his handsome features, the paleness of his placid countenance contrasting with the black though spare locks that, preserving their hue to the last, were scattered over his venerable forehead, he seemed to be giving the blessing, not of an ostentatious Church, but of one of the beloved of Heaven, the best and kindest of mortals. Braschi imposed on the senses; Chiaramonti touched the heart. Della Genga affected to follow Braschi; but he acted his part better than his model, because he felt it more, and more completely sunk the ambitious individual in the devout Pope. Braschi was the Kemble of the Papal stage, Della Genga the Kean. In dispensing the benediction, he surrounded himself as Leo XII., with all the imposing formalities and circumstance which could add to the situation and uphold the splendor and dignity of the Church; he spread his arms abroad with an effect equally pompous but with fourfold fervor. He was a high Churchman, and had exalted ideas of the office of the holder of the keys of Heaven; but he was moreover a devotee, and crowned with the tiara, backed by the most glorious temple of Christendom, with St. Peter's Place thronged with 50,000 of the devout awaiting the holy dispensation at his feet, when the clamor of the assembled multitude was hushed, when the bands ceased their music, and all was dead and solemn silence for a moment, ere the air again re-

\* In the Facade of St. Peter's.

sounded with discharges of artillery and the shouts of the collected thousands, he gathered himself and rose, and with a religious sentiment, more effective than his pomp, spread his arms over the people, as if he felt that he was actually dispensing the blessing of the Almighty Creator. But to have viewed Leo in the full glory of his character, he should have been beheld during the ceremonies of the feast of the *corpus domini*, when, robed in white, but bare-headed, on his knees, and bearing the Eucharist in his bosom, he is carried on a platform up the nave of St. Peter's Church. A more complete spectacle of abstraction and absorption, whether real or feigned, than he presented on those occasions, is inconceivable. It may be, that the weakness of his health, and the lassitude of his frame, evident in his countenance, increased the effect. However produced, it was perfect. For the rest, the countenance of Leo did not favor exhibitions of this kind, it was mean and sour; but in other respects his person was well adapted for them: he was tall, or at least appeared so when robed, and was dignified in his carriage. He entered on his government with a disposition to enforce the ancient usages of the Church; but he had evidently mistaken the character of the times in which he lived. No clearer proof of this will be required than his conduct towards the Brigands, who, as soon as they found the vigor of Government relaxed after Consalvi had ceased to direct it, broke out into the most frightful excesses. Leo XII. removed the only restraints left to repress

their enormities, by withdrawing the military quartered in the neighborhood of the districts which fostered the lawless bands. He issued a proclamation, asserting the dignity of the Church, and breathing ill-timed confidence, that the sacred word of the Vicegerent of Christ, and the authority of the Virgin, were more efficacious than soldiers to reclaim the most obdurate. The presence of a Cardinal, it was deemed, would add weight and reality to the words of the proclamation, and one was accordingly sent to publish it; but, instead of submission and respect, he met with nothing but insult; the mayor of a town was massacred under his very nose, and he returned to the capital after a few months spent among the mountains, leaving the disturbed district in a more disobedient and wretched state than ever, and with a purse emptied of the 200,000 crowns with which it had been furnished. The foreign political acts of Leo have been of the same character: he has shown a desire to assert the high dignity and office of the Holy See; but, even among those most willing to acknowledge his supremacy, has he found none credulous enough to give practical proofs of their concurrence in his views or of their devotion to the Church. In the Irish alone, perhaps, as his predecessor once observed, did he find hearts thoroughly imbued with proper ideas of the sanctity of his character and functions; but with the Irish thus to regard him, it has hitherto been a point of honor rather than of superstition. We shall see how the successor of Della Genga will find them.

#### I STOOD BY THE GRAVE.

I stood by the grave, and the dark night  
came  
From its evening couch of faded flame;  
The blue stars shed their silver ray  
On a form more brief and pale than they:  
I stood on the grave, and I thought how soon  
From its sleep I should welcome the "lady  
moon."

The ivy shook, as the wild bat fled  
On its path of night, o'er the voiceless  
dead;  
The willows waved on the sullen blast,  
That sadly across the red tombs passed;  
And weeping over my kindred clay,  
I stood by the grave where my fathers  
lay.

I stood by the grave, 'mid the wailing moans,  
That whispered over the bleaching bones :  
I stood by the grave, 'mid the flowers that  
grew

Rank and wild amidst that poisonous dew ;  
I stood by the grave, and I wished that the  
breeze  
Should thus blow on me, when I slept like  
these !

I stood by the grave, and my young heart felt  
Its hopes and its fears together melt,  
How the bliss of life, which I loved so well,  
Had vanished, I could not, I could not tell ;  
But I felt that my spirit soon should be  
Straying in light through heaven's blue  
sea.

I stood by the grave, and I turned away  
From all that on earth could woo my stay,  
In the diadem'd world my place was high,  
'Mid the full of heart, and the bright of eye :  
But I felt that I soon should leave them all,  
For the charnel's feast and the death-worm's  
hall.

Oh ! there are many, and fond and gay,  
Who will weep my spirit when passed away ;  
And they will think how I have been  
Thoughtless as aught of their thoughtless  
scene ;  
Yet, I stood by the grave, and I only sighed  
For the hour that should tell them—that I  
had died !

I deemed that my manhood, one violet path  
Of life may have, as my boyhood hath ;  
But a festering curse has blighted me,  
Ere the blossom had dropped from the  
withered tree :  
Still, I stood by the grave, and I wish'd that I  
In its putrid bed could meekly lie.

I stood by the grave—a single hour—  
And methought 'twould make a pleasant  
bower.  
For willow, and cypress, and rosemary,  
A chaplet fresh should weave for me ;  
And my nuptial feast the worms should share,  
Quaffing their draughts from the white skulls  
there !

---

#### THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

[The publication of a new edition of the Waverley Novels, with notes, historical and illustrative, by the author, and embellished with engravings by the most eminent artists, was briefly noticed in the last number of the *Athenaeum*. We have since received a specimen of the letter-press of this edition. The size is royal 18mo., and it possesses all the qualities required to constitute elegant printing.—The writer of the article from which the following extract is taken, not only objects to the publication of the sources whence Sir Walter has derived his incidents and descriptions, but also to the plan of ornamenting the volumes with engravings ; for as these must necessarily be executed by other individuals, he thinks they will be very unlikely,—though excellent as works of art,—to harmonise with that which they are intended to illustrate.]

It seems to us that Sir Walter Scott is a traitor to his own genius in publishing with the novels the details of those resources which he has made such admirable use of. No one suspects him of making bricks without straw ; but, when we are looking at the pyramid, and studying the architecture, it is impertinent to withdraw our attention, and exhibit to us specimens of the clay, and sand, and fu-

el, which have enabled him to form the materials. Anatomy is an excellent study to help a man in becoming a painter, or even a critic of painting ; but no one who is looking at a fine picture would desire to be shown the prepared entrails of the persons who formerly sat as the artist's models. If Sir Walter Scott's novels are not truer than the histories and anecdotes from which the vulgar tell us he composed them, (as the sculptor composes a statue out of a block,) they are worth nothing, or next to nothing, as novels, and we care not to be let into the worthless secret of their construction. If (as we all know them to be) they are ten thousand times more true (to human nature) than all the historical facts that ever were prated of, why should we be pestered with the miserable details which could only become precious by being wrought in the mine of a man of genius. There is nothing, the most absurd, in the worst fiction, for which some historical parallel might not probably be found. It is nothing the better for this ; it is not less improbable, less *false*, (for the artist,) on this account. There is only one of his secrets which Sir Walter Scott can never explain in notes

to ordinary readers ; it is one which can only be intelligible to those who need no explanation—the secret of his genius. The real incidents (as if Hume were one tithe so real as Shakspeare) alluded to in the prospectus, have become Sir Walter's own : they are stamped with his name, and imbued with the fragrance of his genius ; and why should we be forced to see upon the styles and titles of the pawnbrokers in whose hands they were originally found ? The old nails and broken buttons have all been welded together, and wrought into a splendid armor : would you mar the delicate richness of the chasing by scratching over each square inch, in awkward letters, the initials of the beggar who

collected the raw material of that peculiar portion ? Fools will think much the worse of the novelist's powers when they see that even he, though the wine is undoubtedly an "emanation" from himself, was compelled to borrow a goat-skin to put it in : men of talent will not think more highly of his abilities than they do at present, for they take for granted (caring not a jot whether it be so or no) that he has seized whatever would answer his purpose, and care nothing for seeing a catalogue of the worn-out shreds from which he has made so magnificent a robe of kingly purple. Is it not obviously ill-judged to surround a finished building with scaffolding ?

## SONG.

Oh saftly sleep, my bonnie bairn,  
Rock'd on this breast o' mine ;  
The heart that beats sae sair within,  
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thochts  
That such late watches keep,  
An' if ye break the mother's heart,  
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn,  
Nor look sae wae on me,  
As ye felt the bitter tear  
That blin' thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,  
Lest on my bairn ye dreep ;  
An' break in silence, waefu' heart,  
An' let my baby sleep.

## MR. MOORE, THE POET.

AT Mayfield, near Ashbourne, is a cottage where Moore, it is stated, composed *Lalla Rookh*. For some years this distinguished poet lived at the neighboring village of Mayfield ; and there was no end to the pleasant-ries and anecdotes that were floating about its coteries respecting him at the time we visited the place ; no limit to the recollections which existed of the peculiarities of the poet, of the wit and drollery of the man. Go where you would, his literary relics were pointed-out to you. One family possessed pens ; and oh ! Mr. Bra-mah ! such pens ! they would have borne a comparison with Miss Mit-ford's ; and those who are acquainted with that lady's literary implements and accessories will admit this is no

common-place praise—pens that wrote "Paradise and the Peri" in *Lalla Rookh* ! Another showed you a glove torn up into thin shreds in the most even and regular manner possible ; each shred being in breadth about the eighth of an inch, and the work of the teeth ! Pairs were demolished in this way during the progress of the *Life of Sheridan*. A third called your attention to a note written in a strain of the most playful banter, and announcing the next "tragi-comedy meeting." A fourth repeated a merry impromptu ; and a fifth played a very pathetic air, composed and adapted for some beautiful lines of Mrs. Opie's. But to return to Mayfield. Our desire to go over the cottage which he had inhabited was irresistible. It is neat, but

very small, and remarkable for nothing except combining a most sheltered situation with the most extensive prospect. Still one had pleasure in going over it, and peeping into the little book-room, ycleped the "Poet's Den," from which so much true poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind. But our satisfaction was not without its portion of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a figure scarcely human appeared at one of the windows. Unaware that it was again inhabited, we hesitated about entering; when a livid, half-starved visage presented itself through the lattice, and a thin, shrill voice discordantly ejaculated,—"Come in, gentlemen, come in. *Don't be afeard!* I'm only a tailor at work on the premises." This villainous salutation damped sadly the illusion of the scene; and it was some time before we rallied sufficiently from this horrible desecration to descend to the poet's walk in the shrubbery, where, pacing up and down the live-long morning, he composed his *Lalla Rookh*. It is a little confined gravel-walk, in length about twenty paces; so narrow, that there is barely room on it for two persons to walk abreast; bounded on one side by a straggling row of stinted laurels, on the other by some old decayed wooden paling; at the end of it was a huge haystack. Here, without prospect, space, fields, flowers, or natural beauties of any description, was that most imaginative poem conceived, planned, and executed. It was at Mayfield, too, that those bitter stanzas were written on the death of Sheridan. There is a curious circumstance connected with them; they were sent to Perry, the well-known editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Perry, though no stickler in a general way, was staggered at the venom of two stanzas, to which I need not more particularly allude, and wrote to inquire whether he might be permitted to omit them. The reply which he received was shortly this:—"You may insert the lines in the *Chronicle* or not, as you please; I am perfectly indifferent about it; but if

you do insert them, it must be *verbætim*." Mr. Moore's fame would not have suffered by their suppression; his heart would have been a gainer. Some of his happiest efforts are connected with the localities of Ashbourne. The beautiful lines beginning "Those evening bells, those evening bells," were suggested, it is said, by hearing the Ashbourne peal; and sweetly indeed do they sound at that distance, "both mournfully and slow;" while those exquisitely touching stanzas, "Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes," were avowedly written on the sister of an Ashbourne gentleman, Mr. P—B—. But to his drolleries. He avowed on all occasions an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening, to observe to a lady, whose person was preëminently plain, but who, nevertheless, had been anxiously doing her little endeavors to attract his attention, "I cannot endure an ugly woman. I'm sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy." The lady observed, that "such an observation she could not permit to pass without remark. She knew many plain couples who lived most happily."—"Don't talk of it," said the wit; "don't talk of it. It cannot be."—"But I tell you," said the lady, who became all at once both piqued and positive, "it *can* be, and it is. I will name individuals so circumstanced. You have heard of Colonel and Mrs. —. She speaks in a deep, gruff bass voice; he in a thin, shrill treble. She looks like a Jean Dorée; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squeak by some of their neighbors; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is neither mirror nor pierglass to be found, search their house from one end of it to the other. But what of that? *No unhandsome reflections* can, in such a case, be cast by either party! I know them well; and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply, what have

you to say? I flatter myself I have overthrown your theory completely." "Not a whit. Colonel — has got into a scrape, and, like a soldier, puts the best face he can upon it." — Those still exist who were witnesses to his exultation when one morning he entered Mrs. —'s drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand, and, in his peculiarly joyous and animated manner, exclaimed, "Don't be surprised if I play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new rattle! Here is a letter from my friend Lord Byron, telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the 'Corsair.' Ah, Mrs. —, it is nothing new for a poor poet to dedicate his poem to a great lord; but it is something passing strange for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet." — Those who know him most intimately feel no sort of hesitation in declaring, that he has again and again been heard to express regret at the earlier efforts of his muse; or reluctance in stating, at the same time, as a fact, that Mr. M., on two different occasions, endeavored to repurchase the copyright of certain poems; but, in each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant, as of itself to put an end to the negotiation.

The attempt, however, does him honor. And, affectionate father as he is well known to be, when he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those fears, and hopes, and cares, and anxieties, come over him which almost choke a parent's utterance as he gazes on a promising and idolized child, he will own the censures passed on those poems to be just: nay more—every year will find him more and more sensible of the paramount importance of the union of female purity with female loveliness—more alive to the imperative duty, on a father's part, to guard the maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licentiousness. It is a fact not generally suspected, though his last work, "The Epicurean," affords strong internal evidence of the truth of the observation, that few are more thoroughly conversant with Scripture than himself. Many of Alethe's most beautiful remarks are simple paraphrases of the sacred volume. He has been heard to quote from it with the happiest effect—to say there was no book like it—no book, regarding it as a mere human composition, which could on any subject even "approach it in poetry, beauty, pathos, and sublimity." Long may these sentiments abide in him.

---

### THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

#### PARISIAN CARRIAGE DRESS.

A *redingote* composed of velvet, the color is *boue de Paris*; the *cor-sage* is made to sit close to the shape, the sleeve cut full and much puffed out on the shoulder by a newly invented *manche en gigot*; it is terminated by a cuff à l'*antique*, finished à la *Grecque* at the top, by two very narrow *rouleaux* of satin a shade darker than the velvet; the skirt is finished round the bottom by a very deep hem, and up the front by a satin trimming which is very broad at the bottom, and becomes gradually narrower till it reaches the waist, where it takes the form of a pelerine falling low on the back and shoulders; it is cut to correspond with the cuff in a Grecian border, which is finished by two

*rouleaux* of satin placed at a little distance from each other; there is no collar, but its place is supplied by a *collerette en bouillons*, through which is drawn a bright blue riband tied in front in full bows and short ends. The *collerette* is composed of blond net, and the *bouillons* are formed by a fall of deep pointed blond lace. Head-dress:—a hat of the same material as the *redingote*, brimmed with blue gauze ribands striped with yellow: the brim is large and very wide; the trimming is arranged partly in *nœuds* and partly in foliage; a branch of foliage is placed beneath the brim on each side, another decorates one side of the crown, and a large *nœud* is attached to the crown in front, near the top. Ear-rings and buckle for the

*ceinture*, gold ; gold *Chatelaine and key*, the latter of a large size : white velvet reticule, with an embroidery of gold foliage in the centre ; blue kid gloves, and black *cottines*.

*Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.*

**LONDON DINNER DRESS.**

DRESS of white satin or *gros de Naples* ; the body made close to the shape, and nearly covered with white *tulle* drapery, which rises in a fan-like direction from the centre of the waist, and spreads in regular folds across the bosom, displaying the form to much advantage ; the back is made in the same manner, and has a narrow band of white satin where it closes ; the sleeves are full and short, with the least possible shoulder-straps ; the skirt has three plaits on each side in front, and is trimmed with a broad full flounce of *tulle*, having a stiffened satin band at the edge ; it is put on in a straight line, and alternately fastened up and down by white satin corded leaves ; *ceinture* of white satin.

*Vienna toyne* of *tulle* and white satin, formed of large bows, on loops of folded *tulle*, standing up very high and open, inserted in a satin band in front, and passing over towards the crown ; two bows of broad satin riband are placed on the right side, and bows and ends behind, below two spreading bows of folded *tulle*. Long white kid gloves, stamped ; white satin shoes.

**LONDON OPERA DRESS.**

White *tulle* dress, over a white satin slip ; the body *en draperie*, regulated in the centre by a perpendicular

white satin *rouleau* ; the drapery rises in a point from the waist, and spreads very full, in small regular folds, across the bust as far as the shoulders, which are a good deal displayed ; the sleeves being placed low, they are very large to the wrist, where they are terminated by broad gold Egyptian bracelets, confining the white kid gloves. In the centre of the bust is an elegant Egyptian brooch, with pendant drops, corresponding in delicate workmanship with the ear-rings, which are also of gold ; the skirt has tucks to within a quarter of a yard of the waist, they are placed close to each other, and are about a finger's length in depth ; the fulness of the skirt is principally at the back, but it is slightly continued at the front and sides. White satin sash.

Large black velvet hat, with a white satin bow, just within the brim on the left side ; a plume of white ostrich feathers placed behind, are arranged with the greatest taste ; one extends to the front, where it is attached to the crown, and turned for the end to play freely ; a second is fastened to the top of the crown, twisted, and falls over to the front ; two more, twisted half way, fall gracefully towards the right shoulder.

Cloak of striped blue or lilac satin, with an elegant border, formed by a perpendicular embroidered sprig being placed between each stripe ; the cloak is wadded, and lined with white satin, and fastened by a gold-color silk cord and tassels ; it has a large square collar, and a larger square cape, reaching below the elbow. White satin shoes.

**SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.**

“ Serene Philosophy !  
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,  
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,  
Where all is calm and clear.”

**GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.**

THE following are the writers whose opinions have obtained the greatest ce-

lebrity, as advocates for particular systems accounting for the formation and subsequent alteration of the earth :

—Mr. Whitehurst taught that the *concentric arrangement* of the crust of the globe was destroyed by the expansive force of subterranean fire.—Burnet's theory supposes this crust to have been broken for the production of the deluge.—Leibnitz and Buffon believed the earth to have been liquified by fire; in fact, that it is an extinguished sun or vitrified globe, whose surface has been operated upon by a deluge. The latter assumes that the earth was 75,000 years in cooling to its present temperature, and that in 98,000 years more, productive nature must be finally extinguished.—Woodward considered there was a temporary dissolution of the elements of the globe, during which period the extraneous fossils became incorporated with the general mass.—De Luc, Dolomieu, and, finally, Baron Cuvier, unite in the opinion, that the phenomena exhibited by the earth, particularly the alternate deposits of terrestrial and marine productions, can only be satisfactorily accounted for by a series of revolutions similar to the deluge.—Among the singular views entertained by men of genius, in the infancy of the science, are those of Whiston, "who fancied that the earth was created from the atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the tail of another;" and that, for their sins, the antediluvian population were drowned; "except the fishes, whose passions were less violent."—A French geologist conceived that the sea covered the earth for a vast period; that all animals were originally inhabitants of the water; that their habits gradually changed on the retiring of the waves, and "that man himself began his career as a fish!"

#### SINGING BIRDS.

Those who have paid attention to the singing of birds, know well that their voice, energy and expression, differ as widely as those of man; and agreeably to this remark, Mr. Wilson (the celebrated ornithologist) says he was so familiar with the notes of an individual wood thrush, that he could

recognise him from all his fellows the moment he entered the woods.

#### POWER OF THE SUN'S RAYS.

Mr. Mackintosh, contractor for the government works at Stonehouse Point, Devon, lately had to descend in the diving-bell with workmen to lay the foundation of a sea wall. The machine is fitted with convex glasses, in the upper part, to serve the purpose of windows; and Mr. Mackintosh states, that on several occasions, in clear weather, he has witnessed the sun's rays so concentrated by the circular windows, as to burn the laborers' clothes, when opposed to the focal point, and this when the machine was twenty-five feet under the surface of the water.

#### NEW THERMOMETER.

A horizontal thermometer has been invented at Paris, of which report speaks highly. A letter from M. de Humboldt characterises it as an excellent instrument.

#### DIAMOND PRODUCED FROM CARBON.

In the sitting of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, of the 10th of November last, M. Arago submitted a communication from M. Cagnart-Latour, a chemist, in which he affirms that he succeeded in crystallizing portions of carbon, so as to obtain the substance called "diamonds;" that his process differs from that pursued by M. Gannal; and that a sealed packet, which was deposited with the secretary in 1824, contains the details of his first operations. M. Arago added, that he knew another party who had obtained similar results; and M. Gay-Lussac asserted that M. Gannal had conversed with him on the subject of his essays, at various times, for more than eight years past.

#### RICE.

Trials have recently been made to grow the dry rice of China in Italy; and it is expected that in time an advantageous cultivation of it may be introduced in France.

## VARIETIES.

“ Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

## CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

A BILL for Catholic Emancipation was introduced to the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington, and to the House of Commons by Mr. Peel, on the meeting of Parliament in February, and passed.

We rejoice most heartily in a victory which, by whatever arms achieved, is at once rightful, certain, and immediate. The shaft which hath struck down our quarry, is not the less welcome because it has come from what has been hitherto a hostile bow; the winds which have wasted us into harbor have our gratitude, though yesterday they were making sad havoc with our rigging. From this hour agitation may subside, and bigotry be still; the Irish barrister may leave his unfinished metaphor—the Hampshire curate may burn his no Popery discourse: Captain Rock has thrown up his commission—Sir Harcourt's occupation is gone. In a word, Catholic Emancipation is carried.

The Duke of Wellington can scarcely be called inconsistent in the course he now pursues. No one ever seriously suspected that he had formed any very inflexible opinion upon the subject of the Catholic claims. With Mr. Peel the case is not the same. If he has not incurred the guilt of apostasy, he has certainly deserved its obloquy: and he must be content to bear it. The statesman who abandons in a few months the opinion which he has upheld for many years, may possibly be a convert; he is, *prima facie*, a renegade.

When history shall treat of the epoch which saw the abolition of a set of restrictions continued through so many years, for reasons which she will scarcely be able to explain, she will not bestow her rewards upon the laborers who came at the eleventh hour, but upon those who bore the

burden and heat of the day. She will write, that Catholic emancipation was carried by our Lansdowne and our Holland, our Canning and our Brougham. These men, and their coadjutors, have persevered through good report and evil report, in the recommendation of a policy which the throne has at last sanctioned, and which Great Britain, to the remotest ages, will have daily more reason to bless. Unsupported by the authority of official station, they have exercised over public opinion an influence to which those in official station have been compelled to bow. Whatever despotism may do on the continent, they have fortified in these islands a safe home for civil and religious liberty.

## LEARNING.

Learning raises up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful; yet does it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and confers on us a largeness of beatitude. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy, by anticipation, somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world.

## SCOTTISH NATIONAL FEELINGS.

While the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind them to their native rocks the more.

GOLDSMITH.

The beautiful and pathetic song of *Lochaber*, is known to, and admired by, all who have an ear for music or a soul for poetry; but heard by a Highlander in a distant land, and amid other scenes, the effect is similar to that produced on the Swiss by their national air, the *Ranz des Vaches*—it inspires a sad and earnest longing to return to the place of their nativity, the early haunts of their youth. The following anecdote was related to me

by the medical gentleman who witnessed the effect: and at the same time that it tends to corroborate my assertion, it also proves how powerful is the sympathy existing between this our "tenement of clay" and its celestial inmate, the soul.

It was the fate of Dr. C. to accompany a Highland regiment across the Atlantic, to "a far distant shore." The station where the troops were encamped was very healthy, the climate particularly good: judge, then, of the surprise of the good doctor to find his soldiers falling sick daily, and his hospital filled with invalids,—whilst, as he could not discover the disease, he could apply no remedy.

One evening the moon shone so unusually bright, the scene from his window was so lovely, as the beams played upon the rippling water, or gave light and shadow to the magnificent forest-trees near his abode—that he was tempted to take a solitary ramble,

" Musing on days long past,  
And pleasures gone forever by :"—

the sound of the bagpipe struck upon his ear, and attracted him towards the barracks, where the piper was playing, in the most touching manner,

" Lochaber no more !

May be, to return to Lochaber no more."

Dr. C. approached the large room unobserved, and, looking in, found all his men assembled, and all in deep emotion—some recumbent on the floor, some reclined against the wall, many in tears, and one, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. My friend retired to his quarters: on the following morning he sent for the piper, and, bribing him to secrecy, commanded him in future to play nothing but lively airs, reels, strathspeys, and marches; but never, on pain of his displeasure, to breathe Lochaber again. The piper obeyed: the effect was magical—the invalids revived, and in a very short time not one remained in the hospital.

This anecdote, which I know to be true, inspired me with a most ardent desire to see Lochaber—scenes must

be beautiful which produced such a powerful effect upon the mind. Last summer, passing through the magnificent scenery of the northern lakes of Scotland, I came upon Lochaber: Ben Nevis reared his crowned head—at his base stood a cluster of miserable hovels, in a swamp where every breeze that passes by whispers "ague"—each hut is formed of wood and turf gathered from the morass beneath their feet—a hole in the roof forms the chimney—a hole in the side is the window, and in some of the huts window and door in one—not a tree to be seen:—yet dear as life to the Highlander is the memory of Lochaber.

#### ABERNETHYANA.

The following is the last and best that we have heard of the above-named gentleman. We should premise, that the details of it are a little altered, with the view of adapting it to "ears polite"; for, without some process of this kind, it would not have been presentable. A lady went to the Doctor in great distress of mind, and stated to him, that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a live spider. At first, his only reply was, "whew ! whew ! whew !"—a sort of internal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of supreme contempt. But his anxious patient was not so easily repulsed. She became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreaded effect of the strange accident she had consulted him about; when, at last, looking round upon the wall, he put up his hand, and caught a fly. "There, Ma'am," said he, "I've got a remedy for you. Open your mouth; and as soon as I've put this fly into it, shut it close again; and the moment the spider hears the fly buzzing about, up he'll come; and then you can spit them both out together."

#### WELSH MARRIAGES.

It appears to me a matter of no small surprise that so economical a people as the English should not have adopted such a plan as the following

by the lower classes of the Welsh. When a young couple intend offering themselves at the Temple of Hymen, if they are very poor, they generally send a man, called the bidder, round to their acquaintance and friends, who invites them, sometimes in rhyme, to the wedding; but if they can afford it, they issue circulars. The following is a copy of one:—

June 27, 1827.

“ As we intend to enter the matrimonial state on Thursday, the 19th day of July next, we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding on the occasion, the same day, at the Butchers’ Arms, Carmarthen, when and where the favor of your good and agreeable company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may please to confer on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion.

“ By your most obedient servants,

“ JOHN JONES,

“ MARY EVANS.”

The persons so invited (if they accept the invitation) generally form part of the procession to church, and are preceded by a harper or fiddler. After the nuptial knot is tied, they veer their course to the public-house mentioned in the bills, where they partake, not of a sumptuous banquet, but of the simple, though not the worst, fare of bread and cheese and kisses, at the expense of the new married folks. After this, a large plate is placed on the table in the room, and they proceed to receive the money which each person may be disposed to give, whilst one keeps account of the sum and names. They frequently receive 50*l.*, and sometimes, though seldom, 100*l.*; and they have the privilege (by paying the duty) of selling the ale to the persons assembled. It is to be observed, that the money so deposited cannot be reclaimed by the persons who gave it until a similar occasion presents itself in their family. By this means the new married couple are enabled to procure furniture, and other things requisite for them.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

May 1. 304.—Dioclesian, a celebrated Roman emperor, publicly abdicated the crown, after a reign of twenty-two years, in the greatest prosperity, and retired to a private station at Salona, his native place, where he is said to have found more felicity in cultivating his garden, than he had formerly enjoyed in a palace in the plenitude of his power. He had risen to the imperial dignity from the rank of a common soldier; so had the means of appreciating the relative value of the opposite extremes in human condition. 1700.—Died, John Dryden, one of the most eminent English poets of the 17th century. His works are various; he translated Virgil, Juvenal, and Persius; besides writing a great number of poems, chiefly satirical, and twenty-seven plays.—Mrs. Montague gave for many years, on May-day, an entertainment at her house in Portman-square to all the chimney-sweepers in London. They were regaled with the old English fare of roast-beef and plum-pudding. A dance succeeded; and, upon their departure, each joyous guest received the donation of a shilling from the liberal mistress of the feast.

May 3. 1495.—Columbus discovered the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies. 1655.—Jamaica was taken from the Spaniards by the English, who have remained in possession of it ever since; an acquisition which they owe to the enterprising spirit of Cromwell.

May 4. 1736.—Died, by a voluntary submersion in the Thames, under London bridge, Eustace Budgell, who was born in the year 1685. He was engaged with Steele and Addison in writing the *Tattler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. In the *Spectator* his papers are marked with an X, and in the *Guardian* with an asterisk.

May 5. 1820.—Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena.

May 6.—This is the day chosen by the Greeks for the festival of *Ion*, celebrated for his patience, and who dwelt in the land of Uz. The worship of him is of great antiquity, and very extensive among the Greeks and Latins. The latter keep his festival on the 10th of May.

May 8. 1794.—Lavoisier, the celebrated French chemist, and medical writer, guillotined under the tyranny of Robespierre. 1814.—Bonaparte, who had been nearly ten years emperor of the French, landed at Elba as an exile.

May 11. 1778.—Expired, William Pitt, earl of Chatham, a distinguished statesman and orator.

May 12. 1641.—The Earl of Stafford, a tyrannical minister in the reign of Charles I., beheaded. The letter by Charles, on the 21st of April in the same year, assured him, “ on the word of a king, that he should not suffer in life, honor, or fortune.”